McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

April
1921

Owen Johnson
Zane Grey
Donn Byrne
Clyde Fitch's
Biography
Bruno Lessing
Samuel Merwin
Harvey O'Higgins
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Volume 53
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Contents *for* April

Small Change . . . . Herbert Kaufman 5

The Keeper of the Bridge (*Short Story*) **Donn Byrne** 6
Illustrations by J. D. Gleason

The Wind in the South (*Serial*) **Edgar Lloyd Hampton** 9
Illustrations by Lee Conrey

Mark Twain as Exhibit A
Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede, M. D. 12
Illustration by Lejaren Hiller

There Are Smiles (*Short Story*) . **Samuel Merwin** 14
Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

Diplomacy According to Hoyle Arthur Bullard 17
Cartoon bv Ray Rohn

The Wasted Generation (*Serial*) . **Owen Johnson** 18
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

Mustela of the Lone Hand (*Short Story*)
Major Charles G. D. Roberts 22
Illustrations by Will Van Benthuysen

Editorial Page 24

Business is Business (*Short Story*) **Bruno Lessing** 25
Illustration by Samuel Cahan

Clyde Fitch at Quiet Corner Montrose J. Moses 26

The Wanderer of the Wasteland (*Serial*) **Zane Grey** 29
Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

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(245)

Are men like me enrolling with the Alexander Hamilton Institute?

WHEN a man like Hiram F. Harris, formerly President and General Manager of the Bethlehem Motors Corporation, says this you are impressed:

> "To my mind there is no other course of business training which puts into the hands of the ambitious man the tools which so thoroly fit him for greater and better business."

When Stephen B. Mambert, Vice-President of the Thomas A. Edison Industries, speaks of the "great benefit that I have personally derived from following the Course," that also appeals to you.

But there may be still a question in your mind. You may say: "My position is wholly different. Are men *like me* enrolling in the Alexander Hamilton Institute?"

A man like you has investigated

THE answer to that question can be given with absolute certainty. A man just like you—in your line of business, about your age, and receiving almost the same income—has at some time investigated the Modern Business Course and Service and decided that it represents for him the surest path of business progress.

Does that seem like an extreme statement? Run down the list in the center of this page. It represents just a few enrolments, just as they were received at the office of the Institute.

Note that all these men are of different ages, in different business and receiving different incomes. In the records of the Institute are thousands of such names, representing the men who have enrolled during the past ten years.

Every age from 23 to 60 is represented among those names; every degree of income, from $1200 a year to more than $100,000 a year; every important industry, from the Standard Oil Company, which has 801, and the U. S. Steel Corporation, which has 545 of its men enrolled, to local concerns of small personnel with only 2 or 3 men enrolled.

Somewhere among these names you would find one that would cause you to exclaim: "Here is a man whose business and age and income were precisely like mine."

And that discovery would impress you more than all the indorsements of leading business men, for you would know surely that what the Alexander Hamilton Institute's training had done for that other man, whose problem was precisely like yours, it could do also for you.

SOME TYPICAL ENROLMENTS RECEIVED IN ONE DAY

(Note the diversity of salary, age, position)

F.W.K.,	**Manager, Sash, Blind and Door Works; age 40; salary, $6000.**
S.G.B.,	**Salesman, with a large drug company; age 27; salary, $1500**
W.L.M.,	**Office Manager, Rubber Company; age 30; salary, $2500.**
E.V.M.,	**Asst. Production Manager, Candy Co.; age 27; salary, $4000.**
L.M.,	**Advertising Manager, Steel Company; age 24; salary, $3000.**
E.D.C.,	**Engineer, age 37; salary, $4200.**
F.B.S.,	**Vice-President, Food Product Manuf.; age 32; salary, $12,000.**

How can one training fit so many businesses?

YOU would ask one question as you ran through those records: "How is it that one Course of training can help men in so many different businesses?"

How is it that 133 men in the National City Bank have enrolled, and 412 in the Westinghouse Co.? If it is designed for the needs of the 346 men in the Goodyear Tire Co., how can it serve equally well the 173 ambitious men in the Pennsylvania Railroad?

And the answer is that every business in its fundamentals is like every other, and the Modern Business Course and Service deals with those fundamentals.

Every business must be financed; it must have a factory and an office organization; it must have sales and advertising; it must know its costs and have a proper system of accounting.

Business is full of men who know one of these fundamentals—who know all about finance and nothing about sales; who know costs or credits, but nothing of production or of advertising.

The Modern Business Course and Service is designed to take such men and round them out; to add to the knowledge of the one department of business which they have a knowledge of all the other departments.

To help them lift themselves, in other words, out of the class of routine men, of which there are too many, into the class of executives, of which there always have been, and always will be, too few.

The Advisory Council

ONLY a training vitally sound and practical could have the indorsement of such men as form the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. That Advisory Council consists of: Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; General Coleman du Pont, the well-known business executive; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

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IN a single evening you may make your investigation. The facts you want to know are contained in a 116-page book published by the Institute, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It contains a full statement of just what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains scores of letters from men who are enjoying larger incomes and better positions today because of that training. "Forging Ahead in Business" is sent without obligation. Send for your copy today.

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Volume 53
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McCLURE'S

APRIL 1921

Small Change

by Herbert Kaufman

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was not the first man to believe that the earth is round—merely the first to prove it so. A long line of deep thinkers from Pythagoras down, were convinced that we dwell on the surface of a globe; history, however, makes no considerable note of their investigations because they didn't carry them around the world.

The important thing is to build a bridge from possibility to performance. Fame doesn't deal with ideas, but with accomplishments. The feasibility of every revolutionary conception was threadbare with contemplation before some imagination sank bulldog teeth in it.

There is little basic difference between the herd and the leader. Big minds are simply used minds—enlarged and strengthened by constant exercise. Commanding intelligence anywhere differs from crowd average, only in purpose and determination. Brains are just motors, incapable without a persistent driving force.

Opportunity is common property, but not a common carrier. Everybody stands the same chance, but the majority stand still before it. The nearest spot is the best location for success. The greatest undertaking requires only head room. There was space enough in a log cabin to rebuild an entire nation. The vastest dream under the stars and the machines to process it into reality can be covered by a hat.

Progress is a relay race; the ultimate effort of each generation, a mere lap in evolution. The impossibilities of one century are commonplaces to the next. We can't estimate the resources of the future. We may only face the undone with hearts emboldened by past prowess and adventure the approaching years, incorrigibly confident.

Time ever shrewds vision—invention inspires inventiveness to further quests. We live upon the crust of a thousand piled-up ages, and so, upon the thinnest skin of knowledge. Below us and about us are races of unslaved giants to be captured in retort and alembic, to be leashed with wire and harnessed to river and yoked to plough and set to wheel.

They shall yet rape flames from the sun and cleanse the warrens of plague and garden the withered places and find stuffs to make miracles and wings and fins.

We are spending the smallest change of Father Adam's estate. The fullness of our heritage is unrevealed—the main treasuries of nature are still locked before ignorance.

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, April, 1921

A Story That Will Possess You, Lift You—Make You Acquainted With A Master Craftsman

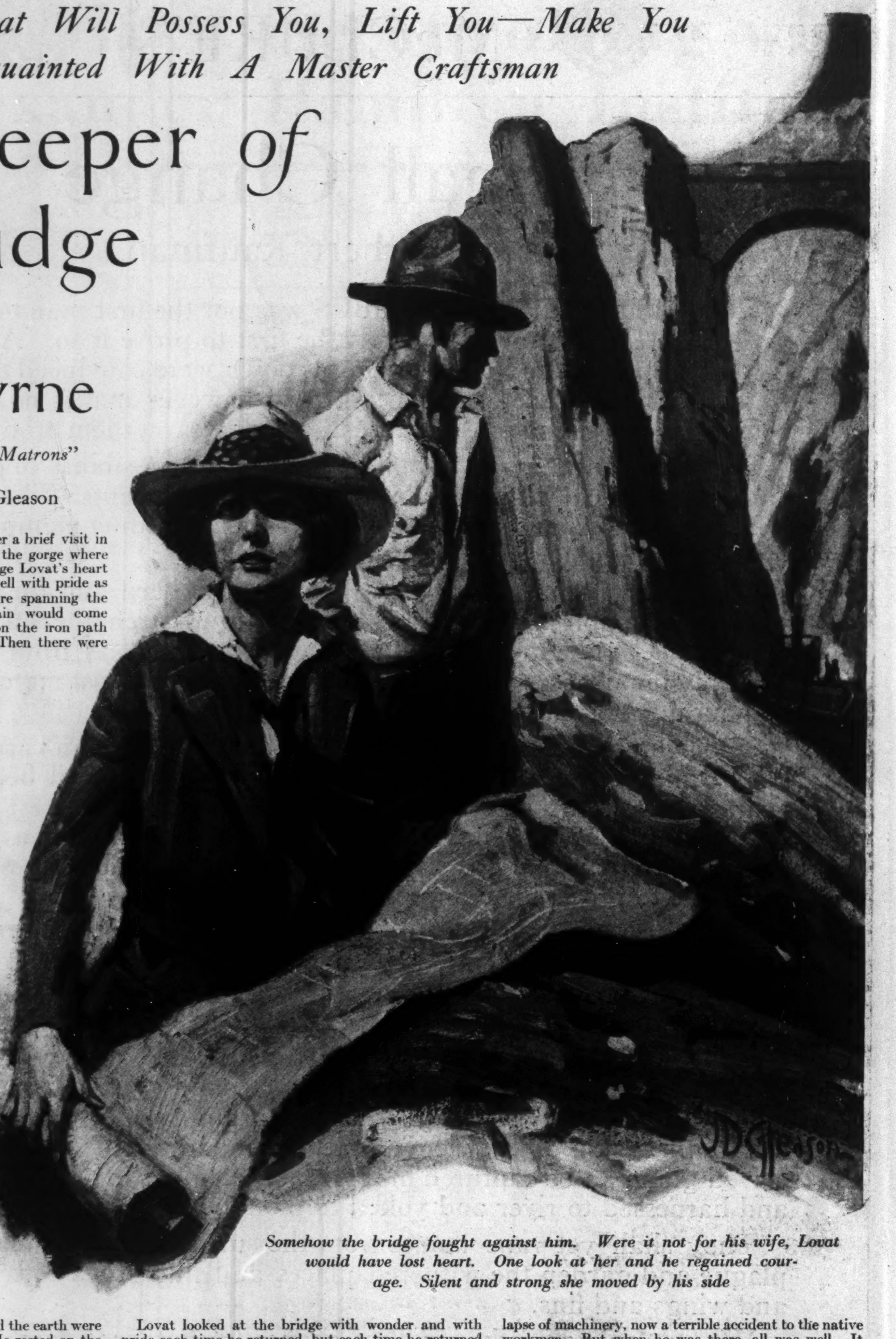
The Keeper of the Bridge

by

Donn Byrne

Author of "The Foolish Matrons"

Illustrations by J. D. Gleason



Somehow the bridge fought against him. Were it not for his wife, Lovat would have lost heart. One look at her and he regained courage. Silent and strong she moved by his side

EVERY time he came back after a brief visit in the South American capital to the gorge where he was building the great bridge Lovat's heart would throb and his throat swell with pride as he looked at the great stone structure spanning the Andean chasm. First the little train would come puffing and straining up the grade, on the iron path between the lavish tropic greenery. Then there were the peaks of mountains, daring the sky, their tops lightly muffled with snow—*nevado,* went the Spanish word, soft as the snow itself. Then, imminent, one felt, was the drop of the gorge, a dramatic descent that stopped the heart in its rhythmic beating. "Here is the end!" one said. And then the bridge!

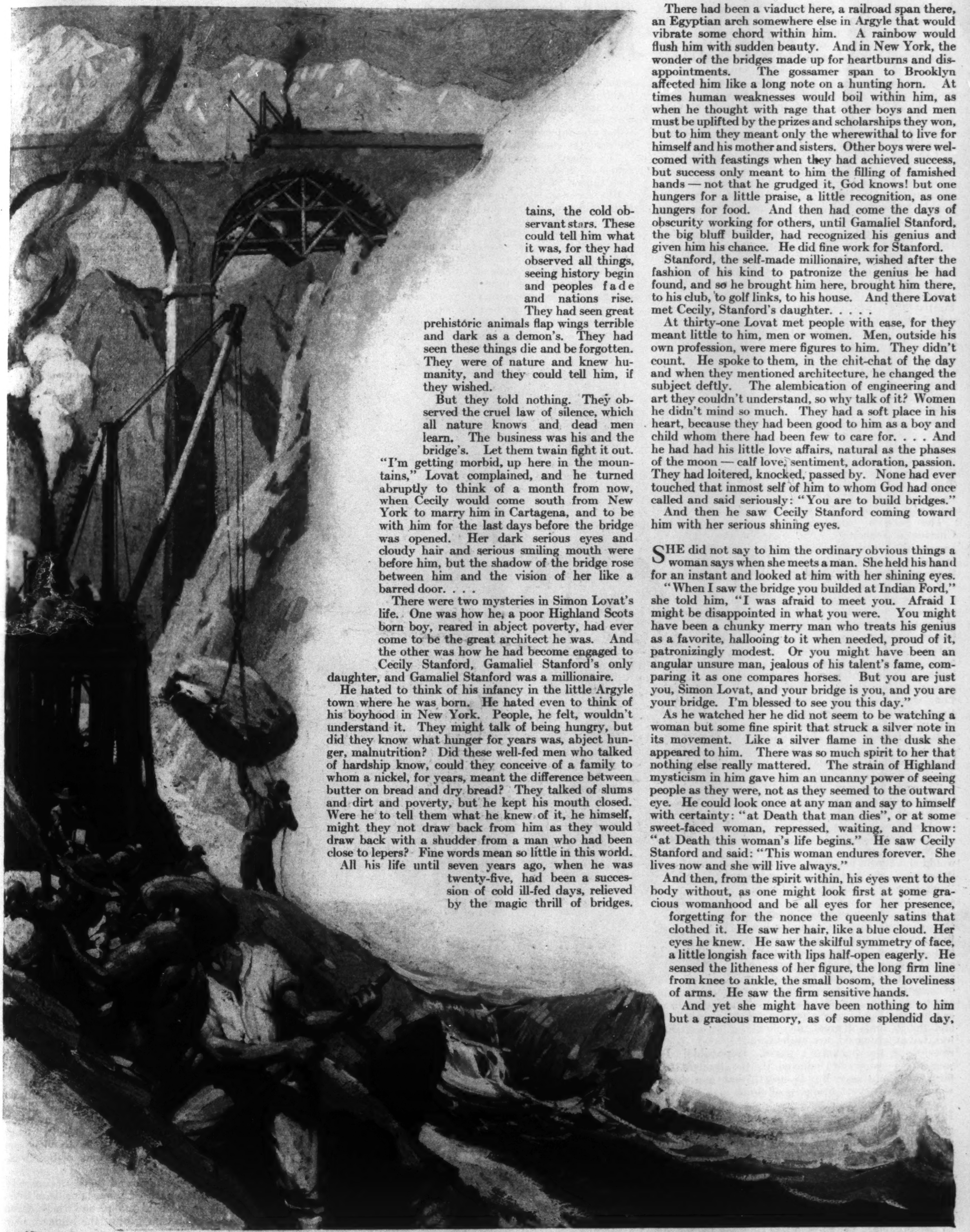
Soaring, splendid, slender, strong, its arches spanning the tumbling river beneath, the great bridge ran like a rainbow from mountain to mountain. Lovat thought of it, with its lightness, its perfection, its spurning of the ground as a spirit that crossed with winged unwetted feet the challenging river beneath. It suggested somehow Artemis in the dusk, with a tongue of fire above her proud brow.

The wonder and the miracle of it never failed to thrill him. All the harsh practical details of his work, details of thrust and strain, of fitting springer to pier, and voussoir to springer, of the curve of intrados, of the strength of abutments, never took away from him the sense that he had done, was doing, a great and practical thing. These mountains, that composition of jungle, that smashing drop to the turbulent river, the snarling waters themselves, all these were the work of the Great Mason, the detail of his Divine Hand. So they were when, and so they had remained since the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them and He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made.

But a day would come, the Master of the Masons knew and had ordained, when the welter of passionate nature would subside, and the small race of mankind He had fashioned would reach a place of progress in their journey when this would have to be bridged. Then one of His prentice-men would do it. And Lovat felt a sense of holiness that he had been the chosen one.

Lovat looked at the bridge with wonder and with pride each time he returned, but each time he returned he felt somehow that the bridge had been jealous of his absence, resented it, became temperamental as a woman. Whilst he was there everything was right. There were accidents, of course, but they were the recognized risks of a great venture, the ordinary failure of the human factor in a Titanic equation. But when he was away strange things happened. Now an unaccountable error in laying this or that, now a sudden collapse of machinery, now a terrible accident to the native workmen. But when he was there, all was well. It seemed as if the bridge demanded all his time, all his talent, all his attention.

It occurred to him there was a sort of contest between him and the bridge, a sort of quiet deadly fight, as between a man and a spirited horse he is riding in a steeplechase. He felt, too, that all the strange things about him knew it, the surly river, the whispering jungle, the majestic moun-



tains, the cold observant stars. These could tell him what it was, for they had observed all things, seeing history begin and peoples fade and nations rise. They had seen great prehistoric animals flap wings terrible and dark as a demon's. They had seen these things die and be forgotten. They were of nature and knew humanity, and they could tell him, if they wished.

But they told nothing. They observed the cruel law of silence, which all nature knows and dead men learn. The business was his and the bridge's. Let them twain fight it out.

"I'm getting morbid, up here in the mountains," Lovat complained, and he turned abruptly to think of a month from now, when Cecily would come south from New York to marry him in Cartagena, and to be with him for the last days before the bridge was opened. Her dark serious eyes and cloudy hair and serious smiling mouth were before him, but the shadow of the bridge rose between him and the vision of her like a barred door. . . .

There were two mysteries in Simon Lovat's life. One was how he, a poor Highland Scots born boy, reared in abject poverty, had ever come to be the great architect he was. And the other was how he had become engaged to Cecily Stanford, Gamaliel Stanford's only daughter, and Gamaliel Stanford was a millionaire.

He hated to think of his infancy in the little Argyle town where he was born. He hated even to think of his boyhood in New York. People, he felt, wouldn't understand it. They might talk of being hungry, but did they know what hunger for years was, abject hunger, malnutrition? Did these well-fed men who talked of hardship know, could they conceive of a family to whom a nickel, for years, meant the difference between butter on bread and dry bread? They talked of slums and dirt and poverty, but he kept his mouth closed. Were he to tell them what he knew of it, he himself, might they not draw back from him as they would draw back with a shudder from a man who had been close to lepers? Fine words mean so little in this world.

All his life until seven years ago, when he was twenty-five, had been a succession of cold ill-fed days, relieved by the magic thrill of bridges. There had been a viaduct here, a railroad span there, an Egyptian arch somewhere else in Argyle that would vibrate some chord within him. A rainbow would flush him with sudden beauty. And in New York, the wonder of the bridges made up for heartburns and disappointments. The gossamer span to Brooklyn affected him like a long note on a hunting horn. At times human weaknesses would boil within him, as when he thought with rage that other boys and men must be uplifted by the prizes and scholarships they won, but to him they meant only the wherewithal to live for himself and his mother and sisters. Other boys were welcomed with feastings when they had achieved success, but success only meant to him the filling of famished hands — not that he grudged it, God knows! but one hungers for a little praise, a little recognition, as one hungers for food. And then had come the days of obscurity working for others, until Gamaliel Stanford, the big bluff builder, had recognized his genius and given him his chance. He did fine work for Stanford.

Stanford, the self-made millionaire, wished after the fashion of his kind to patronize the genius he had found, and so he brought him here, brought him there, to his club, to golf links, to his house. And there Lovat met Cecily, Stanford's daughter. . . .

At thirty-one Lovat met people with ease, for they meant little to him, men or women. Men, outside his own profession, were mere figures to him. They didn't count. He spoke to them, in the chit-chat of the day and when they mentioned architecture, he changed the subject deftly. The alembication of engineering and art they couldn't understand, so why talk of it? Women he didn't mind so much. They had a soft place in his heart, because they had been good to him as a boy and child whom there had been few to care for. . . . And he had had his little love affairs, natural as the phases of the moon — calf love, sentiment, adoration, passion. They had loitered, knocked, passed by. None had ever touched that inmost self of him to whom God had once called and said seriously: "You are to build bridges."

And then he saw Cecily Stanford coming toward him with her serious shining eyes.

SHE did not say to him the ordinary obvious things a woman says when she meets a man. She held his hand for an instant and looked at him with her shining eyes.

"When I saw the bridge you builded at Indian Ford," she told him, "I was afraid to meet you. Afraid I might be disappointed in what you were. You might have been a chunky merry man who treats his genius as a favorite, hallooing to it when needed, proud of it, patronizingly modest. Or you might have been an angular unsure man, jealous of his talent's fame, comparing it as one compares horses. But you are just you, Simon Lovat, and your bridge is you, and you are your bridge. I'm blessed to see you this day."

As he watched her he did not seem to be watching a woman but some fine spirit that struck a silver note in its movement. Like a silver flame in the dusk she appeared to him. There was so much spirit to her that nothing else really mattered. The strain of Highland mysticism in him gave him an uncanny power of seeing people as they were, not as they seemed to the outward eye. He could look once at any man and say to himself with certainty: "at Death that man dies", or at some sweet-faced woman, repressed, waiting, and know: "at Death this woman's life begins." He saw Cecily Stanford and said: "This woman endures forever. She lives now and she will live always."

And then, from the spirit within, his eyes went to the body without, as one might look first at some gracious womanhood and be all eyes for her presence, forgetting for the nonce the queenly satins that clothed it. He saw her hair, like a blue cloud. Her eyes he knew. He saw the skilful symmetry of face, a little longish face with lips half-open eagerly. He sensed the litheness of her figure, the long firm line from knee to ankle, the small bosom, the loveliness of arms. He saw the firm sensitive hands.

And yet she might have been nothing to him but a gracious memory, as of some splendid day, but that she was whole-heartedly interested in and understood the importance of bridges. Some courageous arch, or some line of a writer's might have turned her heart that way once, and set her on that broad masonic road the charm of which endures a lifetime. A book may trouble or a picture enthuse one, but those are of the spirit. A bridge is of spirit and body. One sees the architect, one sees the art, one sees the courage and grandeur and beauty. A history of bridges is a history of the world, of its wars, its commerce, its progress. And the thoughts about it are without end.

And she could speak of all that to him. She understood the mystic errand of the builder of bridges, which is to be the servant of unborn men. Old wisdom that had been lost was reborn in her. She could feel why the heads of a great religion should call themselves proudly sovereign pontiffs — pontiffs, *pontifex*, builder of bridges. She could understand the reverence that stirred in Highlanders when they crossed a bridge and removed their bonnets. "God bless the builder of the bridge!" their prayer went.

She could understand the ideals of an ancient age, when a community of monks called themselves the Pontist Brothers, the *Frères Pontifes*. Modest, white-robed, they built bridges of great fame, they operated ferryboats, they fed and housed pilgrims. But their greatest care was the building and upkeep of bridges. Before Pius II suppressed them, they built the *Pont Saint-Esprit* over the Rhone, one of the largest stone bridges in the world, a thousand metres long it is, with twenty-six great arches. Surely their spirits guard it still.

She could understand the arrogant cry of the Roman architect when he finished the great Alcantara over the Tagus. "*Pontem perpetui mansurum in saecula mundi*," Lacer smiled. "It shall see the end of the world."

The Saracen tramped over and Charles V rebuilt it. Wellington's troops blew it up, and the Carlists fought on its Titanic arches. All these causes are forgotten now. But the bridge, the bridge remains. . . .

And because she understood these things, she understood Simon Lovat, and got close to his heart, which none had ever been near.

Lovat told her his fear that never again would great stone bridges be built. The days of beauty in bridges were past, like the days of chivalry. Long steel suspension bridges, with their infinity of metal triangles, or marvels of carpentry, such as the Portage Bridge over the Genesee. But never again would they build bridges such as the Romans, like the dreadful *Pont du Gard* at Nîmes.

"They will, Simon," she told him. "You will build a bridge like that."

"Never, Cecily. Never again!"

"Yes, Simon. I know."

"All those days are gone, Cecily."

"Not for you," the conviction would shine from her eyes. "I know it here — " she touched her head — "and here — " she touched her bosom.

And he was persuaded somehow that she was right, though his head told him she could not be, for cement and steel are cheaper and quicker, and cheapness and rapidity only obtain now that people no longer dream of to-morrow. And the soldier's honor and the sailor's courage, and the writer's fire and the builder's genius, yes, and the dreams of great merchants, too, Lovat grimaced, are curbed and roweled by the huckster's purse. Impossible! But somehow because she believed it, the thought took form and substance in his heart, that one day he would build a great bridge — of stone.

How they came so close to each other, neither knew. It was just as natural as a tree growing out of the green ground. They came so close that they could be silent, each with the other, for a long time, each knowing, feeling what the other thought. Then they would smile at each other with a strange seriousness. . . .

One afternoon in the December dusk, his heart opened suddenly, and all the horror of his early years came rushing like a flood from a broken dam. Why he told her he didn't know. He didn't believe it possible to tell any one. Yet here he was standing by the window of the drawing-room, looking out at the street glistening with fog, while she sat huddled in a great armchair. And out of his lips in harsh staccato sentences came the sordidness of his infant days. . . .

". . . We were pleased when we found it. And Joan took it under a shawl and went out. But we had forgotten that the pawnbroker closed at six. So there was nothing to eat until he should open in the morning. . . . We all cried. . . ."

He was interrupted by her terrible fit of sobbing. Suddenly he came out of his tragic vision.

"I'm sorry I should have horrified you," he said aghast. "I don't know what came over me to tell such things. I'll go."

But she was in his arms weeping bitterly. "To think that you and I should have been in the same city! And I had everything, and you nothing. You hungry! Cold! O Simon! Simon!" Though they were as close as this, as close as birds in a nest are, yet there had never been between them any talk of marriage, any talk of life other than they were leading that week. He knew he loved her tremendously, but fear of refusal and Scots pride because he was poor, kept the question in his heart. And she because she was modest as she was brave, never said anything, though she knew, she knew. . . .

At last the miracle happened. Two South American commonwealths, with the hearts of children and the bravery of men, decided to span the Andes with an immense bridge. They saw only peaceful progress in front of them, not war. The bridge was to be of stone, because stone was plentiful, and labor cheap, and to bring steel up the mountain gorge would be a wasteful undertaking First a German architect was to have the work, for they had the foothold there, and then an Englishman stepped in confidently. But old Gamaliel Stanford had his friends in New York, heads of great fruit companies and immense agricultural machinery syndicates, and banks powerful as nations. So Simon Lovat was chosen.

When he and Cecily were told, he was dumb. She said nothing but her shining eyes spoke, and she sat and watched the proud throw of his head as he spoke of arches as powerful as the Romans', of great spans one hundred and fifty feet in width, of voussoirs weighing each eighty tons of stone. Suddenly he knew her eyes were showering him with joy and confidence, and he put out his hand fearfully.

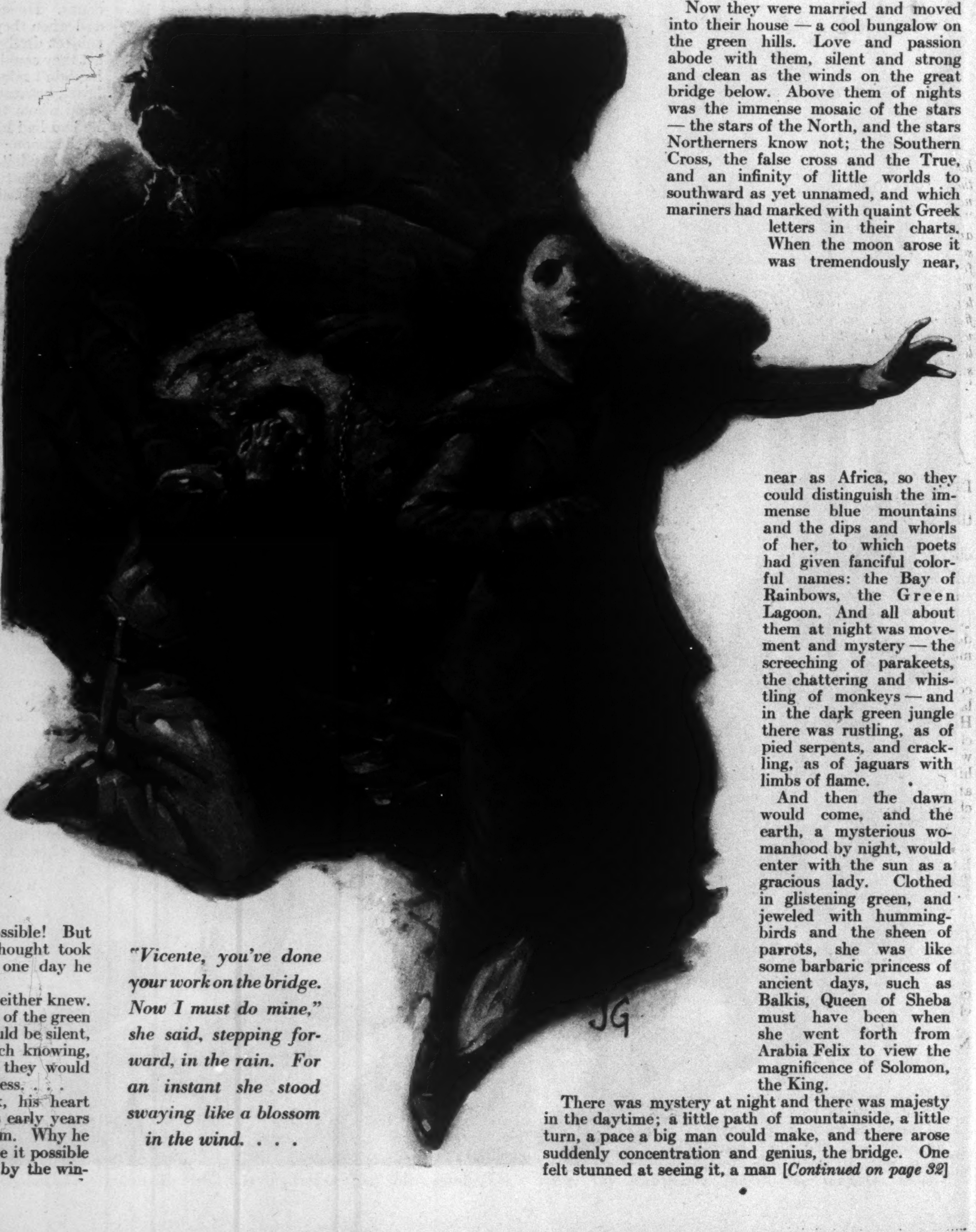
"When this is done, Cecily," he was red as a schoolboy, "would you — could you — will you marry me?"

"Whom else could I marry, dearest one?" she answered simply. . . .

Now they were married and moved into their house — a cool bungalow on the green hills. Love and passion abode with them, silent and strong and clean as the winds on the great bridge below. Above them of nights was the immense mosaic of the stars — the stars of the North, and the stars Northerners know not; the Southern Cross, the false cross and the True, and an infinity of little worlds to southward as yet unnamed, and which mariners had marked with quaint Greek letters in their charts. When the moon arose it was tremendously near, near as Africa, so they could distinguish the immense blue mountains and the dips and whorls of her, to which poets had given fanciful colorful names: the Bay of Rainbows, the Green Lagoon. And all about them at night was movement and mystery — the screeching of parakeets, the chattering and whistling of monkeys — and in the dark green jungle there was rustling, as of pied serpents, and crackling, as of jaguars with limbs of flame.

And then the dawn would come, and the earth, a mysterious womanhood by night, would enter with the sun as a gracious lady. Clothed in glistening green, and jeweled with humming-birds and the sheen of parrots, she was like some barbaric princess of ancient days, such as Balkis, Queen of Sheba must have been when she went forth from Arabia Felix to view the magnificence of Solomon, the King.

There was mystery at night and there was majesty in the daytime; a little path of mountainside, a little turn, a pace a big man could make, and there arose suddenly concentration and genius, the bridge. One felt stunned at seeing it, a man [*Continued on page 32*]



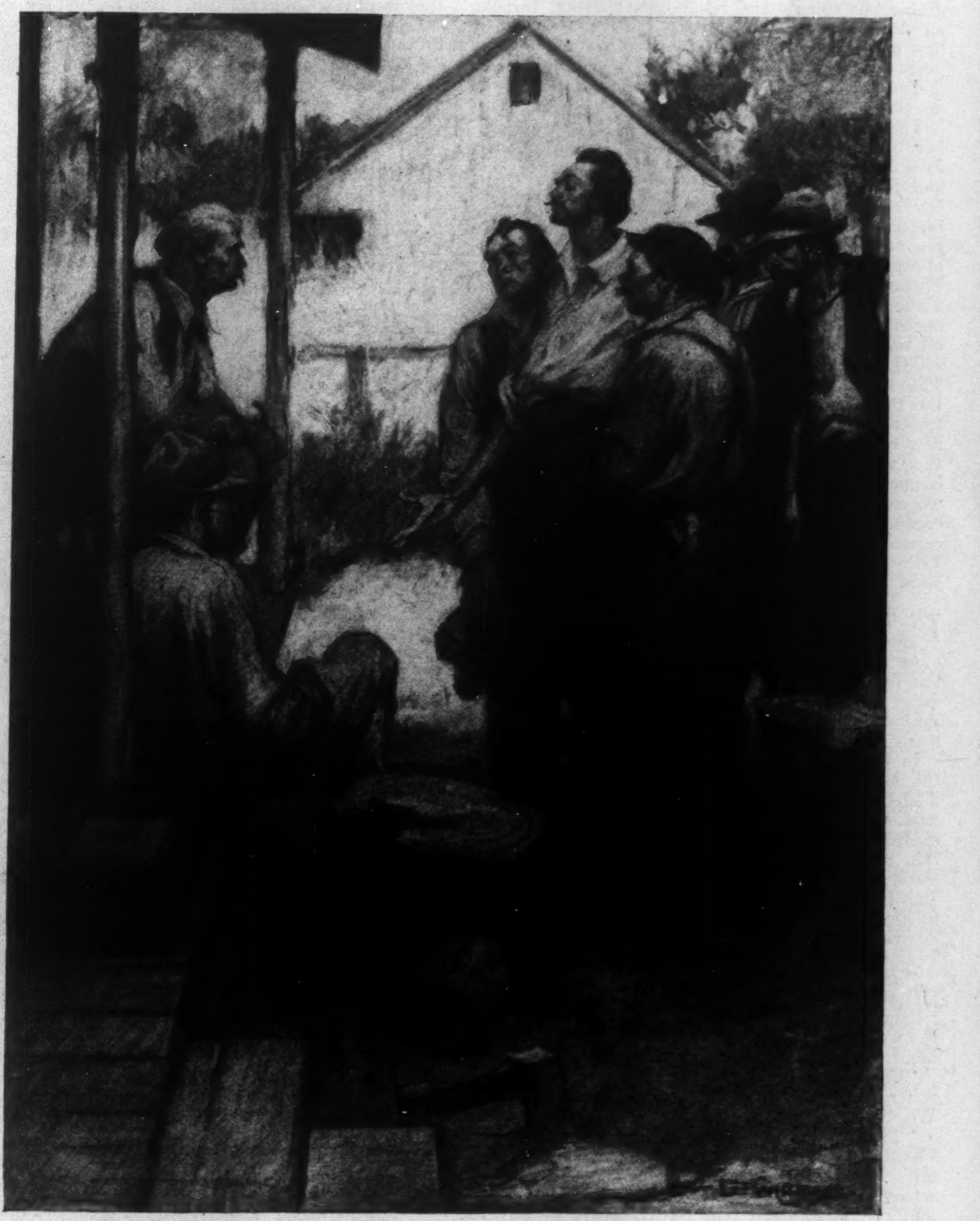
"Vicente, you've done your work on the bridge. Now I must do mine," she said, stepping forward, in the rain. For an instant she stood swaying like a blossom in the wind. . . .

The Wind in the South

Thrilling Drama Based Upon a Critical Epoch in the West's Development

by Edgar Lloyd Hampton

Illustrations by Lee Conrey



"The question of right or wrong doesn't concern us," said Ivanovitch impressively. "We feel justified in using any means at our command to attain our ends"

EDITOR'S NOTE—*At eighteen the author of this story had never been in a real city, had never been inside a theatre, knew few books or magazines and no daily newspaper. He admits that he did not even imagine that "the world was really 25,000 miles in circumference — and filled with many things." "Which situation," he says, "still holds a peculiar interest for me, in view of the fact that all my after life was to be devoted to books, magazines and newspaper work." Mr. Hampton intends to occupy himself from now on with picturing in fictional form the conquering of "a wilderness, the winning of the west, the passing of a new and unoccupied land into a state of organized society." And he will succeed beyond his dreams if he is to be judged by "The Wind in the South."*

"ARE they making you as much bother as usual?"

"Oh, about the same as usual — not much difference."

"Still trying to 'make the woods safe for Democracy', eh?"

"Still trying to produce Little Russia, right here on the Olympic Peninsula," grunted Caswell.

"Why did God ever make a Wobbly, anyhow?" observed Wessington, with a provoked grin.

"He didn't," said Caswell. "He never made anything half so bad." And Caswell rose stiffly from the edge of the mill office porch upon which he was sitting, twisted his upper body and craned his neck to squint down the long lines of newly-stacked lumber, at the men at work on the company pier.

Caswell was the superintendent of the Port Discovery Lumber Company, whose base of operations lay along the south shore of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He was an old man, as years go on the calendar — close to seventy; he had been so long a time in the wilderness that it had left its permanent mark upon him: broadened his vision; steadied his view of life to, at times, the half-retrospective. A calm deliberation characterized all his movements. His gray eyes held a clear look, a mildly tolerant look; almost, one might say, a patient look. Yet his patience more nearly resembled fortitude; at heart he was alertness itself — he never slept; such, at least, was the verdict of the Port Discovery Lumber crew.

Wessington, on his return from a half-day's inspection tour up Lost Creek Canyon, had halted at Port Discovery to send a wire to his chief, at Olympia. This having been accomplished, he was leaning with crossed arms on the top board of the company enclosure, swapping woods gossip with Caswell.

Wessington was the District Ranger of the Olympic National Forest. He had been District Ranger of the Olympic National Forest for so long a time that the thing had become a personal matter — seven years, off and on, to be exact about it.

The "off" period, above referred to, included a rather tense two-year interval wherein Wessington, in common with several other young men, had devoted his leisure time to the fine art of "ace-making" in the upper ether of a one-time forbidden area somewhere beyond the Rhine. Having thus offered his life for his country — with no takers, as it chanced — and the task upon which he was engaged having died from lack of further opposition, he reshipped his substance to "the only Little Republic on Earth", packed his *Croix de Guerre*, his D. S. C. and his different citations, together with certain fraternity pins, in a safe-deposit box in Seattle, donned his khaki and his mountain boots, rolled his blankets, and returned to his first love — which is to say, the Olympic National Forest.

He had been back on the job six months. His beloved forest he found not greatly altered from the state in which he had left it, considering how it had fallen into less tender hands. True, the most of the fire trails had become weed-grown, a number of the lookouts had been abandoned; certain of the reservoirs had gone out with the spring freshets, leaving the water to run low in August; no reforesting of any account had been done; the timber thieves had stolen a quantity of spruce from the Lake Pleasant district, and the Pacific Coast Cattle Company was grossly exceeding its grazing permits.

In short, some thousand years, or more, of accumulated work cried out to be accomplished all in a single day.

Wessington compromised by achieving as much of this work as possible within the first twenty-four hours, and a portion of whatever remained each twenty-four hours thereafter. Through a process of politics in the home office, amounting virtually to fraud, and an equivalent amount of wire-pulling back in Washington, D. C., he had secured the services of some twenty additional patrols, which was at least one-tenth of the number required: the remainder of the task he undertook himself. In these six months of unremitting toil he had nursed the Olympic National back to a state of life, law, and at least a semblance of order. This work he had achieved painstakingly, with endless care and fortitude. Yet he also did it with gladness,— with a perpetual song in his heart. For no man ever loved his wife more than Wessington loved the Olympic National Forest; and no man was ever half so jealous of his sweetheart, even though a preoccupied government back in Washington, D. C., failed to note the fact.

As for Caswell, he had been more than delighted, in his quaint, unobtrusive way, at Wessington's return. When a man, however charged with courage, smells trouble in the wind, he casts about instinctively for backers.

And Caswell smelled trouble in the wind — trouble of various shades, shapes and dimensions, blending however at length, into a certain deadly definiteness of purpose.

For the post-war reconstruction period was already hard upon the heels of an overwrought universe. Mankind had turned back from a half-decade of destruction to an era of rebuilding, striving, through an intricate process, to readjust the social focus to a new and perplexing picture. Out of its unremitting years of malnutrition a famished world, lying sick and crying for food and raiment, had risen suddenly to an elbow, and redoubled its cries.

The answer came in a number of disconcerting ways. Men flowed back into the mills and factories, upsetting the law of supply and demand. Ships returned to their former grooves in the seas, and complicated the freight rates. Without rhyme, though not without reason, the adventurous sank new and yet deeper oil wells. More land passed swiftly from desert to fruitage. The Big Bend farmer threw the throttle of his caterpillar tractor wide open, and plowed new fields for Flanders. All the world sang lustily for lumber. The great Western woods were full of logging crews. Each mill ran to capacity — full time, or over. Prices were good, wages beyond all reasonable belief.

IN TRUTH, the plenteous earth seemed settling once more back into its rocker on the front porch of the universe, to draw a full breath of assurance and contentment, the first in many years.

In the face of which fortunate fruition the Government, not having been conducted properly at any given time in the past, was now due for a general and immediate overhauling, at the hands of certain ones who had arrived, not so long since, by the steerage route, and so knew all about it. This fact applied, at the present hour, to the country in general; it applied to the logging and lumber industries of the Pacific Coast country, and the Olympic Peninsula, in particular.

"And us with all these orders piled up on our books, and more to follow," gloomed Caswell; "more than all the mills combined can possibly handle . . . and the world needing every stick of timber it can get its hands on, to rebuild its homes! Hell!"

"Can't they understand that it takes capital to run a business, no matter who owns it?" inquired Wessington. "Why do they want to destroy it?"

"They don't want to destroy capital," barked Caswell, "they just want it to change hands — that's all. Same theory as a bank robber — capital's in the wrong hands; take it away from them that can earn it, and give it to them that can't! Why, we pay the highest wage, under the best conditions, ever known in the history of the lumber industry — five, to nine-fifty, a day; seven thirty-five a week, for room and board — blankets, clean sheets and pillow-slips, shower baths, reading rooms — everything furnished. Make every concession, reasonable and unreasonable, too.

"Yet that doesn't make any difference, these fellows don't want concessions; they want us to refuse, so that they can bring on a strike, and cripple industry. It's a sort of a bloodless revolution going on in the country at the present time. They're doing everything they can to obstruct business: make it cost the owners more, that's their policy."

"It's a bad policy for the union men to adopt, I should think," suggested Wessington.

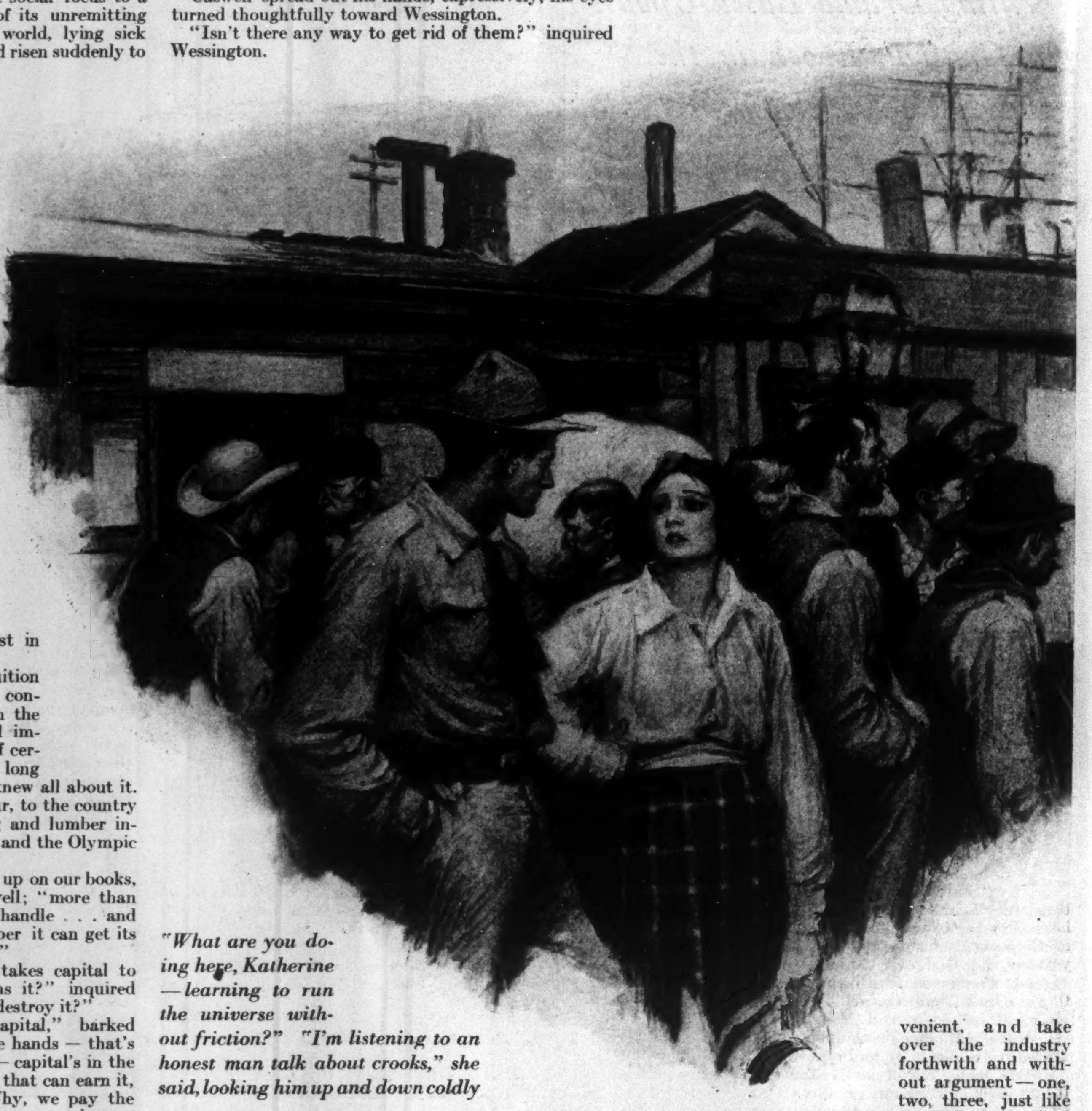
"They're not union men," said Caswell. "They're just operating inside the organizations, that's all — got the unions buffaloed. These fellows, here in the woods, are just plain Bolsheviki."

"Foreigners, mostly?" inquired Wessington.

"Yes; foreigners, Bohunks of one kind or another — rakings and scrapings of the universe, — fellows who never saw a free country in their lives, come over here to show us how to run one. They're not interested in the United States Government, except to try to overthrow it. You see, our Vladivostok exports have increased sixteen hundred per cent. since the treaty was signed, which doesn't look good for Lenine and Trotzky. The Mississippi orders have doubled, too — somebody wanted to build a barn in Nebraska, or a schoolhouse at Tulsa, Oklahoma. But they don't want barns and schoolhouses, — not under our system: they want a Communistic Government. At the present time the Port Discovery's trying to get out that order of timbers for the China railroad. But the last thing on earth they want is a China railroad. And so, you see — "

Caswell spread out his hands, expressively, his eyes turned thoughtfully toward Wessington.

"Isn't there any way to get rid of them?" inquired Wessington.



"What are you doing here, Katherine — learning to run the universe without friction?" "I'm listening to an honest man talk about crooks," she said, looking him up and down coldly

"Yes; same way you get rid of bedbugs — exterminate 'em. But, hell! We can't exterminate 'em! You see," Caswell lifted his voice a little above the rising shriek of a band-saw, — "You see, these Wobs are a leftover from the Government Spruce Camps. When the war was on, with German help and connivance, they colonized these Western woods to try to stop airplane production, shipbuilding, and whatever else the government had in mind. These things were a national solar plexus, you know, at the time — best place on earth to administer a knockout.

"Well, they didn't succeed, of course. Yet when the war ended, they were still here. So they just stayed on — had to raise the dickens somewhere, you know, why not here? Besides, the woods is a pretty good place to start things.

"So that's how we inherited 'em. Their purpose in the woods, at the present time, is to foment strikes and stop production; just as well keep that in mind. And they've gone back to sabotage, too."

"Didn't know they ever abandoned it," said Wessington.

"Oh, yes; back in 1918, when they were cooking up their scheme to overthrow the government, they abandoned it for several months. You see, sabotage isn't a Bolshevik idea, it's an I. W. W. doctrine. The Wobbly believes in destroying capital a little at a time, — a handful of emery dust here, a crowbar in a cedar log there: blow up a bridge in Butte, or a factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, or fire a wheat-field over in the Palouse — anything to cause loss and delay, and so bring on the Millennium.

"But the Bolshevik isn't so considerate: he don't prolong the agony. His plan is to go forth, depose or kill the employer, whichever way's the most convenient, and take over the industry forthwith and without argument — one, two, three, just like that! Perfectly simple; the Russian idea transplanted to American soil.

"So, when they started in to overthrow the government down in Seattle last spring, they quit destroying property: they were going to take it over, instead. But the little fiasco failed: some ignorant American sabotaged the machine, I guess. So now they've gone back to their old tricks again . . . Well, what is it, McBreen?"

McBreen was the foreman at the Port Discovery mill. He had arrived unobserved, in the midst of Caswell's conversation, and he stood now, hat in hand, mopping a bald and perspiring dome with a blue bandanna handkerchief.

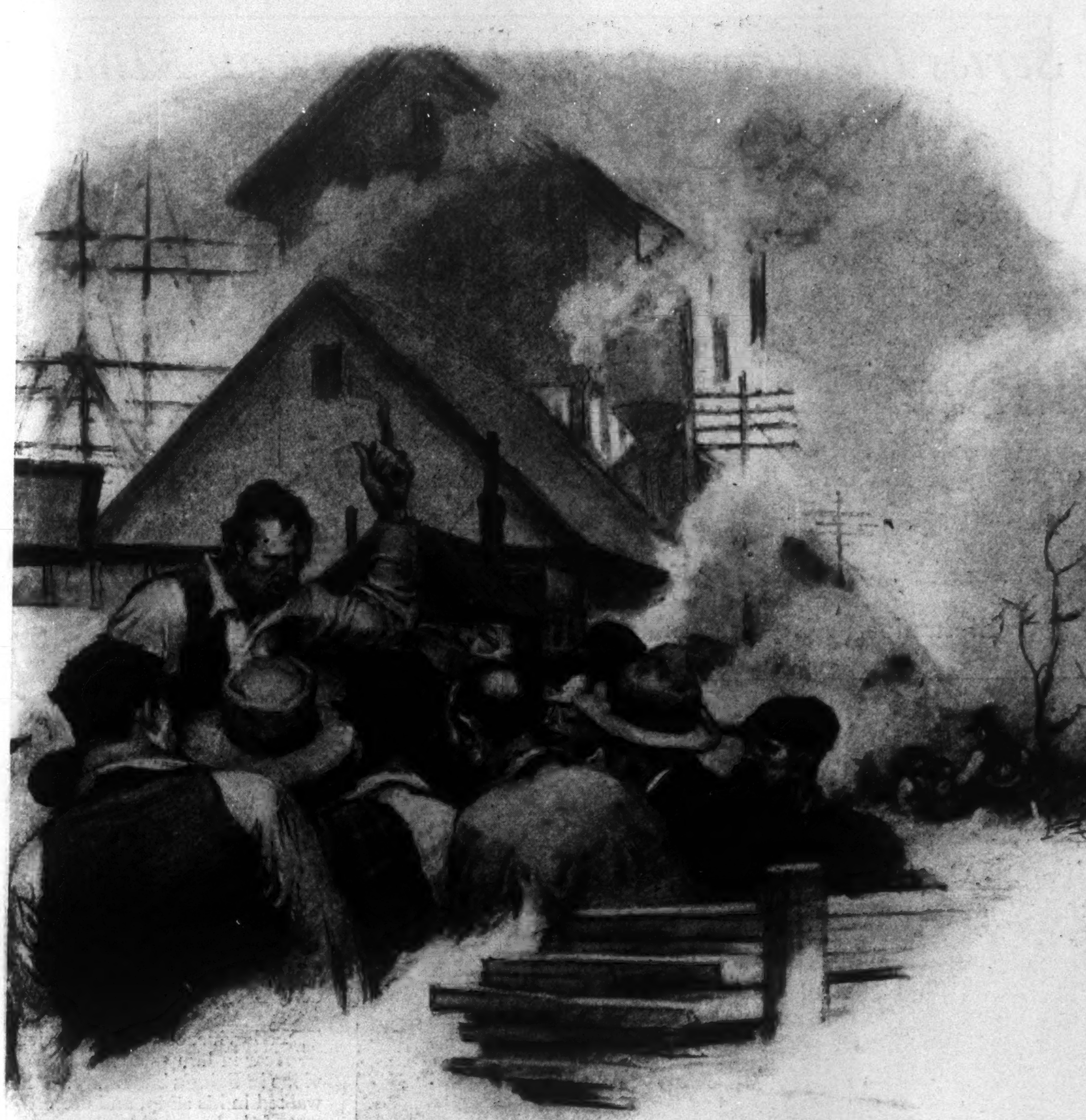
"We've finished those sixteens, for the Great Western warehouse, sir," he said. "Shall we go on to straights again, now?"

"No; keep right on with the sixteens for the Shanghai order," said Caswell, knitting his brows thoughtfully. "Same size, you know. And after that, go on to bridge timbers again. That bridge timber contract's in an awful rush. How are the men behaving to-day, McBreen?"

"Worse," said McBreen. "Worse, if possible. They're kickin' just now, about the pie; they say it isn't loganberry — it's red raspberry, and they demand loganberry."

"Well, have Swanson give 'em loganberry," said Caswell, wearily. "What else?"

"The dishes, sir — the enamelware dishes; they claim they rattle too much: they insist upon china."



"They don't rattle any more than a sawmill, do they?" Caswell inquired grimly. "Enamelware will have to do, for the present. Did the rigging crew get in that water supply to the upper logging station, yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, but the men are kicking about the pipe — they demand galvanized; we're using black, you know."

"Well, we'll continue to use black," said Caswell; quietly. "Is that all, McBreen?"

"Well, *about* all," grinned McBreen, "except that they demand the release of all political prisoners, and expect you to have the American troops removed from Russian soil, at once!"

Caswell laughed, a grim though not ill-natured laugh.

"They'll be asking me to repeal the dry law next," he said, "and change the Solar System."

"It's the foreigners, sir, that are makin' all the trouble," volunteered McBreen. "The others are all right."

"Yes, I know," said Caswell patiently. "They're the only ones that really know how to run this business. Like a spinster that never had any children," he added, turning to Wessington, "knows all about how to raise 'em . . . Is that chap Ivanovitch still here?"

"Yes, sir; he's the head rigger, for the upper loggin' crew."

"He's a Wobbly delegate, too, isn't he?"

"He is, and a hundred per cent. Bolshevik, at that," said McBreen. "It's him that's organizin' 'em — him and Kellerman, an' Blumberg, Skovoitch and Olsen — only about twenty of 'em, all told. If you'd only say the word, sir — "

"No use," said Caswell. "Fire the agitators and they'd take half the crew with them. Solidarity, m'son, is a powerful word, nowadays. Is that girl, Kate, still acting as bad as ever?"

"Worse!" said McBreen, emphatically. "She's too pretty to be good, an' too good to behave. And she's got more wits than all the rest of 'em combined. Besides, she's goin' to marry Ivanovitch, you know. . . . Say!" McBreen ground his teeth in impotent rage, and returned to his immediate troubles: "It gets my Irish goat to bow down to that bunch o' Wobs! I wisht you'd let me tell 'em all to go to hell."

"There are times when we don't dare tell people to go to hell, McBreen," said Caswell. "They might go, you know."

"Well, let 'em, then!" barked McBreen. "There's only a few bad ones, sir. We got plenty o' good men left."

"No," said Caswell definitely. "It would only delay matters: Three hundred men would quit if we fired these twenty. We're a long way behind contracts, now. Those European orders come, in October, and we're not half through with Shanghai yet. We've got to cut every stick of timber possible, the next six months, no matter what happens. We'll meet every demand we can, and trust to God for the rest. They're sure to make trouble, sooner or later, but we don't have to meet it till it comes . . . Lord!" he added, reminiscently. "And the world crying out for lumber; and all these orders sitting on our front door-step! . . . "

"BY THE way," said McBreen, hanging on a heel as he turned to go. "That bunch of fifty-four jacks they sent up from Seattle yesterday!"

"Yes!" Caswell leveled his eyes at McBreen inquiringly. "What about 'em?"

"Well, they're all Wobs. Travers found 'em up along the Lost Creek landing, about an hour ago, sittin' around under the trees. He asked 'em what they were doin'. And they told him plain: said they didn't come up to work, they come up to hold back the job — just like that, in so many words. They're over at the pay-window now, demanding fare both ways, and two days' time: it's thirty-six dollars each, sir."

"'Folded Arms' sabotage," said Caswell, with a quizzical look at Wessington. "Strike on the job; take a position, run up a bill, and demand your pay for work you never did, and never meant to do! That's a fine way to train a young man to make a success in life — isn't it? Yet that's one of the ways they work! . . . Pay 'em off, McBreen, and fire 'em out. Anything else?"

"I think I ought to tell you they're gettin' a little bolder with the spike and hammer," said McBreen. "Jackson found another railroad spike in an eight-foot fir, this morning, just before he put it against the saw."

"Well, he pulled it out, didn't he?" inquired Caswell, with an inscrutable look. "Hell, you'd think a baby'd know better than that," he added, irrelevantly.

Whereupon McBreen departed grinning, although it was not a pleasant grin to look at.

Throughout the silence that ensued, Wessington sat, kicking the heels of his mountain boots against the porch sill, gazing out from beneath the broad rim of his gray service hat reminiscently, at the forest-rimmed universe that enclosed him.

In the immediate foreground, to northward, asleep at the present moment under a blazing August sun, the ninety-mile arm of the broad Fuca Strait reached hungrily forth to the Pacific, as if it fain would grasp within clutched fingers the commerce of a vast and various Orient, and thus fulfil man's dreams.

At his back, rising in long, easy slopes, tier upon tier, to end finally in a purple haze of peaks against a southern sky, the all but impenetrable wilderness of the Olympic National Forest slept its age-long and contented sleep, undisturbed, as yet, by the reformative hand of man.

Spread, not too thinly, along the ocean rim, the huddle of unpainted one-story buildings of the mill town of Port Discovery stood, or rather seemed to droop in a state of drab dejection, along the inevitable checkerboard of sawdust streets. Into the ocean from the end of the principal thoroughfare ran the long company pier, feeling its way to an anchorage for deep-sea ships. Hugging its two sides, at the present moment, were a half-score of lumber carriers awaiting their various cargoes, rocking in a gentle surf like elephants in a circus, their tall masts describing tiny circles against a western sky.

Towering above all, and dwarfing all else in significance, stood the huge twin mills of the Port Discovery Lumber Company, which knew, from dawn to dawn, only the whir of wheels, the endless roar of machinery — heard, as it were, but a single voice, the call of a famished world for lumber, and answered in a thousand echoes of wailing band-saws, wildly shrieking planers, the thump-bump of heavy logs upon the runways, and the pungent smell of new-cut lumber. Through, and over, and about — moving like busy insects, mad with haste for the moment, — crept and crawled the mill crew, hundreds of men, fighting their fight with the god of the seven seas and the tall timber, as if in truth they played a major part in some vast and significant drama.

"God, and man, and the elements!" mused Wessington, his thoughts growing more abstract. "The wealth of a nation — raw materials, scattered over the earth, and man exerting forever his puny might in an effort to reduce them to terms of usefulness: gold and iron and copper from the bowels of earth; cattle and sheep from the ranges; wheat and corn from the farm lands; lumber and shingles from the mountainsides rising, through alchemy, into ships and skyscrapers, and earth-girdling systems of railroads, shoes and hobble skirts, pitch-forks and tuning-forks, corset-strings, wedding-rings and breakfast food!"

It was a great dream of the finished product, to be realized finally in terms of law and order, synthetic government, — nations, states, counties, cities, villages, churches and schools, club houses, farmhouses, and baby cradles — that thing on earth called "organized society"! It was, in truth, a vast and worthy dream.

And other men, with another set of dreams, striving to destroy the plan, to overthrow and render void that system which, through fifty centuries of struggle, tears and bloodshed, had grown into the semblance of shape and form — dreams which, however vague and chimerical, wicked or ill-advised, aimed honestly — though perhaps impudently — at another system, built upon another group of theories, with another god, another human nature and another set of laws, yet with the same hope in view at the end of the trail — human happiness; willing to rape and burn, wreck, pillage and destroy in a zeal to make this dream come true.

[*Continued on page 37*]

A New Chapter in the Series Dealing with "The American Mind"

Mark Twain as Exhibit A

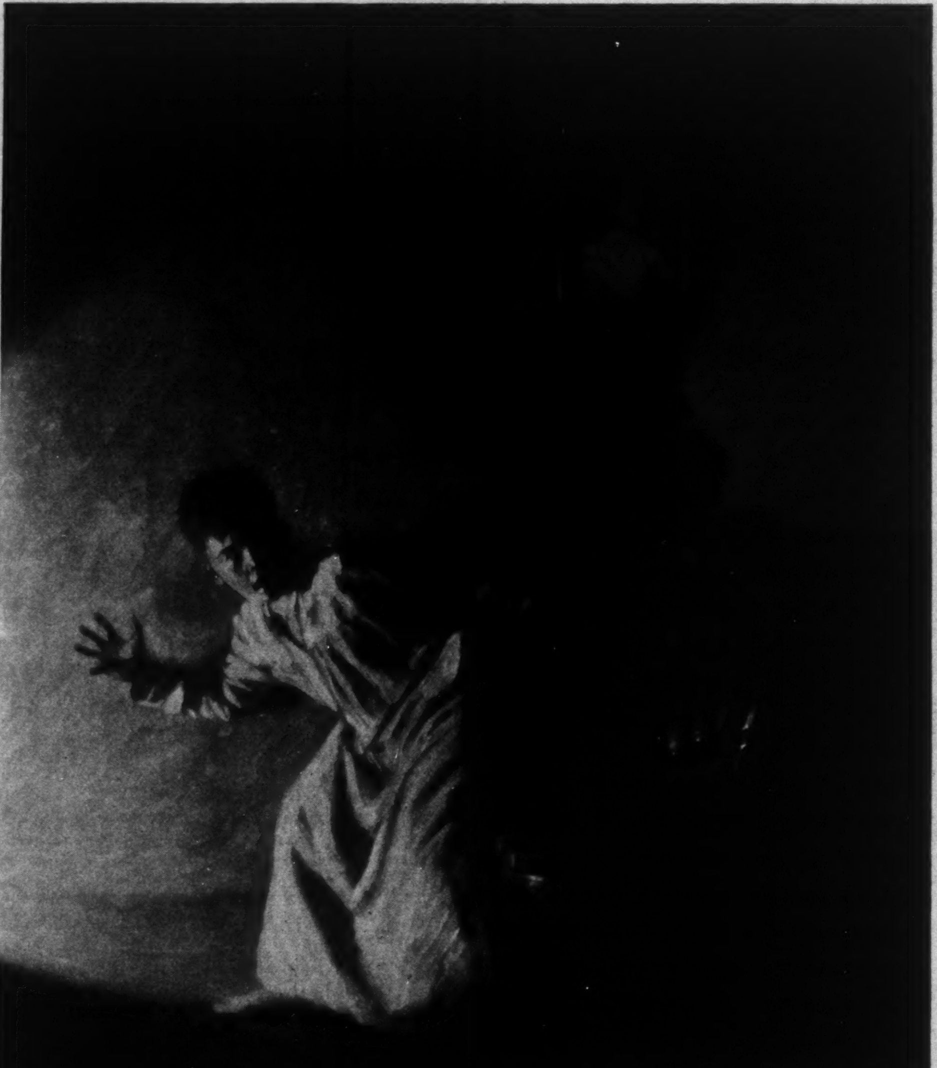
by

Harvey O'Higgins

and

Edward H. Reede M.D.

Illustration by Lejaren Hiller



As a child Mark Twain walked in his sleep in the instinctive effort to escape from subconscious fears. Often the family found him in the middle of the night fretting with cold in some dark corner

MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) was born a seven months' child, "a puny baby with a wavering promise of life", according to Albert Bigelow Paine's official biography. And to the new psychology — the study of the subconscious mind — this fact is of prime importance.

A premature birth makes the struggle for survival hard on the vital organs of the infant, and he begins life in timidity. He has, of course, no intelligence, no conscious mind whatever; but he has the unconscious animal mind which is to remain with him throughout his life. In this mind, physical inferiority will produce a mute recognition of inadequacy and insecurity; and if the feeling is not carefully nursed out of him by the affectionate protection and encouragement of his parents, it will continue as a basic strain of unconscious fearfulness that will plague him as long as he lives.

It has been found that such a hidden feeling of inferiority is at the bottom of most of the vagaries of what we call "the artistic temperament." It is the main-spring of much intellectual achievement and the origin of a great deal of erratic genius. The ego of the child desires to dominate. If he is physically a weakling, he will try to win by other than physical means; that is to say, he will use his wits. The inferior child, timid and fearful, will become as alert as a wild animal in the woods. He will be sensitive, affectible, responsive, precocious, foxy. He will develop his intelligence, his faculties of perception, his sympathetic imagination. He may make a great success of his life, consequently. But his pride in himself will always be insecurely supported on the shaking foundation of an unconscious sense of inferiority. That, as we shall see, was true of Mark Twain.

HIS parents never did anything either by unconscious example or by conscious precept to save him from his early fear. His father was himself inadequate to life, a visionary, a failure, who drifted from one little backwoods town to another in search of a fortune that was to come from gigantic land projects, which never "boomed", or from some mad dream like his "perpetual motion machine." And while he pursued these mirages, his family sank deeper into poverty year by year. He was upright, moral, respectable and always respected. But he "seldom devoted any time to the company of his children; he did not join in their amusements and he rarely or never laughed." "Mark Twain did not remember ever having heard his father laugh." He was a stern man, capable of tying up a slave girl by the wrists and lashing her with a cowhide whip to punish her for insolence. He seems to have figured chiefly in the early life of the children as the power that enforced moral precepts by chastisement. He was not the sort of parent to cure a child of a basic timidity.

Mark Twain's mother, before her marriage, had been in love with a young physician of Lexington; there had been some "misunderstanding" between them, and in the midst of her pique she married John Clemens. "Sixty years later," Paine writes, "when John Clemens had long been dead, she took a railroad journey to a city where there was an Old Settlers' Convention, because among the names of those attending she had noticed the name of the lover of her youth. She meant to humble herself to him and ask forgiveness after all these years. She arrived too late, the convention was over, and he was gone. Mark Twain once spoke of this and added: 'It is as pathetic a romance as any that has crossed the field of my personal experience in a long lifetime.'"

It is more than that. It is the key to the mother's character and to Mark Twain's relations with her. Her marriage had been a "one-sided love affair" — the love all on the husband's side of it — and though she did her duty by him and his children, she was no doting wife or mother. One of Mark Twain's brothers remembered that after the death of a younger child the parents "kissed each other, something hitherto unknown." She developed the common peculiarities of a mind that is almost morbidly expiating a hidden cruelty. She refused to kill even a fly, and she punished the cat for catching mice. She would drown the young kittens, but only after she had warmed the water. Her sense of pity was apparently abnormal, and she was regarded as a charitable, sympathetic woman. Yet she had a very biting sense of humor and delivered her sarcasms with a straight face, in an effective drawl. Nearly all of Mark Twain's anecdotes of her picture her as using her humorous sarcasm on him, for his moral betterment. Above all, she was an orthodox believer in a stern Calvinistic God — not a God of loving forgiveness but of justice and retribution — and she planted the fear of this avenging deity in the boy's mind.

THE evidences of subconscious fear in him as a child are obvious in Paine's biography. "He walked in his sleep, and often the rest of the household got up in the middle of the night to find him fretting with cold in some dark corner." In sleep, the subconscious mind — the mind that dreams — is free of the control of intelligence, and it expresses its fears in nightmares. Sleepwalking is an attempt to escape from these fears. In childhood, it is the instinctive effort to find refuge with the mother; and if the mother is not the refuge that she should be, the child will wander about in its somnambulism, as Mark Twain did.

And he not only ran away, subconsciously, at night. "He was a queer, fanciful, uncommunicative child that detested indoors," says Paine, "and would run away if not watched — always in the direction of the river." He even showed the characteristic death-wish of the child who is trying to compel affection. "An epidemic of measles — the black, deadly kind — was ravaging Hannibal, and he yearned for the complaint." When he heard that a playmate had it, he ran away from his home and crept into bed with the sick boy, and contracted the disease. "Some days later, the family gathered tearfully around his bed to see him die." As he said later, "this gratified him, and he was willing to die for the glory of that touching scene."

It is easy to appear to make too much of this sort of incident. Mrs. Clemens was far from being a cruel mother, though there was cruelty in her humor. The difficulty was that her son was an unduly sensitive child. In her old age, she once confessed to him: "You gave me more uneasiness than any child I had." He said: "I suppose you were afraid I wouldn't live." She replied: "No; afraid you would." He enjoyed the

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Photograph by Albert Bigelow Paine

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The cynical quality of Mark Twain's humor was the outcome of revolt against the poverty and repression of his early life in the little cabin in Florida, Missouri

Mark Twain's humor and his characteristic irony were imitated from his mother

Copyright Underwood and Underwood

Mark Twain, late in life, received honorary degrees from Oxford, Yale and the University of Missouri

joke, but as a child he would not have enjoyed it. At the age of five, he was rescued from the river and brought home half-drowned. When she had restored him "with mullein tea and castor-oil, she said 'I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in the water.'" When he was whipped, his first day at school, and he came home to her for sympathy, she said "she was glad there was somebody at last who could take him in hand." He was jealous of his brother Henry, "a much handsomer lad and regarded as far more promising." Paine records that "sometimes he charged his mother with partiality" for Henry. "He would say: 'Yes, no matter what it is, I am always the one to get punished'; and his mother would answer: 'Well, if you didn't deserve it for that, you did for something else.'" The way in which these retorts stuck in Mark Twain's memory shows how barbed they were to his child mind.

Any child is born into an adult world in which he soon becomes aware of his pathetic weakness. He is strong only in his parent's love and protection. His mother's frown arouses a real anxiety. He has to have her approval and to know he has it. Except in his earliest infancy, Mark Twain never won from his mother the secure affection that he craved. She was more concerned with making him good than with making him happy. He learned to "fear God and dread the Sunday School." He had fearful dreams. "He set them down as warnings or punishments, designed to give him a taste for a better life. He felt that it was his own conscience that made these things torture him. That was his mother's idea." He was afraid of thunder and of the dark. "In the fearsome darkness he would say his prayers, especially when a thunderstorm was coming, and vow to lead a better life in the morning." His mind was full of weird supernatural nonsense which he got from listening to the ghost stories of the negroes. He was panicky also with the fear of hell. "Flames were being kept brisk for little boys who were heedless of sacred matters; his home teaching convinced him of that." His ambition was to be a minister. "It looked like a safe job," he once said. "It never occurred to me that a minister could be damned."

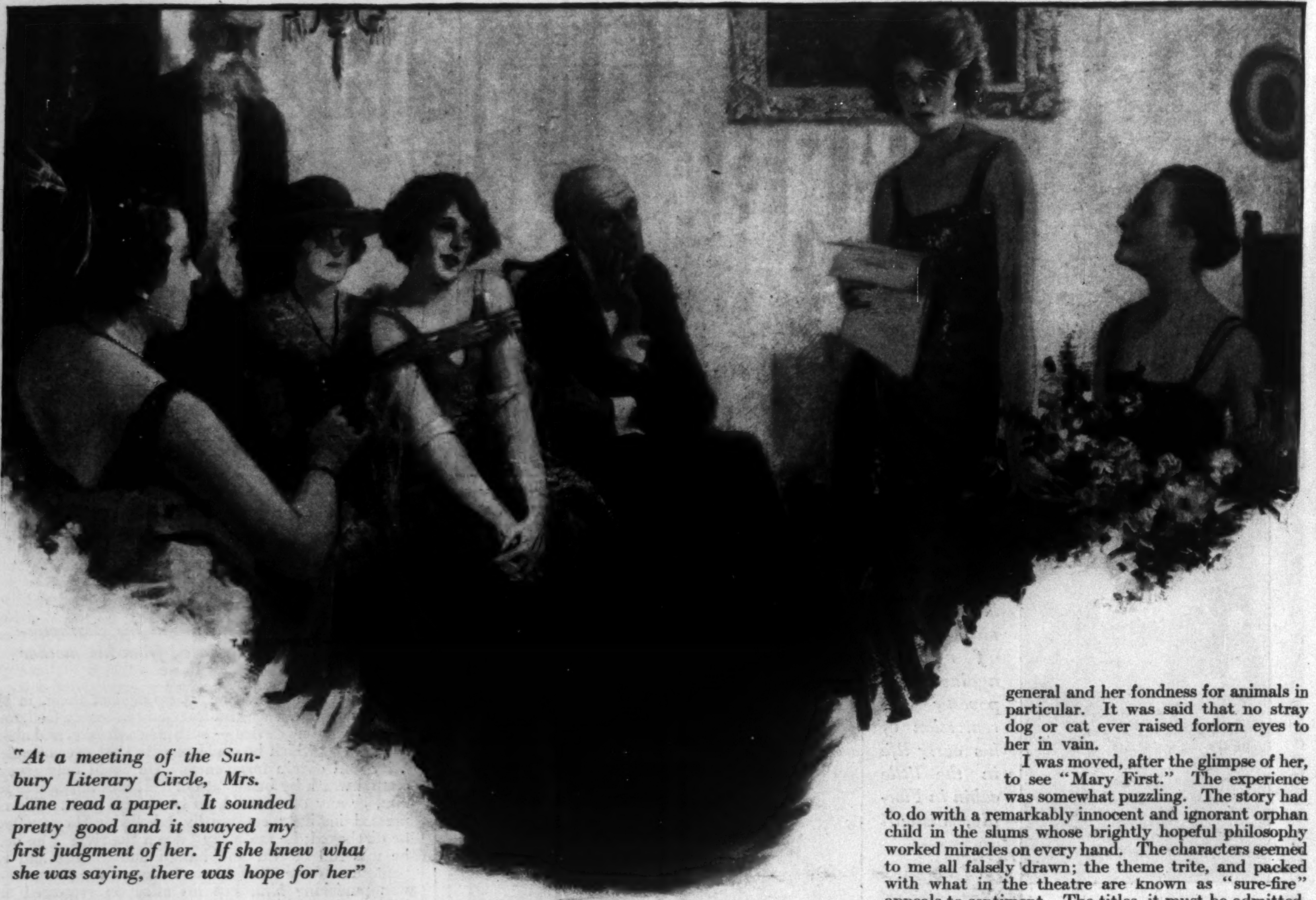
In fact, Mark Twain began life with a well-developed case of that Puritan anxiety — that soul fear — which the new psychology finds at the bottom of most of the peculiarities of the American mind. His training was left to his mother; who, like most American mothers, was suffering from the severities of a Puritan upbringing. She did not see the boy's natural animal instincts as forces of nature that were to be trained and educated and civilized and, so to speak, domesticated. She saw them as wild animal impulses that were to be exterminated. She saw them, and made him see them, as the devil in him. She set up against them, in his conscious mind, the awful fear of an avenging God, and she gave him no device — such as confession and absolution — by which he could placate that ever-offended deity and obtain forgiveness. He could only escape eternal wrath by being "good." It was impossible for him, or any other child, to be always good. His repressed instincts continually rebelled. He revolted; he disobeyed; he ran away "down the river"; he lied; he was full of fear and hatred and disgust and repentance. Like all children, he hated the power that was punishing him, but his affection repressed the hatred. In his later years, his hatred of the Biblical God of his youth was bitter and outspoken. His hatred of his mother was always repressed and unconscious, but it was so strong that it "conditioned", as the psychologists say, all the impulses of affection in him throughout his life. It gave him a chronic impishness in affection that plagued his friends, his relatives, and all whom he loved most. And any authority, any authorized convention, aroused an antagonism in him that found its vent in satiric humor. His humor, in fact, was the outcome of revolt deflected into an acceptable witty form of expression by the unconscious timidity which prevented him from making a direct attack.

THE actual technique of his humor was imitated from his mother. Whom a child loves, it imitates. He imitated from her his famous drawl. None of her other children had it. She called it "Sammy's long talk." Her own manner of speaking "was still more deliberate, but she seemed not to notice it." And he imitated from her his characteristic irony. He had "a gentle, winning manner, and a smile that with his slow, measured way of speaking, made him a favorite with his companions. He did not speak much . . . but for some reason, whenever he did speak, every playmate in hearing stopped whatever he was doing and listened. . . . Perhaps it was something droll; perhaps it was just a commonplace remark that his peculiar drawl made amusing."

His playmates became his gallery of applause. His ability to make them laugh became a device that gave him a feeling of superiority. He had another device — another device of the timid — a trick of compensatory lying. The weak child, unable to compete in actuality, compensates by fabricating stories of imaginary exploits. "He would say his prayers willingly enough when encouraged by his sister Pamela, but he much preferred to sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventures." When the neighbors, hearing some of these yarns, remonstrated with his mother, "You don't believe anything that child says, I hope"; she replied: "Oh, yes. I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent."

Later as a boy, he added a technique of story-telling learned from an old negro, named Uncle Ned, who had a dramatic gift. In story-telling his compensatory lying became the amusing ex-

[*Continued on page 42*]



"At a meeting of the Sunbury Literary Circle, Mrs. Lane read a paper. It sounded pretty good and it swayed my first judgment of her. If she knew what she was saying, there was hope for her"

There Are Smiles.

A Close-up of a Beautiful Lady That All the World Admires Until—

by Samuel Merwin

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

THE coming of Laura Lane stirred us all, naturally. Her success had burst on the whole country so explosively, she was already within something less than two years so completely national a figure, that even in Sunbury her name was a household word. "Mary First" had already broken the attendance and receipt records of all film history in Chicago as "the sunshine picture", you will recall. They never lowered the price of orchestra seats from two dollars and a half for the evening performance, and two dollars at matinées. The newspapers were heralding the newly organized "Laura Lane Pictures, Inc." It was rather exciting merely to think about her, this woman who had never written a book or a play, but had suddenly appeared as the sort of genius that had been long awaited in Movie-land.

We had noticed a number of astonishing successes in this strange new world of filmdom, but all had fallen to the lot either of so-called "stars"—pretty little dolls, for the most part, with little talent and less technique, who became millionaires over night and turned the heads of millions of shop-girls and stenographers — or of "directors" who were exploited by tirelessly blatant press agents as wizards wielding a magic new to life and art; but Laura Lane was spoken about everywhere as a new sort of thing — a woman who could *write pictures*, who was (at last) bringing a really creative art to the screen, elevating it, picturing human characters in the eternal human struggle, avoiding the familiar cheap melodrama and speeded-up farces.

She was spoken of as "real" and "true to life." Best of all, she was "constructive"; she found beauty in the life about her, and happiness. And she was a person of some distinction, a graduate of a famous college for women; by birth one of the old Eastern family of Swartouts, a niece of Senator Swartout and a granddaughter of the historian. She was, in a word, a lady. Through her the screen was finding itself, coming into its own. She was described with a casual disregard of gender, as the Balzac of a new art.

Our leading Chicago paper commented editorially on her choice of our charming and scholarly suburb as a place of residence, incidentally observing that Shakespeare, had he lived in our time, would have delighted in the screen as a medium for his colossal dramatic gift.

Of course we were all curious to see her. She had taken the Danver place, directly across from my house on upper Chestnut Avenue. She proved to be a slender blonde woman of perhaps thirty-five or eight. A number of cats and dogs moved in with her; which was expected, as a good deal had appeared in the papers from time to time regarding her kindness of heart in general and her fondness for animals in particular. It was said that no stray dog or cat ever raised forlorn eyes to her in vain.

I was moved, after the glimpse of her, to see "Mary First." The experience was somewhat puzzling. The story had to do with a remarkably innocent and ignorant orphan child in the slums whose brightly hopeful philosophy worked miracles on every hand. The characters seemed to me all falsely drawn; the theme trite, and packed with what in the theatre are known as "sure-fire" appeals to sentiment. The titles, it must be admitted, were in simple English and were grammatical; which fact alone, of course, amounted to a revolution in the film world. And the audiences were swept into the theatre on a wave of "publicity" that swamped the individual sheeplike minds under the insistent thought that here, at last, was a real literature of the screen. Here, at last, was art. Here was the human soul analyzed and pictured forth by an inspired creature. . . . How the public loves to believe that the tawdry thing it plays with is really good!

I left the theatre in a depressed state, aware of a slightly weakened faith in my country. Despite numerous flattenings under the triumphant national steamroller of advertising and propaganda I have never been able to conquer an old-fashioned faith in truth.

Certainly Laura Lane had never been in the slums to see and know them. She couldn't have been. Oh, an occasional evening in a settlement, perhaps — yes, just that. The picture gave her away. But that superficial sentimentality was just what the public wanted. It was so free from any "unpleasant" sense of the mere fact. "Mary First" released their minds from all worry over our submerged population. Let the poor only think pleasantly pretty things, like Mary, and at once they would all be happy.

Mrs. Lane graciously consented to read a paper at an early meeting of the Sunbury Literary Circle, over at the Weston's big house on Hazel Avenue. I dressed up and went, of course. We all did.

It was a document that might have been penned — excepting a certain want of the biting phrases that spring out, hot and wrought, from a real working mind, and excepting a rather hard smoothness in each faintly reminiscent sentence — by a Balzac, almost by a Dostoyefsky.

"For my characters," she said, in her rather sweet though firm little voice, "I always look about me. The proper material of the screen author, as of the writer of books, lies directly at hand, on his very doorstep. Life calls everywhere for expression, in every city block, in every hamlet. There is not a humble home in any village but hides within its four walls all the elements of character contrast, of a dramatic conflict of wills, of comedy, even, more frequently than we think, of sublime tragedy. The screen has provided mere entertainment long enough. It has been long enough in the hands of the mere showman. It must go now to life itself. The screen brings us at last the promise that all humanity may see itself steadily and whole."

This sounded pretty good. But it was puzzling, coming from this slender, really rather pretty woman, who smiled so sweetly, who was so quietly, so serenely sure of her position and herself. It swayed my first judgment. Certainly she had gifts, if only of an assimilative sort. If she knew what she was saying, there was hope for her. Looking at her, you couldn't think her dishonest; if anything she was naïve.

When she had finished, after the gentle patting of gloved hands, the sibilant murmur of excited approval and the inevitable long pause, the elder Miss Wombast rose and peered through her glasses at the lioness who now sat sipping a glass of water. As head of the Sunbury Free Public Library for thirty-odd years, Miss Wombast properly enough claimed this moment.

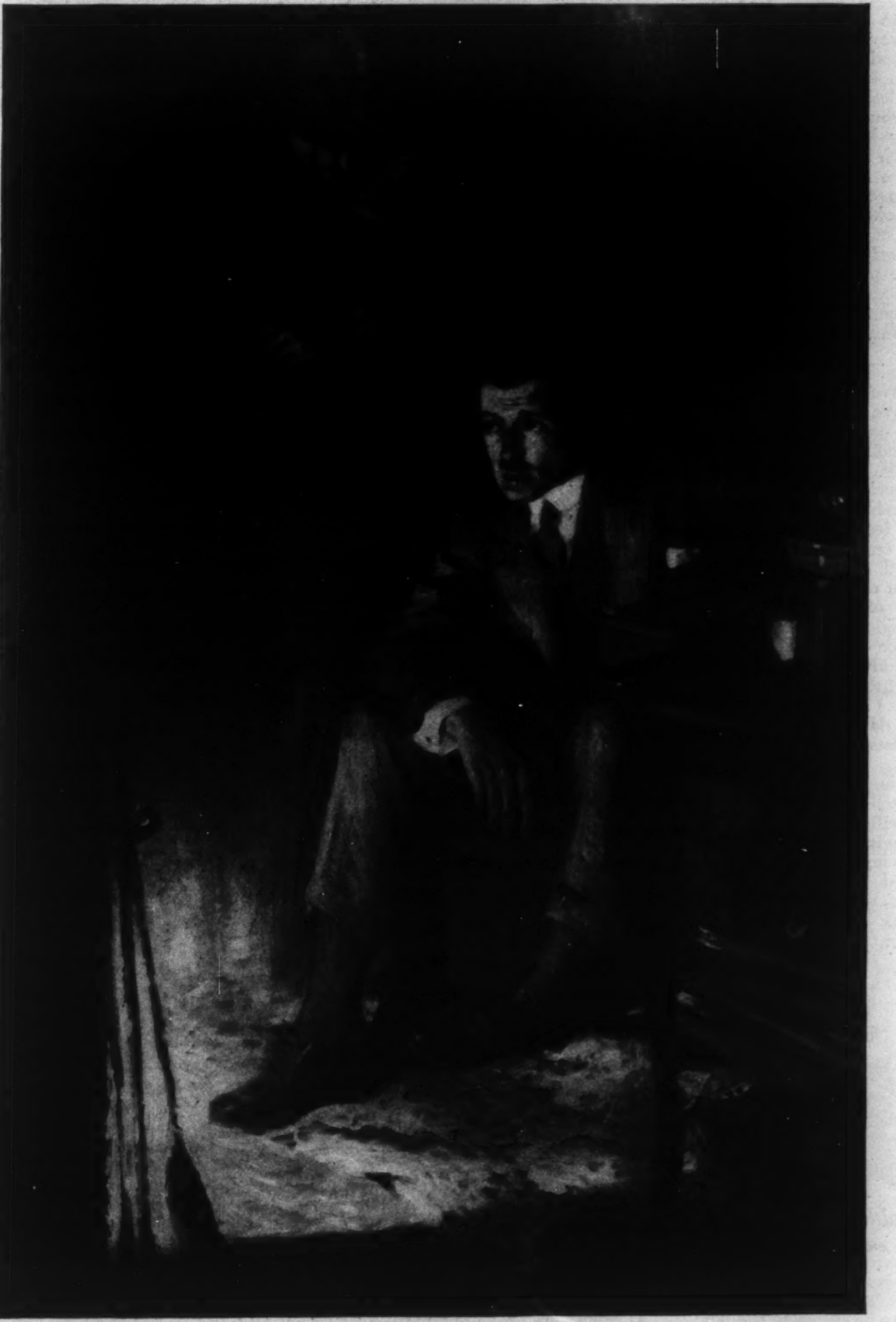
"I should like to ask Mrs. Lane," she chirped, "if she doesn't consider 'The Spoon River Anthology' an excellent example of the use of the dramatic material in a simple neighborhood. And why aren't such books done on the screen?"

Mrs. Lane set down the glass, knit her brows, and considered. She seemed a thought puzzled. But after a moment came her indomitable smile.

"I was able to read only a part of that book," she said with quiet finality. "I found it distinctly unpleasant. If we are to regard as reality only that which is vulgar and violent, what is to become of our sanity? Surely life is not all sordid and mean. I look about me and see everywhere beautiful truths."

Another sibilant murmur of approval spread through the big room. Miss Wombast sat abruptly.

Over across the room I now saw the shaggy gray head of Professor Dogman, who had long held the chair of English Literature at the University. He winked.



"My wife sent me away," he said simply. "Asked me never to enter her house again. . . . The hell of it is that she's right"

THE village of Sunbury was about to celebrate its seventieth birthday in an impressive pageant. To be sure a few voices were raised to suggest that the hundredth birthday would be a more fitting time for so pretentious an undertaking. But the town was, when all was said, Middle Western, and thirty years seemed a long time to wait. And it was natural enough that the very new Mrs. Lane should be placed prominently on the committee of management.

I, too, served on the committee. And the celebrity proved really so capable and gracious that we were soon, she and I, by way of becoming pleasant acquaintances. On one or two occasions I escorted her home from meetings.

It was at one of these meetings that the old controversy arose over the royal coach.

This vehicle, a gorgeous golden body swung between high wheels, with detached seats for driver and footman before and behind, had, during thirty-five or forty years, occupied a special back room in McAllister's livery stable, appearing only on rare occasions, such as Democratic parades in the years of presidential elections. I could remember as a boy stealing into that room at times when McAllister and most of his drivers were out, and sitting breathless on the faded, pink damask cushions while a glowing imagination peopled the scene with princes and princesses and squires and dames and outriders in velvets and satins.

The history of the coach was as follows:

There had been a young woman named Norah McPhee, daughter of the drunken plasterer of that name who lived in South Sunbury until he deserted his family and disappeared for good. This girl — I could dimly recall her as she appeared in middle life, a large, by no means unattractive woman — early fell into evil ways, finally drifting off into a dissolute life in various communities along the Ohio River, where she acquired the dubious appellation of Steamboat Norah. From time to time she reappeared in Sunbury, the object of prurient looks and excited whispers. After one of these visits she took away with her a younger sister, Maggie (or Margaret) who had been recently expelled from high school. Through some tangled chain of circumstances that we never were able to ravel out, Maggie fell in with an Attaché of one of the European Embassies who was traveling in the West, and was carried off East, continuing her adventurous journey later across the Atlantic. At Paris she was seen by the monarch of one of the Balkan states who promptly established her as his favorite.

This curious news drifted through various wireless channels to Sunbury. McAllister, then a shiftless young ne'er-do-well, picked it up; disappeared for a week; returned with the now somewhat aging Norah, whom he coolly introduced as his bride. Money came to them at regular intervals. It was undoubtedly through the indirect aid of that remote king that "Mac" was enabled to set up his livery stable and carry it through the lean years. Later on, Maggie died, and among her rich effects — all of which, including the amazing jewels that Norah wore up and down Simpson Street to her own dying day, were shipped promptly to Sunbury — appeared the royal coach.

The Committee dealt with the business, of course, in gingerly fashion. But a good many people felt that the coach was, after all, of a certain picturesque and even historical value, that time had in some degree softened the unpalatable story, and that therefore we might as well roll it out for use in the pageant, perhaps as a conveyance for the impersonator of the Sieur de la Salle, the first proprietor of our prairie region.

MRS. LANE, as she and I walked home from the meeting, asked innocently about the coach; and I, as innocently — enthusiastically, in truth — told her the story. Oh, I employed euphemisms, and skipped lightly over this and that, but — well, I told it. For the moment, you see, I thought of her as one of us, a thoroughgoing writer, sensitively alive to the bewildering cross-currents of life and to the strange doings of the actual human creature. Life is so tragically gay with color, so rich, so vital, often so incredible, that the little proprieties, among those who must every day consider this glowing stuff as literary material, are often honestly forgotten.

But not by Laura Lane. For a space my own eager interest swept me along; but as I drew near the end of the narrative a chill settled over my mind and heart. My voice even faltered. But I had to finish it out then. We parted at her doorstep in a silence broken only by her coldly pleasant good-night. She even contrived that smile of hers. And I slowly crossed the street, painfully aware that I had shocked her; aware, too, of myself as an *outrè* creature, wholly rough and coarse, who had no place in the sunshine world of the triumphant Laura Lane.

There was no longer a question of the royal coach being used in the pageant. She blocked it; not with open word, but by skilfully proposing a treatment of the early historical *motif* in which no coach could fit. La Salle was to appear on the lake front in a long canoe, manned by his rough *voyageurs* and welcomed by Indians. The preliminary scenes at the Court of Louis XIV were omitted as hardly germane to the local history of Illinois. She seemed to work instinctively through this sort of indirection. She met me throughout with public courtesy; no one would have suspected that our acquaintance had ceased to be pleasant; but she never walked with me again, nor exchanged a direct word.

Not until after the unfortunate little matter of the coach did I discover that the slender man I had encountered lately on the street and at the railway station was her husband. Really, one never thought of her as having a husband. He was what would be called good-looking — distinctly that — with pleasant blue eyes and a small mustache. His brown hair waved somewhat; in his youth it must have been curly and golden.

One afternoon, late, I found him sitting on our horse-block whittling out a boat for the two Lameaux children. He spoke quickly, almost apologetically; then met my greeting with a likable smile and introduced himself.

"Nice kids!" he said, indicating the children. Side by side he and I launched the boat in a convenient puddle, and freighted with pebbles it journeyed from one bank to the other.

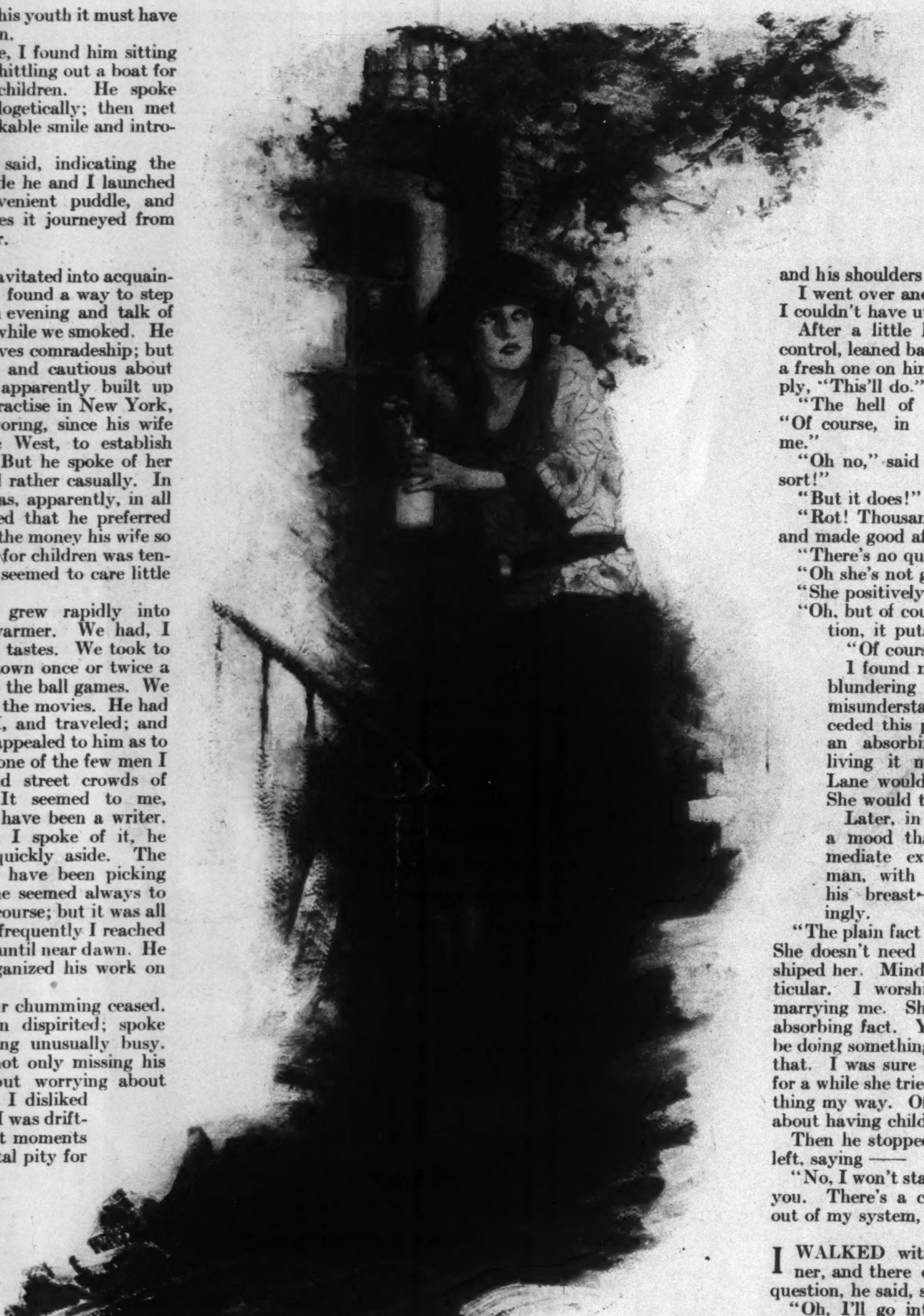
AFTER that we gravitated into acquaintance. He even found a way to step across the street of an evening and talk of life and manners the while we smoked. He was the sort that craves comradeship; but quiet, even subdued, and cautious about emerging. He had apparently built up something of a law practise in New York, and was now endeavoring, since his wife had made the move West, to establish himself in Chicago. But he spoke of her only at intervals, and rather casually. In dress he was simple, as, apparently, in all his tastes. I surmised that he preferred not to use for himself the money his wife so easily made. His love for children was tender and deep, but he seemed to care little for animal pets.

The acquaintance grew rapidly into something a shade warmer. We had, I found, companionable tastes. We took to lunching together in town once or twice a week and going out to the ball games. We even went together to the movies. He had read widely, as had I, and traveled; and workaday human life appealed to him as to me. He proved to be one of the few men I have known who find street crowds of absorbing interest. It seemed to me, often, that he should have been a writer. Once, however, when I spoke of it, he turned the thought quickly aside. The law business couldn't have been picking up very rapidly, for he seemed always to have time. I had, of course; but it was all grist to me, and not infrequently I reached home late and worked until near dawn. He could hardly have organized his work on that footing.

For a time, then, our chumming ceased. He was distrait, even dispirited; spoke unconvincingly of being unusually busy. And I found myself not only missing his easy friendly ways, but worrying about him. Aware now that I disliked the conspicuous wife, I was drifting into what seemed at moments a downright sentimental pity for the husband.

One afternoon, in the city with an hour on my hands, I stepped into an out-of-the-way picture theatre and found Lane sitting in a dim rear row with a plainly-dressed girl. They were holding hands.

It was awkward. I sat with them and tried to chuckle naturally over the screen comedy that was unreeling at the moment. After some delay he introduced me to the girl; seemed all at once determined that I should know her. I didn't catch her name, a Miss Something-or-other, but I caught myself being unnecessarily, politely talkative.



Stealthily creeping up to the back door of the Lameaux house in the early morning, Mrs. Endon, the pretty widow, carefully dropped poison into all the milk bottles

I don't know when I've felt a keener depression. In a way, it was a relief when he called up, in mid-evening. He was in a booth at the station; I heard the bell sing over the wire after his nickel dropped into the slot. The impulse came to build up a little fire in the grate, though it was no more than a coolish summer evening. And I got out the nearly empty box of Hoya de Montereys. That was the only cigar he preferred to his old brier pipe.

He came — very white, a curiously set expression about the mouth, eyes tired. The comfortably blazing fire and the opened cigar box seemed to touch him. He dropped into the old leather chair that had been my grandfather's, and lighted up.

At length he broke out with — "I've got to talk." And went on gloomily — "Having you catch me that way brought me up with a jerk. I don't doubt it was the best thing that could happen. Anyhow, after you left us, I broke off with that girl. It was difficult, of course, very painful. We walked the streets for hours. I suppose it would look to others as if I were simply weak."

I shook my head slowly, then found that I was biting my pipe-stem pretty hard.

"It seemed to me then" — he continued — "as if the best thing to do was to go home and make a clean breast of it to Laura — tell her everything ——"

"Oh," I found myself breaking in — "you did that?"

He inclined his head. I could say nothing, of course, but the situation began to look even less hopeful to me. Not that I would wish to place myself in the position of countenancing deceit or evasion; but it was difficult to see how this childlike man was to find any tolerant understanding in the curiously impenetrable mind of Laura Lane. There seemed no hope of their minds meeting.

"The result was not happy," he said. "She sent me away. Asked me never to enter her house again. Oh, she was kind enough about it — wished me every success and all that — but — " his voice broke — "she even smiled!"

He dropped his face into his hands, and his shoulders moved convulsively.

I went over and stirred the fire. My heart was full. I couldn't have uttered a word just then.

After a little he recovered some part of his self-control, leaned back, and relighted his cigar. I pressed a fresh one on him, but he shook his head, saying simply, "This'll do."

"The hell of it is that she's right," he added. "Of course, in a way, it makes an outcast of me."

"Oh no," said I, quickly, hotly — "nothing of the sort!"

"But it does!"

"Rot! Thousands of men have lived through divorce and made good afterward."

"There's no question of divorce."

"Oh she's not going to ——"

"She positively won't. Doesn't believe in it."

"Oh, but of course, if she decides to take that position, it puts you . . ."

"Of course."

I found myself then, looking back, as a mere blundering outsider, over the years of subtle misunderstanding that so evidently had preceded this perhaps tragic hour. They had lived an absorbingly real story, those two — were living it now — the sort of story that Laura Lane would never present to her huge public. She would think it unpleasant.

Later, in a surprisingly rational mood — but a mood that would surely pass with the immediate excitement, for he was a sensitive man, with a store of unclaimed affection in his breast — he talked freely and interestingly.

"The plain fact is, she doesn't need me — never has. She doesn't need any one. In the early days I worshiped her. Mind you, she's not to blame in any particular. I worshiped her. Fairly dogged her into marrying me. She said then that her work was the absorbing fact. You see, she always knew she would be doing something of this sort. Even as a girl she felt that. I was sure I could make her love me. I think for a while she tried as hard as she knew how to see the thing my way. Of course if she had only felt different about having children ——"

Then he stopped short. A little later he abruptly left, saying ——

"No, I won't stay. I really shouldn't have burdened you. There's a certain amount of bitterness to get out of my system, and I'll do that alone."

I WALKED with him without my hat, to the corner, and there clung to his hand. In answer to a question, he said, simply ——

"Oh, I'll go into a hotel in Chicago. She — she asked me not to come back for my things. She's going to have 'em packed up and sent. She'll be very accurate and careful about that. You see, she has some important work on hand just now, and feels that it wouldn't be right to allow her emotions to be stirred in a merely personal way."

He stood there, under the street light, gripping my hand more tightly than he knew. His face twisted, and he broke out ——

"But, oh God! If only she'd been willing to have children — one child! It might have ——"

He rushed away then.

Two striking events shook Sunbury during the following autumn.

The first was the release of Laura Lane's new twelve-reel picture "Alice of Sunshine Alley." During that summer and early autumn it was evident to any observer that she was fairly pyramiding her successes. Her earlier pictures were being rapidly "novelized"; they confronted you on every newsstand in flaming paper jackets. Two of them were even made into plays and appeared in September in rival New York theatres. I suppose it is true that her success marked the turning point in the history of motion pictures as an artistically independent force. Hitherto, the screen had drawn its material and men from the book and play worlds; whereas now, through Laura Lane, it was contributing to both.

[Continued on page 34]

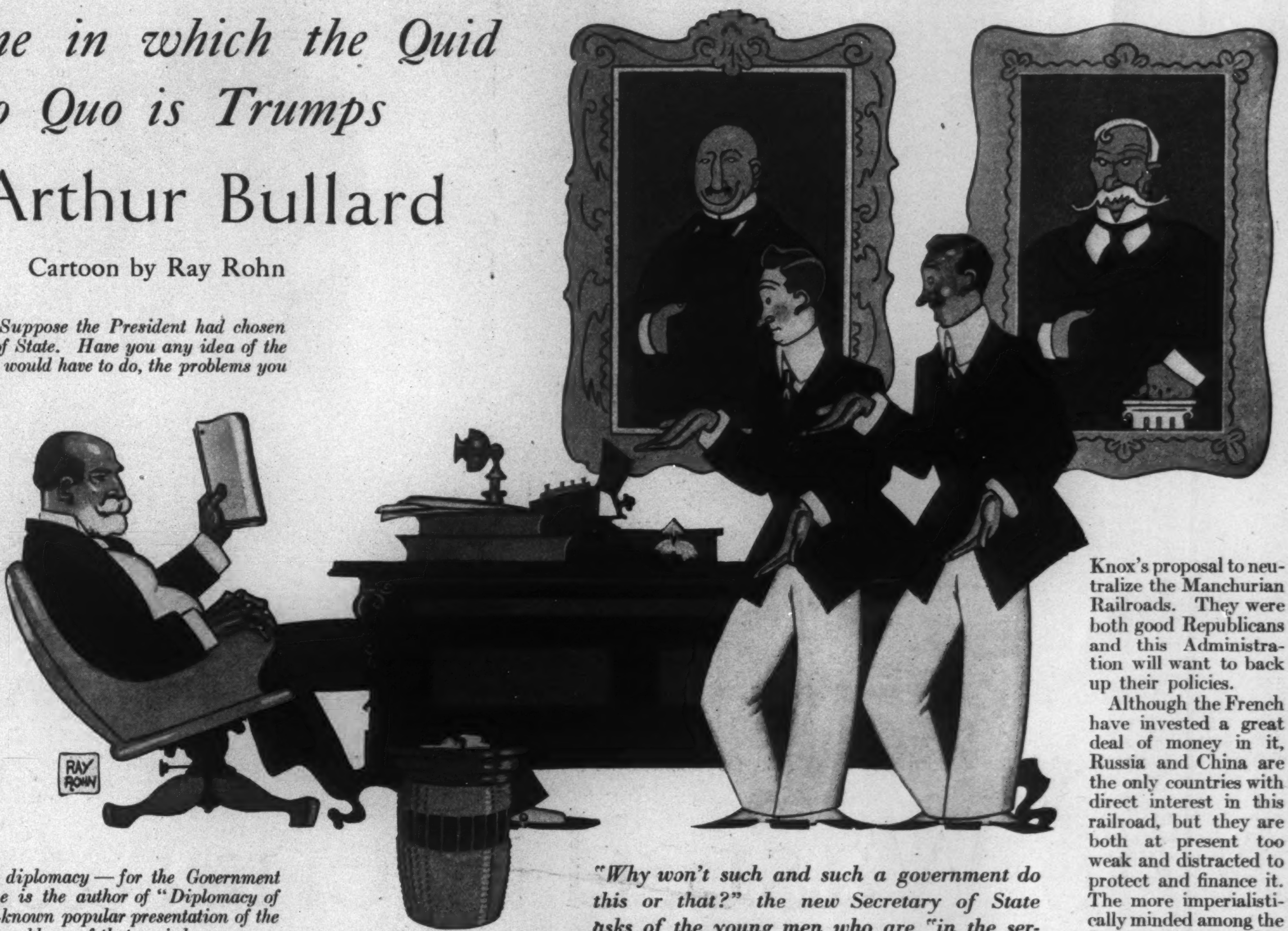
Diplomacy According to Hoyle

A Game in which the Quid Pro Quo is Trumps

by Arthur Bullard

Cartoon by Ray Rohn

Editor's Note — *Suppose the President had chosen you for his Secretary of State. Have you any idea of the nature of the work you would have to do, the problems you would have to solve? It is one of the most important jobs in the world. But it has always been shrouded with a sort of mystery; few people know much about it. We have asked Arthur Bullard, a member of the State Department with a varied experience in diplomacy, to tell you what you would have to do if you had the job. He does not attempt to solve the problems which face the new Secretary of State but to explain what they are. Mr. Bullard was in Russia — a very whirlpool of diplomacy — for the Government during the War and he is the author of "Diplomacy of the Great War" a well-known popular presentation of the political and economic problems of that period.*



"Why won't such and such a government do this or that?" the new Secretary of State asks of the young men who are "in the service." "Quid pro quo," comes back the answer, and the new S. of S. has learned his first lesson — diplomacy is the old game of "log-rolling"

LET us suppose that the President had chosen you for his Secretary of State and that, having taken the Oath of Office you start in for the first day's work on the new, strange job.

As you settle down comfortably in the great chair before the desk of the Secretary of State and get over the first dismay at the idea of having to work in the same room with such atrocious oil-paintings of your predecessors, you may well indulge yourself for a few minutes in the comforting thought that you have one great advantage over most of the people with whom you will have to do business. You have every prospect of four solid years in which to work out your ideas.

The Ambassadors, who will call on you, the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, with whom you will correspond, do not know from one week to the next when their heads will fall. In dealing with them you will have to take what they say with a grain of salt, for any day they may be recalled and their successors may have quite different instructions.

This is one great advantage of our Congressional system over the Parliamentary Governments of Europe. We have four-year spells of continuity. To be sure we pay heavily for them with a period of chaos at the end of each Administration, for, of course, no one will take a Secretary of State seriously when it is known that he is to retire in a few months. The last weeks of an Administration are always pathetic. But still we can see these periods of chaos coming—a long time in advance.

Right in the midst of the Conference of Algeciras in 1907, the *Chambre des Deputés*, in Paris, began to row over the Income Tax and overthrew the Ministry. It was a terribly serious moment for France, the worst crisis before the Great War. All the diplomats at Algeciras had to sit around doing nothing for days on end till this internal quarrel in Paris was settled and a new Minister of Foreign Affairs appointed.

Going in fresh with a new administration you will not have to worry about such sudden upsets. You can count on four years—you will be envied by all the diplomats with whom you deal.

Having indulged yourself a moment with these pleasant reflections, you will turn to the work on your desk. An old tradition of the Department of State requires that priority attention shall be given to the Affairs of Western Europe. And in the wire basket labeled "W. E.", the papers on top deal with the British Empire.

Perhaps the first folder you will open refers to the Canadian law limiting the export of wood pulp to this country. All our newspapers are pinched by the paper shortage and want this law repealed. But how can you take this up with the Court of St. James? His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in London, to whom you must address yourself, cannot control the vote of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa.

The next folder is quite likely to contain a long Note from Lord Curzon finding fault with the Jones Shipping Bill. Perhaps you will agree with Lord Curzon that this bill is quite stupid — using a superdreadnought to tow into harbor a very small scow-load of fish. What can you do about it? You haven't even the right to go up to the Capitol and tell Congress what you think about it. You will have to call up the Administration Floor Leader and find out what Congress is planning to do about it. You'll have to argue him into preparing a substitute bill, which will do something to buck up our Merchant Marine, without blowing all our Foreign Relations into the sky.

How can you jump on the British Ambassador about this discriminatory Canadian Wood Pulp Legislation, when your own Congress has tried to put across such a raw deal on the rival shipping of the world?

The next folder in the basket is — perhaps — marked "Chinese Eastern Railway." An interchange of Notes with the French and British Governments explains why this Oriental tangle finds a place in the W. E. basket. A little reading shows that it is an old story. It is part of Mr. Hay's "Open Door Policy" and of Mr. Knox's proposal to neutralize the Manchurian Railroads. They were both good Republicans and this Administration will want to back up their policies.

Although the French have invested a great deal of money in it, Russia and China are the only countries with direct interest in this railroad, but they are both at present too weak and distracted to protect and finance it. The more imperialistically minded among the Japanese pretend that Manchuria is a part of their "manifest destiny." If the Jingoes in Tokyo have their way they will grab this railroad. The obvious move to preserve it for its rightful owners is to put it under an International Trusteeship. If we could get the British and French to join us in this proposal, Japan and the other Great Powers would agree. Your predecessors, for several Administrations, have been working in this sense, but so far neither the Court of St. James nor the *Quai d'Orsay* have been willing to go very far in any joint action with us in the matter.

"Why?" you ask yourself. "Aren't the English just as much interested as we in the Open Door in China? Isn't the French Government anxious to protect the interests of their investors?" You press the bell and summon the Chiefs of W. E. and F. E. (Western European Affairs and Far Eastern Affairs). Two young gentlemen respond quickly to your call. They do their best to be polite and to make you feel at ease, but it is painfully apparent that they regard you as an outsider. They are "in the service." They have been Diplomatic Secretaries and Counselors of Embassy in half a dozen foreign capitals. They know their jobs, but they are used to dealing with Secretaries of State and are quite prepared to talk to you in words of one syllable.

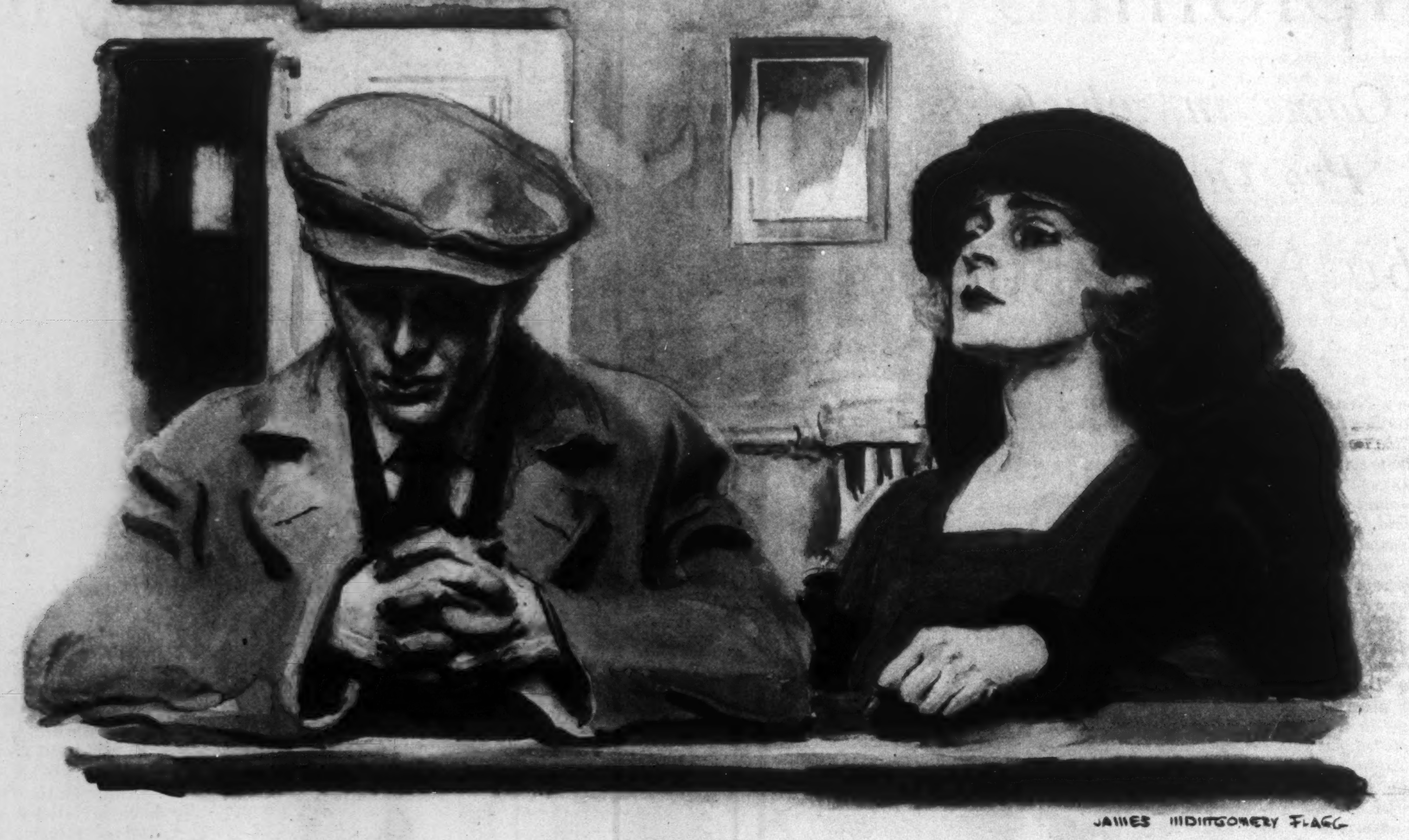
"Why won't the French join us on this Chinese Eastern proposition?" you ask.

"*Quid pro quo*," one of them says cryptically.

The other one, realizing that you cannot be expected to understand such technical language the very first day on the job, rushes to your assistance.

"I suppose it's principally the Indemnity—the whole disagreement about reparations. It's partly because we turned down the Anglo-American-French Treaty of Alliance. And then we refused absolutely to stand for their proposals about cables in this Inter-Communications Conference. We can hardly expect them to pull chestnuts out of the fire for us at Tokyo as long as we oppose them on so many of their pet projects."

[*Continued on page 48*]



"Monsieur — you do not know me. I do not take a coward's way out of life." My eyes dropped before her offended look

The Wasted Generation

Was This Great Thing — This Ennobling Love That Came into Littledale's Life — to End in Tragedy?

by Owen Johnson

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

HER name was Denise Duvernoy and she belonged to one of the exclusive families of France; she was traveling to America and she was still under the shock of some great sorrow. This much Sergeant David Littledale, American member of the French Foreign Legion, knew and little else—except that he loved her and hoped.

Littledale wondered why he always felt an intruder in her presence, why sudden timidity always overcame him.

Early one morning, awakening as if from a dream, his first impulse was toward the woman at his side on the deck of the ship. Her eyes opened, rested in his for a moment, read deep into his thoughts and dropped away. Littledale went foraging and returned with coffee.

She accepted his little attentions kindly but defied all attempts at friendship. And yet her slightest action had become to David the most important record of his day.

One incident of which a little boy was the cause made a deep impression upon David. Sidling up to Mlle. Duvernoy the youngster had asked:

"Why you wear that ugly veil all the time?"

Littledale could feel her panic before the child's innocent directness. Then she seemed to change; her arms closed about the lad and she repeated to him a fairy tale.

"You thought I disliked children," she said.

"Why—yes."

"It was not that. Memories—" she checked herself.

And then Hungerford had come up. She did not treat him with the same reserve. David was jealous.

Also there was the mystery of her recognition by a Breton peasant boy of the crew from which it took her some time to recover.

David's absorption in Mlle. Duvernoy had for the time being forced from his consciousness the presence on board of Stephen Brinsmade, the father of Anne, who had said outright that he wanted Littledale for a son-in-law. For the moment he had forgotten his affair in Paris with Letty—the woman who had since married his brother in America. Submerged for the moment were the memories of his military service in France, his ideas of what results should come from the world's awakening.

But the introspective mood could not be effaced. He was asking himself why an average man, who should by all the conventions, when given a problem of action, do just what the average man will do, so often finds at the bottom of himself some unpremeditated, rebellious impulse that sends him blindly in another direction.

I THINK the thing that impelled me so irresistibly to Mlle. Duvernoy was the directness and order of her character. I knew that as she was, she had always been, and that no future temptation could ever alter for a moment her clear perception of her own high ideals. In fact, I could not conceive of any such thing as temptation even entering her life. . . . To me, in my own consciousness of my turbulent, shifting existence and my distrust of to-morrow, it brought me a sense of Cathedral calm to be privileged to sit at her side and listen. I had not the slightest thought what was awakening in me, so simple, so natural and so unpremeditated was my impulse toward her. . . . Gradually, a sense of well-being and light-heartedness came to me, for now, while I was still aware of her struggling against me, I was also aware of her yielding. With each morning's greeting I felt the night's determination to relegate me into the safe distance of the crowd. Yet I had but to conquer the disappointment of her first manner and possess my soul in patience, to have her turn to me in a new friendliness. At first, I talked, and she listened, gravely and attentively. I spoke of impersonal things, of memories of trenches and hospital, of my intellectual unrest and philosophic speculations. She answered me shortly, or by a question led me to find my own solution, but it was not until we were three days from port that she revealed her own thoughts — and Peter Magnus was the occasion. . . . I had been speaking of my reluctance to return home and my fear of the indifference to the war I should find.

"You are never very tolerant, are you?" she said, pensively.

"No — I suppose not," I said, rather surprised at her reading of my character. "And yet you who are French surely must understand the longing I have to love my own country."

"My country has been centuries in the making. Our memories are long. In every family some one has died that France might remain France. We are an old race. We have lived together, been proud together, suffered together, a long while. That does not come in a day."

"No — of course not."

I must have shown in my sudden abstraction something of the indecision in my mind for, to my surprise, a note of friendly sympathy came into her voice.

"Mr. Littledale, I am afraid you are going to be unhappy, a little unhappy, just at first. You hope for too much. Don't be impatient. How can your people know what we know? They will learn, as we learned, to stand together — by suffering."

At this moment, the voice of Peter Magnus broke in on our new mood.

"Then, you are glorifying war — you've come to that. Admit it."

Brinsmade rose from his rugs and stood before us with an expression of utter helplessness.

"Here is a man who has been three months in France and brings back nothing but—war is horrible. What am I to do with him?"

Peter Magnus ensconced himself in Brinsmade's chair, so that we formed a group. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his hair, which was like a mane.

"When you speak of the glory of war," he said, addressing Mlle. Duvernoy directly, "I see only the women in black, the cripples, the men who will grope in blindness, the station filled with the agony of parting, the homes swept by sorrow. Glory! Where is the glory in it, if you do not wear a crown? No, no, war is horrible, unthinkable!"

"Yet war is as inevitable a condition to a nation as death is to a human being," she said, quietly. "And is death so horrible?"

We three, of differing degrees of agnosticism, looked at her, struck with the boldness of the thought. It was Magnus who broke out,

"Yes — horrible! Death is horrible."

"That, Monsieur, is because you have not seen how men die; you are frightened by the mystery of the thing you do not know. And — and perhaps, in a man like you, you see only your own death — do you not?"

Magnus stared at her. From the first, he had been strongly attracted to her, and never failed in deference.

"What can you know of such things?" he asked, incredulously.

"Men have died by the hundreds about me."

"You?"

She nodded.

"You have nursed in the Red Cross?"

"Yes. I do not like to speak of myself. I only mention it because we are discussing things seriously. Yes, I have seen men die by the hundreds. Monsieur Magnus — I have listened to many things you have said, and I wish to tell you where you are wrong, and where all your doctrines will fall down. All you think of is to avoid suffering."

"YES — not only the suffering that comes from needless sacrifice, but the unending suffering that comes from those who must go on living. You know one thing. I know the great mass — the suffering of those who starve and suffocate."

"You speak of the individual. I speak of the bigger thing — the race." A little color came into her face as she grew animated with her theme. "If a million men die to-day or to-morrow, what difference does that make to the nation, any more than the death of a sparrow?"

"I can hardly believe it is you that says such a thing!" Magnus said, astounded.

"Perhaps you don't understand me. It is not how a million men die but how they live that is important."

"You are arguing with an individualist," said Brinsmade.

"The right to live your life as you wish is to me a far more important thing than whether half the world shall speak English or German," said Magnus, warmly. "I am looking from the bottom up. I know what they think who are striving, not how best to enjoy life, but how to live. I know what the workers feel about such things."

"If that is true in America," she said, seeking to moderate the antagonism which his views aroused in her, "it is because the peasants and the workers who have emigrated are — how do you say — *déracinés* — they have been uprooted — they have not yet fastened to your land — they do not love it — more than they do themselves. What you say is not true of our French people. If you had seen our mobilization, you would have understood what it is — the love of country."

"I saw it in the city," I said, breaking in, "and it is a memory I shall never forget."

"But you should have seen it in the country! The quietness and the stillness of it all — only the tocsin ringing in the church towers, ringing all the afternoon. I saw it. I saw the women running to join the men in the fields — to be together — the first thought. And I can see the men leaving their reaping, sending back the women to make ready their uniforms while they went, silently — always silently, to register at the *mairies*. And when they went off, that night, each woman brought down something from the store of the stockings — a hundred, two hundred *francs*. Not a woman rebelled. They put out flower pots on the window sills and garlands of flowers on the great locomotives — and I myself saw a little child writing in chalk on the cars '*J'aimé la France!*' There have been other moments — moments of doubt and weakness, but it is good to have seen that!" She stopped, a little embarrassed at having been carried away by her own enthusiasm. Then, she said, more quietly: "That is how the people of France, the people you speak of, felt about it."

Magnus was silent a moment.

"IT IS hard to answer you, Mademoiselle," he said, gently. "I grant you that it is beautiful, but I maintain that the tragic thing is that it is all so unnecessary."

"No, no — it is not unnecessary. I say that France is finer, nobler now than it was before. Sacrifice is the essence of life. Suffering is the test of the finest in us. Why won't you admit that? Is it because you don't believe in anything else?"

"No," he said. "I cannot believe."

"Yes, that is at the bottom of much of your socialism and your internationalism and your individualism. It is the selfish conception of mankind. There, Mr. Magnus, there, we disagree. We are not afraid of death."

"The Socialists and Free-thinkers fought bravely, Mademoiselle," he said, quietly, flushing under the antagonism he felt in her voice.

"True," she said, checked for a moment, "but one is not truly agnostic when one's mother has had faith. It is not a question of bravery, though. That is not quite fair," she admitted. "Yet, I am sure I am right. If there is no religious belief, you cannot have faith also for your nation, can you, Mr. Brinsmade?"

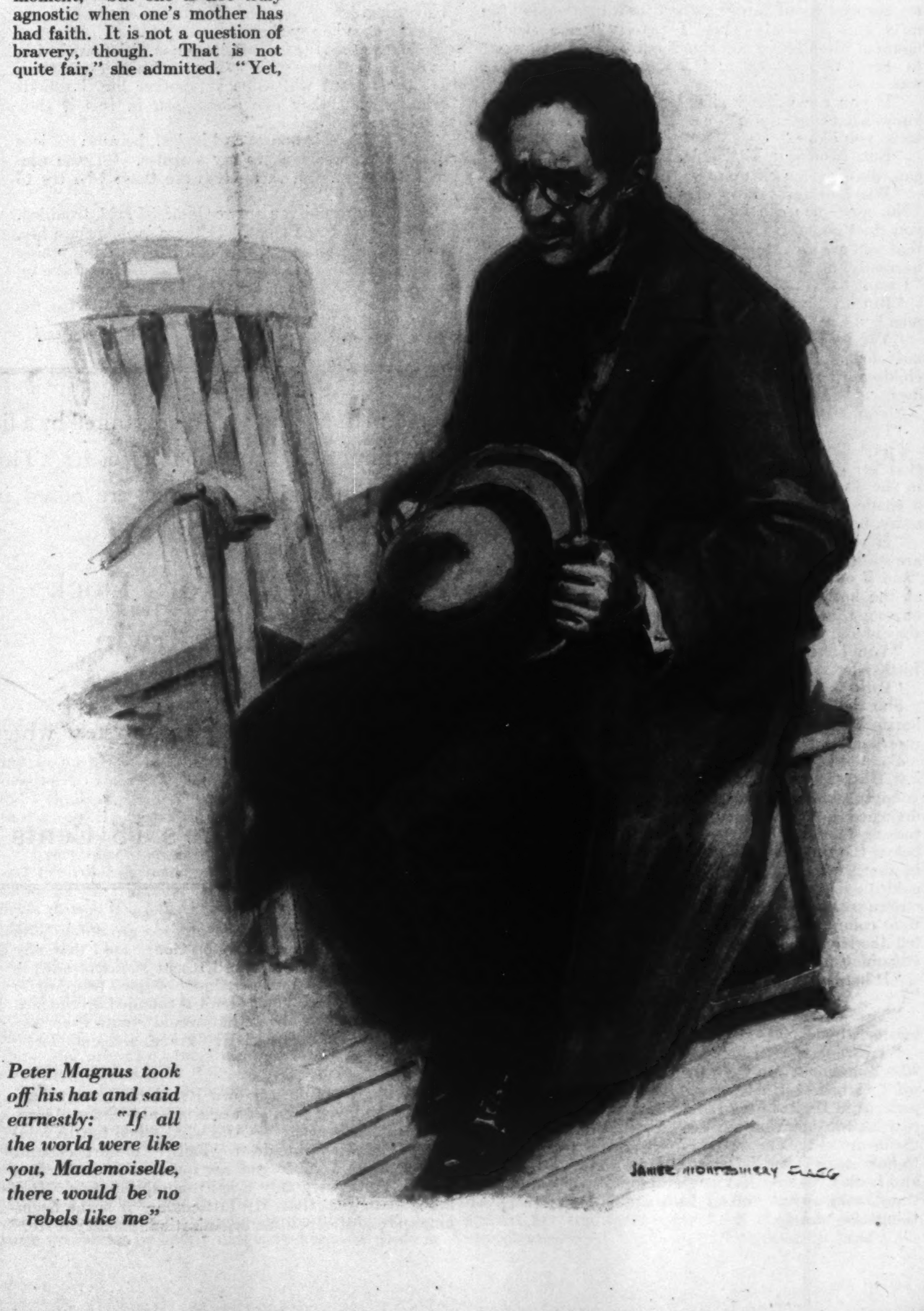
"I had not thought of it in your way," he said, slowly. "I am inclined to believe you are right."

"I am. A Frenchman may have ceased to believe but he can't get away from what has been taught him back through his generations of ancestors. For we have taught him duty, not as something he rebels against but as an ideal, something so beautiful that he is willing to sacrifice himself to that. Also, that is why we are a great nation, because our young men are brought up to think of France as something outside of themselves, that must go on, that must live — an ideal that is not selfish. That is what we all feel, Messieurs, from top to bottom. What difference what happens to us, if France remains? Oh — I express myself badly," she broke off. "I wish I could make you feel what we feel!"

"I understand your point of view, and I do respect it; yet, Mademoiselle, there is something that I believe is more important, and that is to see the truth. Don't condemn too hastily. You have the gift of faith: it is a wonderful thing. We are unhappier, I grant you; but we cannot change our independence. Pardon me, if I am not convinced."

"In what way?"

"I still maintain that when the people's eyes are open they will see that they are the ones who are



Peter Magnus took off his hat and said earnestly: "If all the world were like you, Mademoiselle, there would be no rebels like me" sacrificed. The nationality you speak of is a beautiful thing — a dramatically beautiful thing. I can understand how honor, glory, duty — these Middle Age words — thrill your class. But the others — the peasant, the workman — no, no, he fights without understanding, blindly, and he is the one who bears the great burden. For is it not true that it is the great mass, the men in the fields and in the streets, that bear the burden and receive nothing?"

She started to answer, and checked herself, but immediately, impelled by an impulse too strong to be mastered, she said:

"Monsieur Magnus, it is my right to answer that. At New Year's 1914, in my family, we sat down to table — fifteen of us; my mother, my father, my five brothers, uncles and cousins — fifteen. Five are left to-day: myself, a brother and two cousins at the front, and a brother who in another year will go to do his duty as a volunteer; and, if for any reason he should seek to avoid it, we would disown him though he were the last of our name."

She said it quietly without change of voice. We looked at her, incapable of reply. Tears started to the eyes of Peter Magnus. He took off his hat and said, solemnly:

"If all the world were like you, Mlle. Duvernoy, there would be no rebels like me."

And, for that, I shall always maintain a respect for Peter Magnus.

Later in the afternoon I came out of the smoking room on the upper deck for a breath of fresh air. To my surprise I had hardly started for a turn among the rafts and life-boats when I perceived the slender figure of Mlle. Duvernoy standing by the rail. I went to her. One glance, and I knew what her mood was.

"If you are going to indulge in the mopes — you know what the mopes are — the blues — I refuse to leave you alone."

"But, Monsieur Littledale, I don't see —" she began, drawing herself up.

"What business it is of mine?" I said, smiling. "No, no — you can intimidate me at other times — you do that, you know — but not now, when I feel that you are sad, and — please don't go away," I said, hurriedly, as she began to draw her cape about her. "I want to talk to you."

"But in France we don't talk alone with young men," she protested — yet I noticed that she lingered.

"You are not in France, now, and we are not alone," I said, indicating a group of children who were playing on the opposite deck.

She glanced in the direction of my gesture.

"Please — I do want to talk to you."

Her look came to my eyes, the first time that her glance had met mine openly, and in the look was gravity, friendliness, and a shade of uncertainty. Then she looked away, hesitating.

"It is a new country and a new life you are going to, Mademoiselle," I said, quickly, "and if our ways seem freer, you will find at the bottom that you can always count on one thing — the friendship and protection of our men."

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Littledale," she said, solemnly.

"I did not mean that."

She did not turn her glance from the horizon, but her head nodded twice, and a rare smile touched the corners of her lips.

For the last days the air had been growing clearer, vibrant with the vitality of younger skies — skies that had not been drenched in the suffering of many multitudes. In the West, the sun was falling below the green-blue horizon that wavered in sharp outline; a magnificent sweep of golden reds was spreading across the cloud-strewn skies — colors of hope and exaltation, colors of action. I who had walked in doubt, felt the boundless youth and opportunity which came streaming toward me from the world of the future.

"It has been a privilege to meet you," I said, warmly. "I wish I could talk over — so many things with you."

"Yes — I feel what is in your mind; you are torn between two ideas ——"

"Two? Twenty! I listen to every one — to Magnus, who sometimes convinces me; to Brinsmade, whom I want to believe; to twenty different points of view I pick up in the smoking room. I want to see my way clear as an American, to something that stands out and thrills me as the one word 'France' thrills you. I want to have some beautiful ideal of my country to live for, and I can't yet see what we stand for. I've lost all the smug, complacent ideas I had, and I don't see anything else clearly."

"I have felt that," she said, in her simple way, unconscious of the intimacy into which we were drifting. "Yes, I have felt that often as I watched your face when you were listening to Mr. Magnus and Mr. Brinsmade."

"They debate what's going to happen to America in a hundred years! What interests me is what's going to happen now."

"Do you believe you will get into the war?"

"I hope so, from the bottom of my heart."

"It will be a great awakening. We in France needed the war, too. You see only what is glorious in us now. You don't know what went before. The heart of the people was pure in the great, beautiful fields of France, and that saved us. But we had begun to lose faith, we even said that we were decadent — that our day had passed. We were led by false leaders who talked to the people of their 'rights', not of their duties. And these 'rights'— what were they? To do as they pleased, to seek to make life easier. They were breaking down the faith of the people, the faith in the family, with their right to live each for himself; the faith in France, with their internationalism; and the faith in God, which is at the bottom of it all."

"Yes, so you said."

"YOU do not believe?" she said, turning to me.

"I hope," I said, after a moment's pause.

"That may be enough for you, for you have traditions, traditions founded on faith. But is that enough for the people?"

"Magnus says it is just what keeps them from progressing."

"How does he say that?"

"He says that the Church is a superstition worked in the interests of property. When the Church tells them that the reward will come in another life, it blinds them to what they can accomplish in this if they would organize and act."

"Mr. Magnus is honest and logical, because he does not believe," she said, to my surprise. "Those who are not honest with themselves are those who try to stand half-way."

"But how would you answer him?" I said, troubled.

"By his own argument. If there is no future life, and therefore no faith, why should we not do anything we please — steal, murder — why should we abide by any law?"

"But he would supplant that by devotion to the Common State," I said, rather awkwardly.

When a man and a woman are united by a lie can anything efface the memory of it? This and other interesting questions are raised in

Hickory Dickory Dock

by Wallace Irwin

A powerful story of love and mystery which will appear in

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"Isn't that just what the Prussians are doing, with all their pretensions of calling on God? Isn't that why we hate the Prussian idea and resent it, because it has no faith, either in the sacredness of one's word or in the feelings of humanity? Isn't it founded on the idea of force, and isn't that what would result from any state formed on agnosticism? Force, and only force, would prevail."

"But would it?"

"Hasn't it? Take our own Revolution; what happened? Didn't it produce worse tyrants — men of force — Marat, Robespierre? And what killed the Revolution? The attempt to destroy Faith — in the abolishing of Religion. You see, you are questioning yourself as though Faith were only a spiritual speculation. It is much more than that, Mr. Littledale — it is the beginning and end of all political organization. Don't you see?"

"When you speak, it is easy to be convinced," I said, yielding to the honesty in her eyes and the impassioned ring of her voice.

The discussion had carried her out of herself. The stiff preciseness had gone. Her words, warm and glowing, thrilled me. It was not that she convinced me of what she said but that she convinced me of herself. I felt the woman in her, swept by generous impulses, glowing with a beautiful ideal — a great nature, with so much need to give. She checked herself.

"Pardon. I am perhaps speaking too frankly."

"No, no, you could never do that."

I waited her pleasure, wishing to speak but finding no words, afraid of the interruption which might come.

"I wonder what you were like before? I cannot see you in your home. But I feel there have been great changes in you."

She said it without looking at me, hardly aware that she had spoken her thoughts aloud.

"Yes — great changes — so great that it is hard to look back and understand myself. The first night there on the deck — you remember — I could not sleep, and I kept going back over what I had been. You, too — I felt you were awake — feverishly awake. Was I right?" She nodded, but without looking at me. "I rebelled at going back! Oh, that's what war does for you. Whether you hate it or love it, it ends by creating about you a new life and the other becomes something incredible — something you wish to forget — something you don't wish to interfere with your liberty of action. For, Mademoiselle, the thing that's hard at first is to build up for yourself a new life that will satisfy — a new philosophy; a new code of morals — something to die with — not to live by. All that is so different from the other thing that I have seen — men at my side who loved their homes shrink from opening a letter. For when you have prepared yourself to die it is hard to remember how you have lived. That was what I was rebelling against — the thought of going back — taking up life again, only to have to go through all the mental pain of readjustment."

"You are going back?" she said, turning to me in surprise.

"I am on a furlough — two months only."

"I didn't know — I did not realize."

"You ask if there have not been great changes in my life? Many — so that I wonder what is coming. Up to the present, my life has been without meaning, and I have only just realized it. It's the change — the contrast: the coming back has opened my eyes. It's been drifting — just drifting — nothing else. I don't suppose I had an idea that was really my own or that I had thought out. Was it my fault, or the education they gave me? I don't know. I went through school and college — with a nice collection of hand-picked acquaintances, wafted gently from one exclusive club to another. In the course of things I would have married in my own set a charming irreproachable girl — a spoiled child, with entirely too much money — and settled down to the weary task of warding off boredom. Why I didn't do it — I don't know. A curious, rebellious pride, perhaps. I went abroad — to Paris, two years. Well, I came through that! I do not see them clearly yet or their relation to my life. They may have been necessary — time only will tell. I only knew that the mobilization was like an escape into pure air. The rest? Just an acceptance of a thing that can't be changed — a happiness in finding some purpose."

"Monsieur — all this has made you what you are," she said, directly. "I did feel much of this. I felt this restlessness in you. And I think I know what you are going to do. You have qualities of the heart that will make you see clear in the end — the qualities of the heart are sounder, truer than the qualities of the mind — make no mistake. Will you tell me about her? The young girl?"

"May I?" We had drawn a little together and stood looking over the rail at the tumbling swirl below. "After all, why not?" I added, hesitating.

"Monsieur, sometimes it is easier to speak of the deep things in our hearts to some one we meet just for a moment and never see again, when each is true of heart and understands." She turned and a smile touched her lips — a smile of dignity and friendliness. "I should not ask it if I did not think — if I did not feel very strongly, that I might help you to see a little clearer. She loves you — does she not?"

I did not realize then how strange the conversation was, nor the sudden intimacy that drew us together.

"It is easy to tell you anything, Mad'moiselle," I said, smiling back into her eyes. "But the situation is not just what you think. Do you believe in marriage without love?"

"I believe — we are taught to believe — that love should follow marriage," she said, hesitating. "And if both are loyal ——"

"That is your tradition — it is not ours. And you — is it always possible for you to control your hearts?"

"We are taught that such love can only mean tragedy and unhappiness," she answered, staring away from me.

"Mademoiselle — it is Mr. Brinsmade's daughter." She looked up at this, startled. "We have grown up together. She is charming. I admire and respect her. Once, I thought it was a little more than that. But — but I do not love her. Let me tell you all. It would mean everything to me — power, opportunity — a big life, and Mr. Brinsmade would like it." Then I told her of our conversation, as best I could remember it. "And now, to be honest, I think — I believe that she cares for me and yet — I do not love her."

"Your pride is very strong," she said, solemnly.

"I suppose it is."

She considered a long moment before she began to speak.

"Monsieur — I feel, no matter what you may think to-day, your happiness lies there. The question of money is what makes it difficult to you, but it is a question that should not come into it at all. Mr. Brinsmade is right. Money is opportunity, to be utilized or to be thrown away. He is a man with big ideas — a man who goes forward, and you will go forward with him. I do feel I understand your nature, more than you do yourself, perhaps. You need stability in life, a home, and a woman who loves you. A woman who is true, loyal and loves you, you will love in the end, believe me."

"Mademoiselle — do you believe that you can make yourself love?"

"THERE are many kinds of love, Monsieur Littledale — loves that destroy us and wreck our lives, loves that pass, loves that we must fight down to be true to ourselves, but there is another love which is calm and secure which comes from mutual respect, the love that comes with sharing life together loyally, and that love will come later to you, believe me, for you have the qualities of the heart that count."

"To some — to some brought up in different traditions, perhaps," I said, rebelliously. "But with myself — no."

"Wait, the young girl is a woman, a charming woman now, and all the advantages are in her hands."

"It is, of course, what I should do," I said, shrugging my shoulders. Then, all at once, the incongruity of it struck me, and I broke into a laugh. "After all, there is one thing we forget."

"What is that?"

"That all such things are quite unimportant: in two months' time I go back. It is not a time to be making such decisions."

"You will come through safely, Monsieur Littledale," she said, in a tone of deep conviction. "I know it. I feel it. I have strange intuitions, sometimes. I see storm and trouble ahead but in the end happiness for you." She could not have realized the gentleness which came into her voice. I knew that the secret of her change of manner was the introduction of a third. Was I altogether honest in permitting a serious discussion, for no thought of such a marriage was then in my mind? I watched her face eagerly, wondering at the gentle womanliness that came out of its hidden cell, all unconsciousness and simplicity.

"And your mother — what is she like?" she said, passively.

"Mother? Why — I don't know how to describe her," I said, in some perplexity. "I don't know whether you'd understand. Mother goes in for public things — very strong on Woman Suffrage, charities, uplift and pacifism. She's a terrific worker. She's got terrific convictions — terrific! The Governor's a trump; a sort of country gentleman. He's written quite a bit; he's got convictions, too: other convictions. There's six of us: all with convictions — separate convictions. Oh, we'd amuse you. A typical American family."

She shook her head.

"That seems so strange; but don't your families stand together?"

"Well, there's one thing unites us," I said, with a laugh. "We agree on our right to disagree."

She frowned in some perplexity.

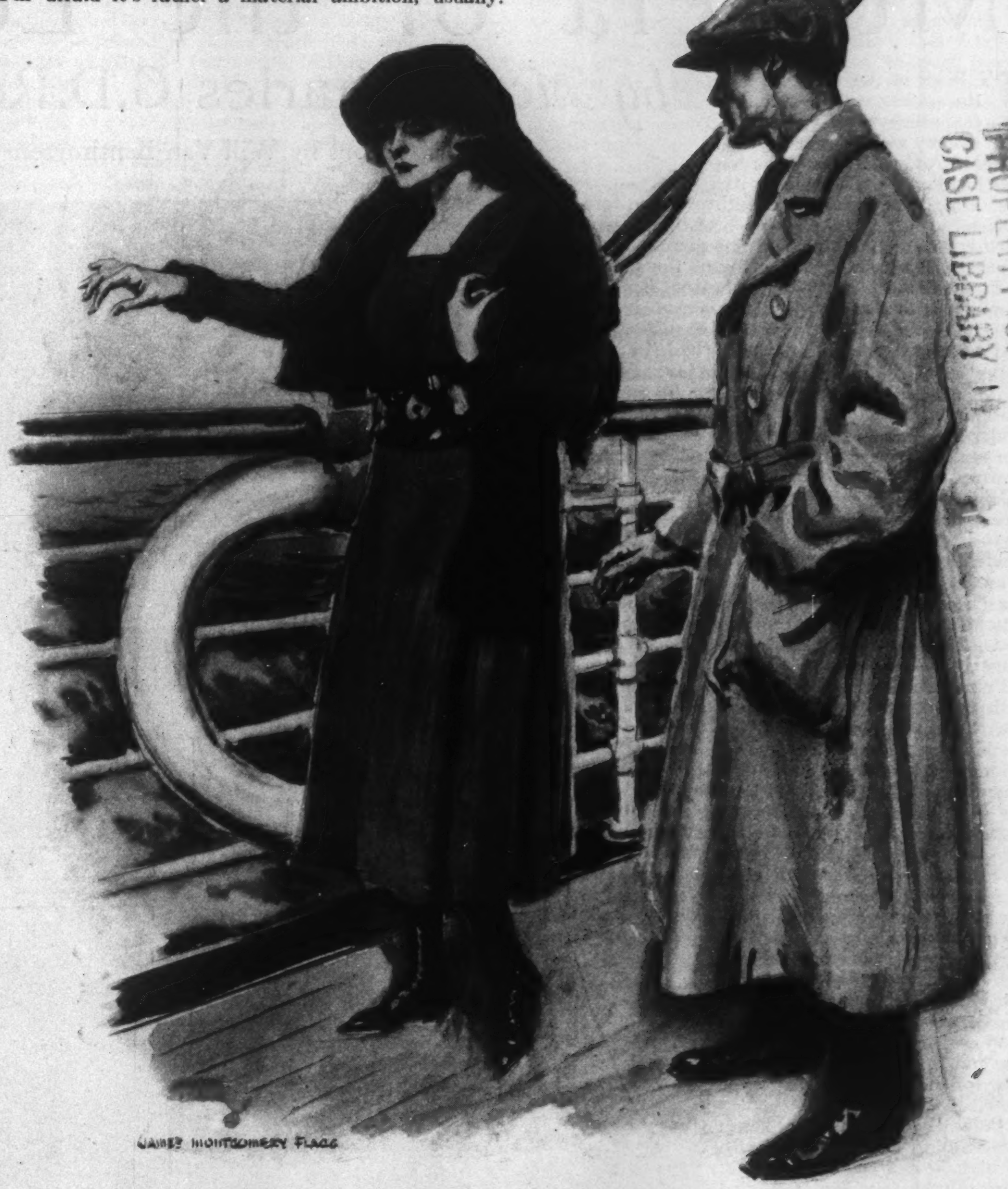
"I don't think I understand a home like that."

"It isn't like your French idea of home. We are all tremendously devoted to each other, but the thing you mean — the family tradition — the standing for one definite idea — that doesn't exist."

"Are you a happy race, I wonder, Monsieur?"

The question surprised me.

"I had never thought of that. I should say we are — yes — and yet — I don't know: perhaps we are not. We are a nation of individualists, full of driving energy and ambition. We all want something we haven't got. I'm afraid it's rather a material ambition, usually. I'd like to believe it makes for the greatness of the country — this restlessness, this discontent, this wanting to push up: but, perhaps, we do sacrifice a good deal to it. I haven't thought over that much."



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"Monsieur, this is the last thing that remains of my past life. I had no right to keep it." She opened her hand, and the locket vanished into the sea

"I think that what makes my nation truly great is that we are the happiest people in the world."

"I don't think I quite understand you."

"Everything is so well ordered with us," she said, and her voice softened as she spoke of loved things. "Just as our beautiful land is so well ordered — the fields so well laid out, the trees so well disciplined, the little, red-topped villages so clean and so prosperous — so in harmony. Just so in our family life: it is so well ordered. We have real grandmothers and real grandchildren, and our fathers are real heads of the family. I don't think a Frenchwoman would want to have a husband who didn't have authority — to whom she didn't look up. And our mothers — you can never know the affection, the deference, the respect that surrounds them."

"Yes — I know that; it's a rare and beautiful thing."

"We have such pride in what the family has stood for! We live as one, we surround the family life with so many quaint little customs. There is so much beauty and simplicity in it, for we are willing to be happy as our grandfathers have been happy, and that happiness is not selfish — it means many, many sacrifices often, but that makes it true happiness because we cannot be happy unless we keep our pride in our ideals." She stopped. "I don't know if you understand me — but I think we study how to live more than you do. And, because we French are so happy together we can give everything to keep that happiness undefiled and pass it down to our children."

"Tell me of yourself — of your life," I said, strangely moved.

She drew back suddenly, as though she had been unaware of a listener. The change was so instantaneous that it startled me.

"But — Monsieur — certain things I cannot discuss ——"

"Yet you asked me the same questions, didn't you?"

"I? But I ——"

She was thrown into confusion — at a loss for an answer and, all at once, her face went red.

"I only want you to understand, Mademoiselle," I said, with kindness, "that it seemed a natural thing. It was not an impertinence. I could never be impertinent to you."

"You make me feel —" she hesitated again. "I am sorry — I didn't realize. But you made me talk. It were better I should not — I knew I should not."

"For heaven's sake — why not!"

"I do not want to hurt you, Monsieur Littledale. You have been so kind — so generous; but you make me do things I don't want to do — things that are against my traditions — for I am traveling alone — unprotected ——"

[*Continued on page 50*]

The Story of a Friendless Citizen of the Wilderness

Mustela of the Lone Hand

by Major Charles G. D. Roberts

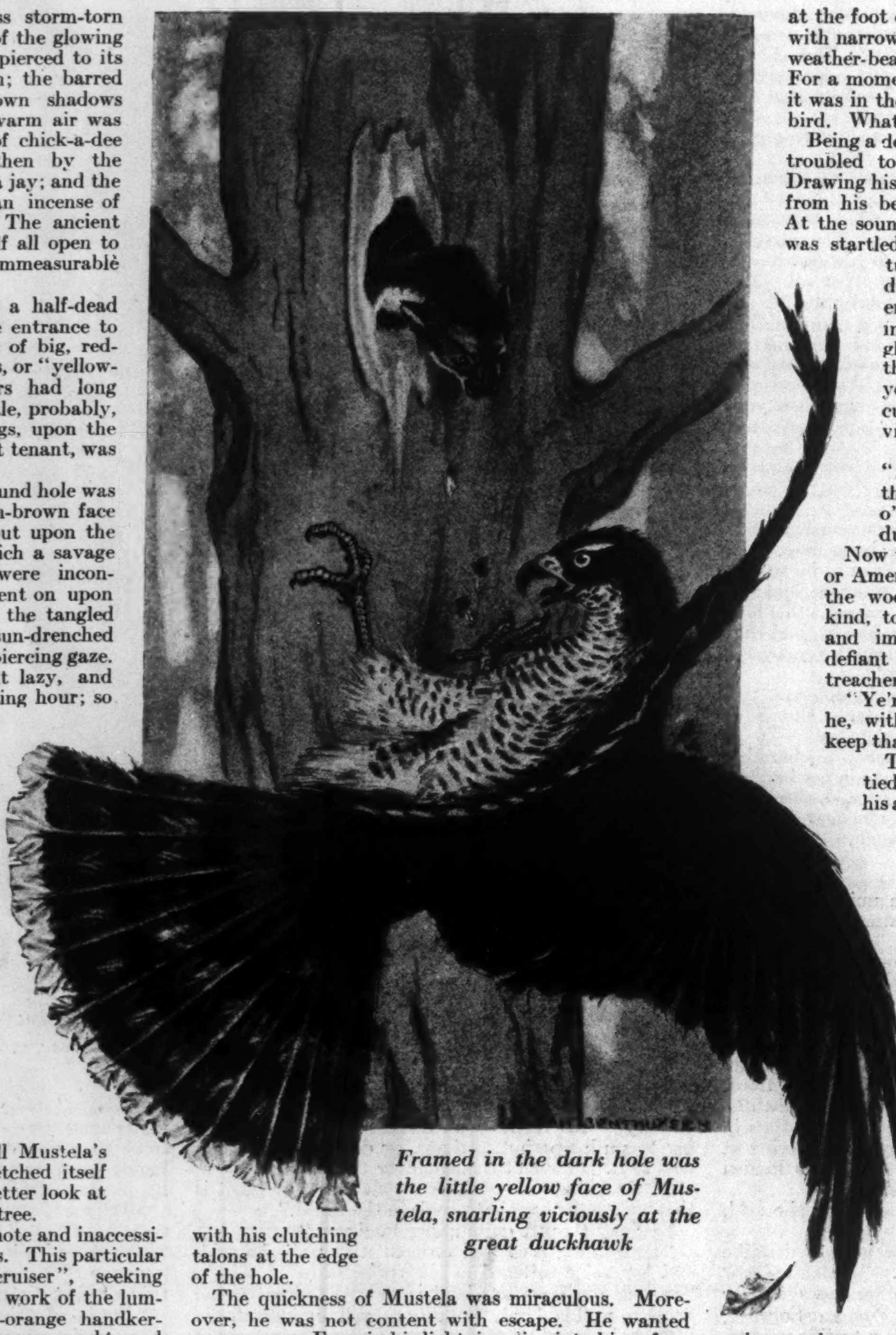
Illustrations by Will Van Benthuysen

IT WAS in the very heart of the ancient wood — the forest primeval of the north, gloomy with the dark-green, crowded ranks of fir and spruce and hemlock, and tangled with the huge windfalls of countless storm-torn winters. But now, at high noon of the glowing northern summer, the gloom was pierced to its depths with shafts of radiant sun; the barred and checkered transparent brown shadows hummed with dancing flies; the warm air was alive with the small, thin notes of chick-a-dee and nuthatch, varied now and then by the impertinent scolding of the Canada jay; and the drowsing tree-tops steamed up an incense of balsamy fragrance in the heat. The ancient wilderness dreamed, stretched itself all open to the sun, and seemed to sigh with immeasurable content.

High up in the grey trunk of a half-dead forest giant was a round hole, the entrance to what had been the nest of a pair of big, red-headed, golden-winged woodpeckers, or "yellow-hammers." The big woodpeckers had long since been dispossessed — the female, probably, caught and devoured, with her eggs, upon the nest. The dispossessor, and present tenant, was Mustela.

Framed in the blackness of the round hole was a sharp-muzzled, triangular, golden-brown face with high, pointed ears, looking out upon the world below with keen eyes in which a savage wildness and an alert curiosity were incongruously mingled. Nothing that went on upon the dim ground far below, among the tangled trunks and windfalls, or in the sun-drenched tree-tops, escaped that restless and piercing gaze. But Mustela had fed well and felt lazy, and this hour of noon was not his hunting hour; so the most unsuspecting red squirrel, gathering cones in a neighboring pine, was insufficient to lure him from his rest, and the plumpest hare, waving its long, suspicious ears down among ground shadows, only made him lick his lips and think what he would do later on in the afternoon, when he felt like it.

Presently, however, a figure came into view at sight of which Mustela's expression changed. His thin black lips wrinkled back in a soundless snarl, displaying the full length of his long, snow-white, deadly sharp canines, and a red spark of hate smoldered in his bright eyes. But no less than his hate was his curiosity — a curiosity which is the most dangerous weakness of all Mustela's tribe. Mustela's pointed head stretched itself clear of the hole, in order to get a better look at the man who was passing below his tree.



Framed in the dark hole was the little yellow face of Mustela, snarling viciously at the great duckhawk

A man was a rare sight in that remote and inaccessible section of the northern wilderness. This particular man — a woodsman, a "timber-cruiser", seeking out new and profitable areas for the work of the lumbermen — wore a flaming red-and-orange handkerchief loosely knotted about his brawny neck; and carried over his shoulder an axe whose bright blade flashed sharply whenever a ray of sunlight struck it. It was this flashing axe, and the blazing color of the scarlet and orange kerchief, that excited Mustela's curiosity — so excited it, indeed, that he came clean out of the hole and circled the great trunk, clinging close and wide-legged like a squirrel, in order to keep the woodsman in view as he passed by.

Engrossed though he was in the interesting figure of the man, Mustela's vigilance was still unsleeping. His amazingly quick ears, at this moment, caught a hushed hissing of wings in the air above his head. He did not stop to look up and investigate. Like a streak of ruddy light he flashed around the trunk and whisked back into his hole — and just as he vanished a magnificent long-winged goshawk, the king of all the falcons, swooping down from the blue, struck savagely with his clutching talons at the edge of the hole.

The quickness of Mustela was miraculous. Moreover, he was not content with escape. He wanted vengeance. Even in his lightning dive into his refuge he had managed to turn about, doubling on himself like an eel. And now, as those terrible talons gripped and clung for half a second to the edge of the hole, he snapped his teeth securely into the last joint of the longest talon, and dragged it in an inch or two.

With a yelp of fury and surprise the great falcon strove to lift himself into the air, pounding madly with his splendid wings, and twisting himself about, and thrusting mightily with his free foot against the side of the hole. But he found himself held fast, as in a trap. Sagging back with all his weight, Mustela braced himself securely with all four feet and hung on, his whip-cord sinews set like steel. He knew that if he let go for an instant to secure a better mouthful his enemy would escape; so he just worried and chewed at the joint of the huge talon, satisfied with the punishment he was inflicting.

Meanwhile the woodsman, his attention drawn by that one sudden yelp of the falcon and by the prolonged and violent buffeting of wings, had turned back to see what was going on. Pausing at the foot of Mustela's tree he peered upward with narrowed eyes. A slow smile wrinkled his weather-beaten face. He did not like hawks. For a moment or two he stood wondering what it was in the hole that could hold so powerful a bird. Whatever it was, he stood for it.

Being a dead shot with the revolver, he seldom troubled to carry a rifle in his "cruisings." Drawing his long-barreled "Smith and Wesson" from his belt he took careful aim, and fired. At the sound of the shot the thing in the hole was startled, and let go; and the great bird, turning once over slowly in the air, dropped to his feet with a feathery thud, its talons still contracting shudderingly. The woodsman glanced up — and there, framed in the dark of the hole, was the little yellow face of Mustela, insatiably curious, snarling down upon him viciously.

"Gee," muttered the woodsman, "I might hev' knowed it was one o' them bloody martens! Nobody else o' *that* size 'ld hev' the gall to tackle a duckhawk!"

Now the fur of Mustela, the pine-marten or American sable, is a fur of price. But the woodsman — subject, like most of his kind, to unexpected attacks of sentiment and imagination — felt that to shoot the defiant fighter would be like an act of treachery to an ally.

"Ye're a pretty fighter, Sonny," said he, with a whimsical grin, "an' ye may keep that yaller pelt o' yourn, for all o' me!"

Then he picked up the dead falcon, tied its claws together, slung it upon his axe, and strode off through the trees. He wanted to keep those splendid wings as a present for his girl at the Settlements.

Highly satisfied with his victory over the mighty falcon — for which he took the full credit to himself — Mustela now retired to the bottom of his comfortable, moss-lined nest, and curled himself up to sleep away the heat of the day. As the heat grew sultrier and drowsier through the still hours of early afternoon, there fell upon the forest a heavy silence, deepened rather than broken by the faint hum of the heat-loving flies. And the spicy scents of pine and spruce and tamarack steamed forth richly upon the moveless air.

When the shadows of the trunks began to lengthen, Mustela woke up. And he woke up hungry. Slipping out of his hole he ran a little way down the trunk and then leaped, lightly and nimbly as a squirrel, into the branches of a big hemlock which grew close to his own tree. Here, in a crotch from which he commanded a good view beneath the foliage, he halted and stood motionless, peering about him for some sign of a likely quarry.

Poised thus, tense, erect and vigilant, Mustela was a picture of beauty swift and fierce. In color he was of a rich golden brown, with a patch of brilliant yellow covering throat and chest. His tail was long and bushy, to serve him as a balance in his long, squirrel-like leaps from tree to tree His pointed ears were large and alert, to catch all the faint, elusive, forest sounds. In length, being a specially fine specimen of his kind, he was perhaps a couple of inches over two feet. His body had all the lithe grace of a weasel, with something of the strength of his great cousin and most dreaded foe, the fisher.

For a time nothing stirred. Then, from a distance, came faint but shrill the *chirr-r-r-r* of a red squirrel. Mustela's discriminating ear located the sound at once. All energy on the instant, he darted toward it, springing from branch to branch with amazing speed and noiselessness.

The squirrel, noisy and imprudent after the manner of his tribe, was chattering fussily and bouncing about on his branch, excited over something best known to himself, when a darting, gold-brown shape of doom landed upon the end of the branch, not half a dozen feet from him. With a screech of warning and terror he bounded into the air, alighted on the trunk, and raced up it, with Mustela close upon his heels. Swift as he was — and everyone who has seen a red squirrel in a hurry knows how he can move — Mustela was swifter; and in about five seconds the little chatterer's fate would have been sealed. But he knew what he was about. This was his own tree. Had it been otherwise, he would have sprung into another, and directed his desperate flight over the slenderest branches, where his enemy's greater weight would be a hindrance. As it was, he managed to gain his hole — just in time. And all that Mustela got was a little mouthful of fur from the tip of that vanishing red tail.

Very angry and disappointed, and hissing like a cat, Mustela jammed his savage face into the hole. He could see the squirrel crouched, with pounding heart and panic-stricken eyes, a few inches below him, just out of his reach. The hole was too small to admit his head. In a rage he tore at the edges with his powerful claws, but the wood was too hard for him to make any impression on it; and after half a minute of futile scratching he gave up in disgust and raced off down the tree. A moment later the squirrel poked his head out and shrieked an effectual warning to every creature within earshot.

With that loud alarm shrilling in his ears, Mustela knew there would be no successful hunting for him till he could put himself beyond the range of it. He raced on, therefore, abashed by his failure, till the taunting sound faded in the distance. Then his bushy brown brush went up in the air again, and his wonted look of insolent self-confidence returned. As it did not seem to be his lucky day for squirrels, he descended to earth and began quartering the ground for the fresh trail of a rabbit.

In that section of the forest where Mustela now found himself the dark and scented tangle of spruce and balsam-fir was broken by patches of stony barren, clothed unevenly by thickets of stunted white birch, and silver-leaved quaking aspen, and wild sumach with its massive tufts of acrid, dark-crimson bloom. Here the rabbit-trails were abundant, and Mustela was not long in finding one fresh enough to offer him the prospect of a speedy kill. Swiftly and silently, nose to earth, he set himself to follow its intricate and apparently aimless windings, sure that he would come upon a rabbit at the end of it.

As it chanced, however, he never came to the end of that particular trail or set his teeth in the throat of that particular rabbit. In gliding past a bushy young fir-tree he happened to glance beneath it, and marked another of his tribe tearing the feathers from a new-slain grouse. The stranger was smaller and slighter than himself, a young female — quite possibly, indeed, his mate of a few months earlier in the season. Such considerations were less than nothing to Mustela, whose ferocious spirit knew neither gallantry, chivalry, nor mercy. With what seemed a single flashing leap he was upon her. Or *almost* — for the slim female was no longer there. She had bounded away as lightly and instantaneously as if blown by the wind of his coming. She knew Mustela — and she knew it would be death to stay and do battle for her kill. Spitting with rage and fear she fled from the spot, terrified lest he should pursue her and find the nest where her six precious kittens were concealed.

But Mustela was too hungry to be interested, just then, in mere slaughter for its own sake. He was feeling serious and practical. The grouse was a full-grown cock, plump and juicy, and when Mustela had devoured it his appetite was sated. But not so his blood-lust. After a hasty toilet he set out again, looking for something to kill.

CROSSING the belt of rocky ground he emerged upon a flat tract of treeless barren covered with a dense growth of blueberry bushes about a foot in height. The bushes at this season were loaded with ripe fruit, of a bright blue color; and squatting among them was a big black bear, enjoying the banquet at his ease. Gathering the berries together wholesale with his great furry paws he was cramming them into his mouth greedily, with little grunts and gurgles of delight; and the juicy fragments with which his snout and jaws were smeared gave his formidable face an absurdly childish look. To Mustela — when that insolent little animal flashed before him — he vouchsafed no more than a glance of good-natured contempt. For the rank and stringy flesh of a pine-marten he had no use at any time of year, least of all in the season when the blueberries were ripe.

Mustela, however, was too discreet to pass within reach of one of those huge but nimble paws, lest the happy bear should grow playful under the stimulus of the blueberry juice. He turned aside to a judicious distance; and there, sitting up on his hind-quarters like a rabbit, he proceeded to nibble, rather superciliously, a few of the choicest berries. He was not enthusiastic over vegetable food. But, just as a cat will now and then eat grass, he liked at times a little change in his unvarying diet of flesh.

Having soon had enough of the blueberry patch, Mustela left it to the bear, and turned back toward the deep of the forest, where he felt most at home. He went stealthily, following up the wind in order that his scent might not give warning of his approach. It was getting near sunset by this time, and floods of pinky gold, washing across the open barrens, poured in along the ancient corridors of the forest, touching the somber trunks with stains of tenderest rose. In this glowing color Mustela, with his ruddy fur, moved almost invisible.

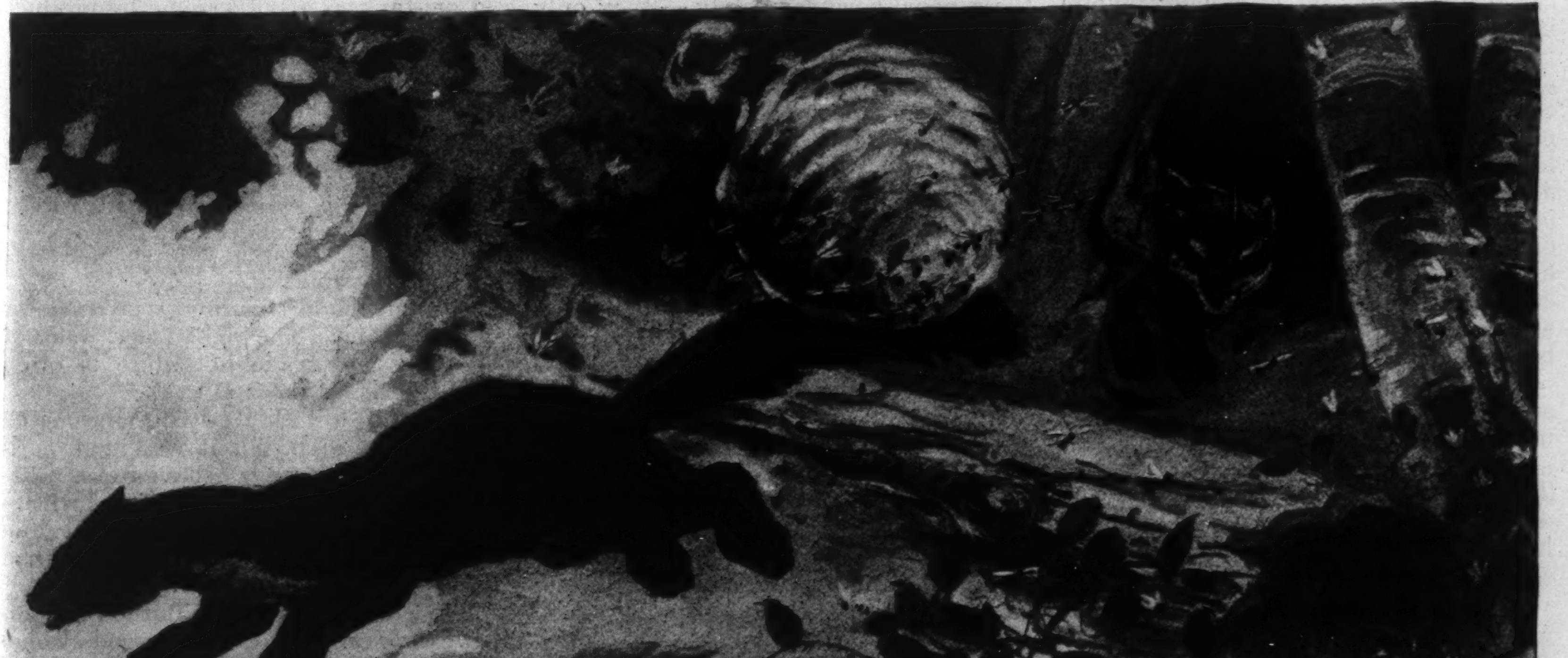
And so moving, he came plump upon a big buck-rabbit, squatting half-asleep in the center of a clump of pale-green fern.

The rabbit bounded straight into the air, his big, childish eyes popping from his head with horror. Mustela's leap was equally instantaneous. And it was unerring. He struck his victim in mid-air, and his fangs met deep in the rabbit's throat. With a scream the rabbit fell backward and came down with a muffled thump upon the ferns, with Mustela on top of him. There was a brief, thrashing struggle; and then Mustela, his forepaws upon the breast of his still-quivering prey (several times larger and heavier than himself), lifted his blood-stained face and stared about him savagely, as if defying all the other prowlers of the forest to come and try to rob him of his prize.

Having eaten his fill, Mustela dragged the remnants of the carcass under a thick bush, defiled it so as to make it distasteful to other eaters of flesh, and scratched a lot of dead leaves and twigs over it till it was effectually hidden. As game was abundant at this season, and as he always preferred a fresh kill, he was not likely to want any more of that victim; but he hated the thought of any rival profiting from his prowess.

Mustela now turned his steps homeward, traveling more lazily, but with eyes, nose and ears ever on the alert for fresh quarry. Though his appetite was sated for some hours, he was as eager as ever for the hunt, for the fierce joy of the killing and the taste of the hot blood. But the Unseen Powers of the wilderness, ironic and impartial, decided just then that it was time for Mustela to be hunted in his turn.

If there was one creature above all others who could strike the fear of death into Mustela's merciless soul it was his great cousin, the ferocious and implacable fisher. Of twice his weight and thrice his strength, and his full peer in swiftness and cunning, the fisher was Mustela's nightmare, from whom there was no escape except in the depths of some hole too narrow for the fisher's powerful shoulders to get into. And at this moment — there was the fisher's grinning, black-muzzled mask crouched in the [*Continued on page 34*]



Mustela in his desperate flight from the deadly fisher crashed against the hornets' nest and flashed on, with half a dozen white-hot stings in his hind-quarters prodding him to a fresh burst of speed

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Asleep at the Switch

THE Americanization Bill is still unpassed. Washington has done nothing to salvage millions of natives from illiteracy — nothing to befit the non-English-speaking for citizenship.

Emergency measures may regulate new streams of immigration but offer no relief against the constant menace of civic squatters whose ignorance and consequent indifference to our laws and ambitions delay continental development, encourage the worst phases of radicalism and restrain the earning power of the United States by billions of dollars annually.

Progress is retarded by these dull, untempered tools. We may not hope for a better quality of legislation while numskull votes count equally with intelligent ballots.

Foreigners, without even first papers, preponderate in the coal mining, steel making, meat packing, sugar and oil refining, leather tanning, garment manufacturing and dozens of equally pivotal industries.

A shrewd and ruthless enemy need only organize and exploit such groups, to completely paralyze our strength. These men are here only because our wages are high. They form their own districts and live and think in the spirit of their motherlands. The incredible growth of our foreign language press indicates how little they contact with American speech or thought. Their minds and sympathies are bonded to the old world. They break no land — they make no homes.

The families that once took up farms and founded villages now swarm to the most crowded cities, intensifying the ever more difficult problem of food production. The viewpoints and attitudes of their offspring are inevitably influenced by the habits and atmosphere of the unnational settlements to which they cling.

For a half century we've steadily absorbed Europe's unskilled, undrilled surplus in ever greater volume and as steadily have noted a decrease in naturalization figures. With half a dozen Powers encouraging dual citizenship we cannot even know how many of the few, who have become citizens, are sincere in their allegiance.

We dare not believe that we have seen the last of war; we dare not hope that the seed of distrust and discontent, so viciously spread among workers, will not again bear fruit. And so we dare not postpone protective measures. We must not weaken our strength by diluting it with benightedness. We shall indefinitely have room and use for the industrious multitudes waiting for the Open Gate, but before full resumption of immigration is permitted, their unassimilated kinsmen here must be brought in closer sympathy with American institutions and taught the significance of Democracy — its justice and its generous opportunities.

Insist upon the Americanization Bill. Write to your Congressman; tell him you want it passed — NOW.

The Red Thirst

WHILE Bolshevism slakes the red thirsts of vengeance, Trotzky and his Sadists will prevail.

Present Russia is the waif of a serf, with the clank of chains still hideous in memory. Two Czars ago these people were negotiable chattels — the property of great magnates, their bodies and their souls indentured to the will and whim of the master.

When Lincoln wrote his Emancipation Proclamation, the moujik was still a slave — and was as unawake and as ignorant when Prussia drew steel upon civilization. Under the Romanoffs, Church and bureaucracy held the frontier against invading knowledge and now anarchy in turn patrols the same borders and as jealously and selfishly denies the outer world.

"They know not what they do," — these poor, bewildered folk — they only know that the knout to which they died, is theirs to wield; the brutalities they endured, theirs to inflict.

They do not understand what they destroy when the nation's scant genius or efficiency is slain and exiled. The fruits of progress were never for them. Bolshevism has left their fields unploughed and their larders empty; but taxation stole their crops before, and tore the bread from their fingers. At confusion's worst, the multitudes fare as well. It's the few, whose estate has altered. Fear no longer pursues the lean peasant, but trails the fat merchant and stalks the beggared noble.

Human nature — unbridled, primitive human nature — the normal instinct of the oppressed to play oppressor — is the force that sustains chaos and will continue to support Terrorism until these beast rages are exhausted and reason nails Lenin's economic lies. Then, as in the declining hours of the French Revolution, wise, devoted men will dare stand amid the shambles and unmask the false prophets — the voice of truth will be heard and the first actual Russian nation emerge from a hideous chrysalis to beat with clean, brave wings into the Light.

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What Did You Pay?

WHAT did you pay for your dollars? Money is both a buyer and a seller, a dealer in men as well as in merchandise. It haggles and barters and bargains in the high markets and the low — by turn a lickspittle and a bully, it fawns and it browbeats — here plays the tiger and there the jackal.

It creates and it undermines, it builds and wrecks, crusades and seduces, is splendid and sordid, magnificent with achievement and viled by ignominy.

Once your soul was a purse of clean hopes. Once your mind was a loom of flaming dreams — did they weave true or was the fine design of ambition lost in a pattern of tarnished gold?

Do happiness and love and self-respect cheer your hearth? Have justice and faith approved your balance-sheet? Can God read your secret ledger without a frown? Did honor ever go bankrupt that you should not?

Dun and Bradstreet rate you a rich man but conscience may know you for a moral pauper. Some money isn't worth its cost. What did you pay for yours?

Jewels of the Rubbish Heap

TO-MORROW'S greatest asset is today's junk and rubbish. Science is destined to be a Midas whose touch will turn seeming refuse to incalculably precious worth.

One microscope, doubly as potent as any now possessed, would sow continents with smoke stacks, stock pharmacy shelves, cheapen universal living and cargo ships for the Seven Seas.

Coal-tar was a bothersome by-product of coke-ovens to be had in any quantity for the asking. In 1834 Runge isolated a blue pigment from the mess; later, Fritzsche, Zinin and Von Hoffman made further empirical experiments. Then a mere lad of eighteen went on where they left off and flooded the world with rainbows.

Abandoned research, you see, is always fertile in possibilities.

Bell ran the last lap in a relay race for the telephone. The right track was not enough. The wake of failure is often thus a path for success.

Samuel Lever climbed to a Baronetcy on cakes of soap, but it was mere curiosity over the strange behavior of a boatman skimming the stream into which his tankage emptied, which informed him that untold volumes of glycerine had been slipping through his fingers.

The chips and sawdust burned in lumber camps are crowded with wood alcohol and sausage skins and fiber silk.

Modern Jasons aren't hunting the Golden Fleece; they trap smelter smoke, scrape coffee roasters' chimneys and haunt stock-yards.

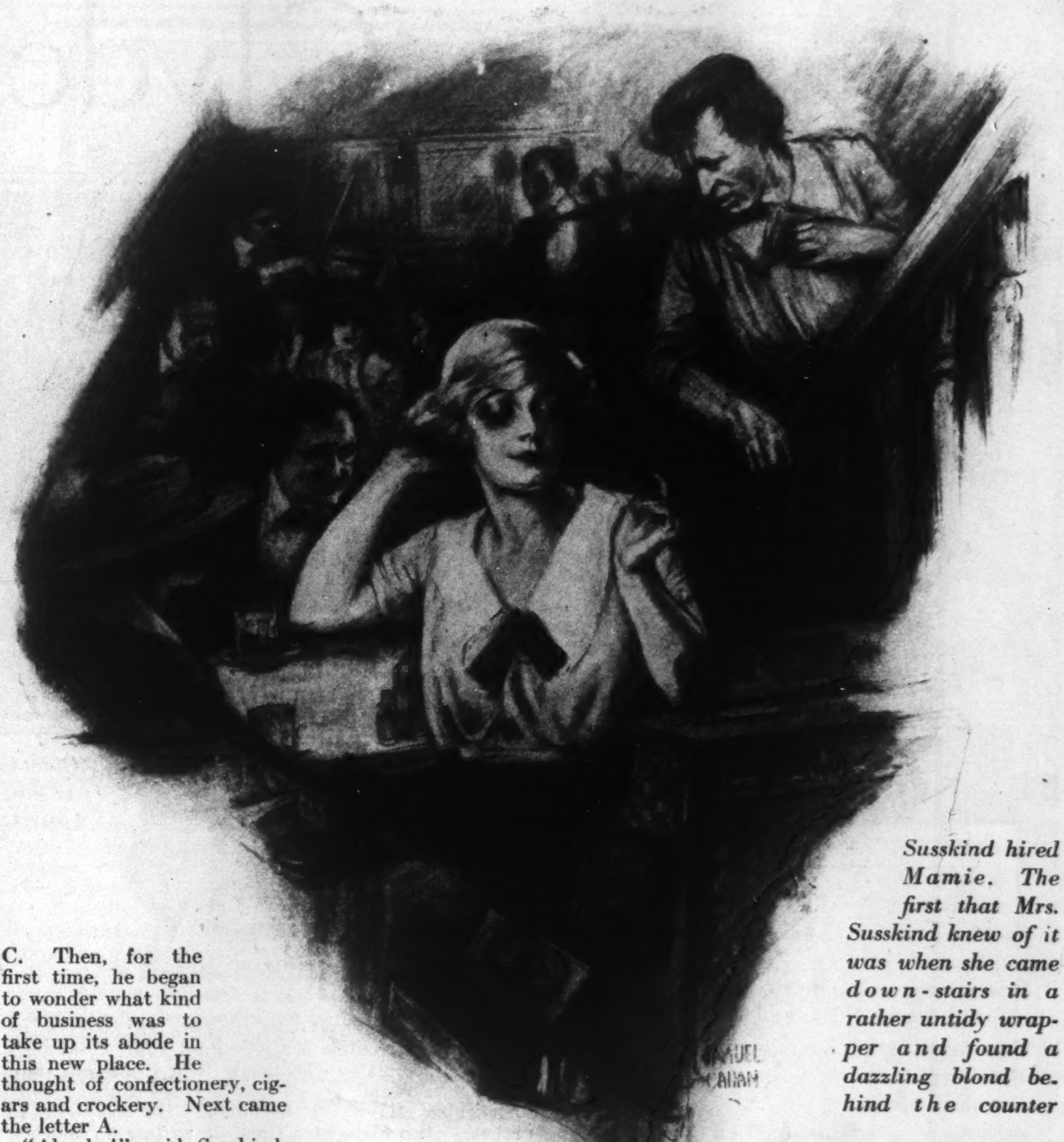
Ever wonder what's in your waste heap?

Business is Business

A Faithful Analysis of the Powers of Jazz and Lady Cashiers

by Bruno Lessing

Illustration by Samuel Cahan



Susskind hired Mamie. The first that Mrs. Susskind knew of it was when she came down-stairs in a rather untidy wrapper and found a dazzling blond behind the counter

OF ALL the maxims handed down for our guidance through life the one that has most effectually stood the test of time is, "Business is business." Its soundness is one of the greatest monuments to the wisdom of our ancestors. Its logic is irresistible. Woe unto him who heeds it not! Woe unto him who attempts to evade, modify, or compromise its philosophy! He who, even for a moment, entertains the belief that business is anything but business has set his foot upon the path to failure. In witness whereof—

Susskind's business was the running of a café on Delancey street. He had run it for ten years and his daily task was almost entirely a matter of routine. He spent almost all of his time sitting at one table or another chatting with his customers. When there were no customers he would stand at the big front window and gaze contemplatively into vacancy, sometimes for an hour at a time. During the afternoon Ignatz stood behind the counter to pour out the coffee and take in the cash while one lone waiter did the work of two serving lunch to the guests. In the evening, Mrs. Susskind took Ignatz's place and Ignatz helped the waiter.

Ignatz was a man of few words.

The revenue which Susskind derived from his café was ample for his needs—enough to clothe and feed his wife and himself and a trifle to lay by for the future. His trade was "steady", as he expressed it, by which he meant that the same customers came regularly to his place. Susskind's life lay in a groove, the routine of the café lay in a groove and Ignatz, the tall, exceedingly thin, sour-visaged and taciturn cashier, coffee-pourer and assistant waiter, looked something like a groove.

The only time that Ignatz had ever been loquacious was when he asked his employer to take him into partnership. Upon this occasion he recited his long service, his familiarity with the café business and his devotion and faithfulness to his employer. It was Susskind who became taciturn. He transfixed Ignatz with a long, cold stare and merely grunted. Ignatz never repeated his suggestion.

And now, out of a clear sky, came the thunderbolt. For several days Susskind had been aware that workmen were fitting up a vacant store directly opposite his place. It had never occurred to him to inquire into the nature of the new establishment; he felt too secure of his own position and too contented with his own lot to take any interest in the affairs of others, or in anything outside his own narrow sphere. His first intimation of what was in store for him came when he was watching a workman paint huge letters upon the window of the place across the street.

The name "LEVINE'S" had already been completed. Susskind watched the painter form the letter C. Then, for the first time, he began to wonder what kind of business was to take up its abode in this new place. He thought of confectionery, cigars and crockery. Next came the letter A.

"Ah, ha!" said Susskind. "It's a candy shop."

With the letter F, which came next, Susskind felt a slight misgiving. And when, finally, the word CAFE stared him in the face he sank into a chair in a condition best expressed by the word flabbergasted.

The prospect of competition had never entered his head and he had not the faintest idea what to do. Ignatz, surmising that something had gone wrong, came from behind the counter and stood at Susskind's side.

"Look," cried Susskind, pointing to the window across the street. "The nerve of him. Opening a café right in my face. Who is he? Why don't he go somewheres else? Why didn't anybody tell me about it before?"

Ignatz looked, shrugged his shoulders and resumed his place behind the bar. He was a man of few words.

The new café opened with what, in the café business, is called *éclat*. There was music, brilliant lights and colored bunting and huge sign-boards upon the sidewalk inviting all to come inside and celebrate the opening of Levine's Café. The music consisted of a second-hand piano, a violin, a cornet and a drum, manned by rather shabby-looking individuals who seemed to have been out of employment for some time. Most of Susskind's customers attended the opening.

When Mrs. Susskind came down-stairs to take Ignatz's place she gazed wonderingly about the deserted café.

"Where is everybody?" she asked.

"A lot of bums, them customers of ours is," said her husband, bitterly. "So soon opens up a new place they all got to run away from me like if I was poison."

"Oh, is the new place open?" asked his wife. "I wonder what it's like. I guess all our customers will come back, though."

On the following night, however, most of Susskind's customers patronized the new café again and Susskind began to worry. And then Abie Lazinsky appeared.

"Well," asked Susskind, "why ain't you across the street?"

"In Levine's, d'ye mean?" replied Abie. "Because I ain't got any money. Here I got credit. Levine don't know me."

Susskind sighed. Abie Lazinsky, the impecunious *schnorrer* of the East Side was one of his fixtures.

"All my customers run away from me," said he, sadly, "just because they got music across the street."

"That's easy," replied Abie, promptly. "Get music yourself and they'll all come back. I wouldn't mind a little music myself while I'm sitting around here."

Susskind stared at him long and intently.

"Look here, Abie," he said, "that ain't a bad idea. Run across the street and sort of size up the place and then come back and tell me about it."

"I ain't got a cent," said Abie. "They'd kick me out." With a long-drawn sigh Susskind handed him half a dollar.

"You don't got to buy out the place," said he. "Just get a cup of coffee and look around."

Abie departed on his errand. About an hour later when Susskind could restrain his impatience no longer, he found a small boy on the sidewalk whom he sent across the street to fetch the *schnorrer*.

"Was you thinking of taking board and lodging over there?" asked Susskind, sarcastically. The graceless *schnorrer* was not one whit abashed.

"Susskind," he said, impressively, "music is great for a café and you just got to have it. But music ain't all that fellow Levine got. He got a cashier what's got eyes like the — like the moon and the sun and them things. You get a cashier like that and you won't have no trouble with your customers. Her name is Mamie." Susskind shrugged his shoulders.

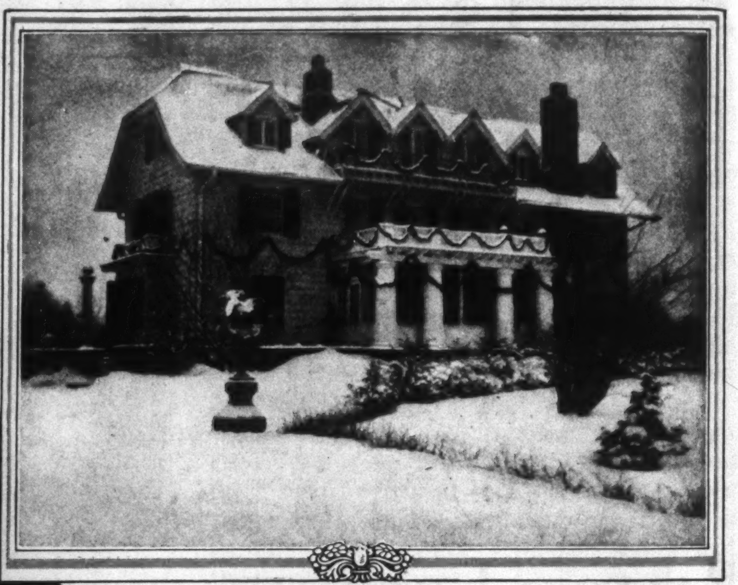
"Cashiers is easy to get," said he.

"Not like Mamie, they ain't," replied Abie, eagerly. "Just ask any of your customers and they'll tell you how scarce Mamies is."

And, truly enough, when Susskind began to investigate among his truant customers he found that the charms of the cashier in the café across the street were even more alluring to his customers than the music or the novelty of the place.

[*Continued on page 54*]

Clyde Fitch at



"Quiet Corner," the lovely country house where Fitch as a perfect host gave regular Washington Irving Christmas parties (Left) Guests enjoying the beauties of Clyde's garden from the terrace steps

Clyde Fitch out for a hike at his place in Greenwich, Conn. He wore himself out for the American Theatre. In all the years of ill health, he allowed nothing to interfere with his work

THE plays now dovetail faster and faster in the daily routine of Clyde Fitch's life; it becomes difficult to disentangle their evolution, since it cannot be said that he concentrated on any particular one in its beginning. He was able to rehearse two plays at a time, do writing on another, and plan ahead with some manager on a third and fourth. He couldn't have done otherwise. Besides which, Charles Frohman encouraged him, often handing him a foreign play to adapt, with the insistence that it be completed in ten days. Usually Fitch had seen the original in Paris or Berlin: his mind was quick, his judgment expert. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" he promised to do in three days; "Her Sister", in collaboration with Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, took ten days. He saw the advantage of this; he likewise saw its weakness. James Forbes, the playwright, recalls how Clyde met him soon after the success of "The Chorus Lady", and urged him to start another play immediately But, when Forbes's "The Travelling Salesman" had settled down for a "run", Fitch sounded a warning. "Take your time," he said, "and minimize the chances of failure. Fool that I am, I write too much! They should incarcerate playwrights who are too prolific." Then, he added· "I don't practise it but I preach it. You can't talk all the time in the theatre without coming finally to have about as much force as a gossip. Remember that, Jimmy Forbes."

This was uttered in a mood of self-depreciation, for Fitch realized his manner of working, and yet, no other way would have done. "If I only wrote one play in four years," he once remarked to a critic, "it wouldn't be any better than the four plays I've written in one. Whenever I get the idea for a play, I must turn it over while it's hot; if I let it get cold it wouldn't be worth a thing. It seems to me both foolish and unkind to quarrel with the way a man works, since he has to do as the Lord made him!"

Shortly after "The Climbers" was launched, "Lovers' Lane" occupied Clyde's enthusiasm. Here was a play built on the simplest materials, in answer to those critics who claimed he knew nothing about country people, but could only exist in the drawing-room. One morning, while he was writing "on time", Clyde was constantly interrupted; disconcerting though this might have been, it became the center of a pleasant little comedy situation in the life of a country parson trying to write his weekly sermon. At first he called the piece "The Minister" but, when he sold it in England to the actor-manager, George Alexander—who, despite preliminary preparations, never produced it — it was known as "The Parson." When it finally saw production in New York, it was announced as "Lovers' Lane", a title giving Clyde opportunity to lavish sentiment on his stage "sets" for the third and fourth acts, laid first in an orchard in autumn and then in the same orchard in spring. There was a gate entrance to Lovers' Lane running up-hill through the orchard, and the color contrasts— the reds and browns of the one, and the young green, the blue of the sky and the pink of the blossoms of the other—were a delight to the eye. The characters made their entrances down the Lane and through the gate. Little did the audience imagine how much of the dramatist's love went into the hanging of the fruit and flowers, which he did with his own hands, his assistant standing by the ladder for hours, while Clyde arranged the exact effects he needed. Slight though the piece was, it was delicate and charming, and contained the flavor of his personality. Which recalls what he once wrote to a friend. Speaking of the value of sincerity, he referred to that "something about you wh is what the scent is to the flower—wh makes one LIKE you. And I say God bless the personal equation! Also you!"

ONLY when one considers certain facts in the situation will one understand the letter from Fitch to Charles Frohman which follows. In 1901 Arthur Byron, the actor, had joined Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers" and was giving a performance which greatly pleased the dramatist, who had his unerring eye upon him for a rôle in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine", which he was writing for McKee, the manager, and Mary Mannering. The grateful Amelia Bingham, who was flamboyantly and kindly announcing Fitch as "her dramatist", was clamoring for another piece, which eventually resulted in his doing "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" at her behest; while Byron and Fitch were beginning to plan for "Major André" and Byron's "stardom"— both ventures very dear to the heart of Clyde. In addition to which, Miss Bloodgood's triumph in "The Climbers" suggested that a new "star" was in the dramatic heavens, well suited to the Fitchean way. Here, then, was a situation with Frohman left out, and he did not seem to like it. Clyde's close friendship with the little Napoleon was very sincere. He writes, from 113 West 40th Street — the new house:

"Dear C. F.:

This is only a line to tell you 2 or 3 things. First, I enjoyed my evening with you so much. Second, I *want* to do that play for you. I think yr business proposition a good one, & I want to do it anyway. I've thought it all over, & I feel I can't refuse or crawl out of my promise to McKee without being not square, &

Quiet Corner

The Life Story of America's Most Famous Playwright

by Montrose J. Moses

last night, while I was mulling over the matter, McKee went to Marbury & said it was time he & I had our contract signed. Now this is what I've done. I sent to Marbury just now pretty stiff terms, & a *very* stiff contract, wh I don't believe he'll sign! If he demurs at all, I shall consider myself free & in fact I won't waste any time. Then I shall consider myself *bound* & signed to you. I'll let you know as soon as there's any news. If my plans fall thro', then *you'll have* the *next.* I can do the biggest thing in my power, & better than anything yet with *you* & yr power, & *yr belief in me, behind me!* I feel even now that I *need* you. . . . Don't forget, please, that when you come back, you are coming over here for a quiet little dinner & evening. I'm glad, too, the Bloodgood plan struck you & now you must see her act yr first chance. Good-night.

I am your devoted friend,

Clyde Fitch."

In the meantime, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" was on the carpet. He had written with that exhaustless enthusiasm a mother shows to every new child: "My dears—*'Captain Jinks' is finished!*—and another play *almost* begun." And, smarting under the memory of the hard knocks he had received from the press, he wrote at the same time from London, on October 1, 1900, to Marguerite Merington:

"Dearest Maggie:

Thank goodness *next Sunday* I sail for home. I am homesick (wh, however, isn't so bad as being *tummy-sick!*). I return a thinner, and let us hope a wiser man. And I bring a *brand new* play (PURE, too!). I don't think even the *World* or *Journal* could blush at this play. At the same time I hope it is very amusing. I have called it (so far) 'Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.' You may know the song."

There was no psychological pivot for this simple picturesque story of New York in the day of Adelina Patti. Neither truth, jealousy, social climbing, nor definite history prompted him, but simply a personal love of the comedy color which was to be extracted from the period of the '70's, with its bustles, its Grecian Bend, its side curls of the ladies and side-whiskers of the men, its "ladida" foppishness, its glass-globe chandeliers and walnut Eastlake furniture. Those were the days when on the streets you heard the popular songs: "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." How soon Fitch started speaking to Frohman about the idea which thus began to simmer in his fertile imagination I do not know, nor when it was that Frohman first expressed his desire to feature Ethel Barrymore in it. Strange that at this time Clyde should have been called on to further the entrance of C. F.'s youngest star,—for Miss Barrymore was only twenty-one when she burst on the public in all her youthful radiance as Mme. Trentoni. Three years afterward he was writing "Granny" for Mrs. Gilbert who, in her eighty-third year, was about to make her farewell.

On January 3, 1901, a letter to Mrs. E. A. Dithmar contains the following reference: "This is my third week now of longer hours than any bricklayer would submit to! for *nights* & *early hours* I am busy with the property man & scene painters. I don't *have* to, I suppose, but it is the only way I can approximate what I want. The dresses and clothes for 'Jinks' are all finished & the *bustles* made!! We have our first dress rehearsal to-morrow! I think you will surely enjoy the clothes!"

It may be remembered that Miss Barrymore was not in the best of health at this time, and during the rehearsals, in the second act of "Captain Jinks" when there was reached the situation of the hysterical dance — which always appealed to Clyde — she fainted almost every night, and some one had to stand near in order to catch her as she fell. Again the records are a little blank at this point and Miss Barrymore, like most people of the stage, has failed to keep any mementoes of her first triumph. When asked if she could recall any details of the preparations, she answered smilingly: "All I can remember is that Clyde Fitch wrote it and I played in it." Alas, that we are so soon forgot!

Beerbohm Tree as Count D'Orsay in Fitch's "The Last of the Dandies"

Maxine Elliott and Clyde Fitch disagreed about the title of a play. Finally the tired author exclaimed, "Call it 'Her Own Way'!" (Above) Clyde's boyish spirits and love of fun bubbled over in his beautiful gardens at "Quiet Corner"

But on the opening night of "Jinks", which occurred in Philadelphia, not only was Fitch vociferously welcomed, but Miss Barrymore herself was on the dramatic heath trod by the elder Mrs. Drew. Some one in the top-most gallery leaned over the rail and yelled: "We loved your grandmother, Ethel, and we love you!" The part of Madame Trentoni was just fitted for the Barrymore smile which traveled upward. The next day, however, the press frowned; there was something in the first act too serious for a comedy;

Annie Russell, who starred in Fitch's play, "The Girl and the Judge"

they called for some gay and lively "curtain." Ever ready to heed his public, Clyde set to work to remedy the so-called defects, and was sending suggestions to Frohman to see whether he thought them lively enough. After this "Captain Jinks" went on its successful way without a hitch, identifying itself with Miss Barrymore, so much so that it is difficult to conceive of any one else playing Trentoni, as long as the Barrymore radiance remained. "I was pleased with the 'Jinks' notices," writes Clyde to C. F. "Naturally I was tremendously anxious that OUR piece shd go!—and Ethel make a hit, wh she has!" She was to make even as great a furore when the play was revived in 1907, for her maturity in no way had dimmed her beauty or her high comedy.

In the summer of 1901, Clyde and Robert Herrick made their first trip to Sicily together, and it was here that he began writing on what he called "Tod's" play, since it dealt with an episode narrated to him by Judge Galloway, who at one time held the position of Probate Judge in Franklin County, Ohio. This is the same Tod of Amherst days, when the two played in college theatricals together. From Carlsbad, Clyde sent the following message to some friends; it was apropos of finishing "The Girl and the Judge":

"I think the play will give Annie the best opportunity she has had since 'Sue', & will give her some very pathetic & touching scenes, comedy, & moments of spasmodic strength. She will have to wear very simple clothes — her figure or not as she pleases! — and a *night* dress — I hasten after the latter to add that the play is *awfully* pure & good & nice. . . ."

This letter is an excellent example of the swift variety of incidents that had their full sway in Fitch's mind at the time: Elsie deWolfe was having scenes painted in London for "The Way of the World", in which she and Clara Bloodgood were preparing to appear conjointly; Fitch was buying things for his 40th Street house, as is evidenced in the humorous reference: "I got *a lady* for the hall — with a rather unusual and pretty headdress (I wanted to have *some* dress!) & a white stone seat, & another Della Robbia." He was also thinking about some of the plays he had already produced, and declaring, anent one of them, that it had not as yet ever been really played because it needed an intellectual woman to handle it. Then, finally, he had heard of the death of a friend, whom he could not reconcile as gone from the midst of those at home: "O Death! DEATH!!!! you MONSTER!" he wrote.

In the midst of all this, he was having an excellent opportunity of sharing opinions with a fellow literary worker. Fortunately the memory of this meeting at Taormina is still fresh in Mr. Herrick's heart: the month was April, and they had found each other on shipboard, bound for the Mediterranean. The long journey was shortened by walks and talks on deck, and Clyde read aloud bits of dialogue scribbled on the backs of old letters. Marion Crawford was below decks, writing a new novel, but Clyde knew that he would see him later, having had an invitation to visit the Crawford family in Italy. At Gibraltar, according to Mr. Herrick, Clyde stacked up with cigarettes which, after the customs officers finished with them at Naples, cost, so he declared, a dollar apiece! Ensconced at last in the monastery hotel of San Dominico, Taormina, it is well to let Herrick paint the picture:

"It was early spring in Sicily," he writes me, "our first experience of all its intoxications and enchantments. I could not understand how Fitch could open his little traveling bag which he had always close at hand, reach for a pad and pencil and begin to scribble in the midst of overpowering delights of flowers, lemon-scented fragrance, ancient temples. Once I remember reproaching him as he scribbled away furiously while we were riding through a riot of fresh bloom such as must have carpeted the earth when Europa was ravished from her home. 'I see it all,' he said, busily intent on his pad. I doubted it — but he did! Which was one of the marvels of his personality. After a tiresome journey to the noble temple at Girgente, Sidney — his faithful English valet — and I descended from the carriage to make a close inspection of the ruin, Baedeker in hand, while he sat in the carriage, writing out a scene in his play on the upturned bottom of his bag as a writing table."

Mary Mannering and Arthur Byron in a scene from "The Stubbornness of Geraldine"

And what did all this stir and travel mean to Fitch? Mr. Herrick has accentuated the fundamental need of it:

"The flower-carpeted fields," he writes, "the appealing nobility of temple walls, entering keenly into his spirit, roused the impulse of expression, like a subtle stimulant. He poured Sicily into his American moulds — dramatic moulds — and American moods and situations. I learned that his appetite for travel, which sometimes seemed insanely insatiate and madly swift, was the indication of creative fertility stirring in him. . . . It was not merely for rest and recuperation that he went so often to Europe: it was for the exhilaration to his mind that he felt while there, dashing from country to country, from gallery to church and view."

Knowing each other thus, the two settled for a stay at Taormina. Mr. Herrick continues:

"I, too, began to write and we interrupted our labors on the rose-lined terrace in view of the snowy breast of Aetna to chat and discuss. . . . I ventured to question and criticize, finding certain scenes excessive . . . which irritated my friend extremely. We had lively arguments, ending often with 'Whatever you know, my dear B, you know nothing whatever about the stage.'"

Later on, however, Clyde would worry over his irritation, and write, begging to be forgiven.

"Please forget my excited moments," he wrote Mr. Herrick. "Don't think that when I got emphatic I was *cross* — I was only Italian! Think of the *murderous* manner in which they speak of 'the time of day.' I believe tonight that yr word about the theatre is LAW! THERE!!"

When they parted company, Fitch went back to his old tricks of buying curios, and Herrick was carrying some of the purchases for him, as, note — "Thank you for bringing Venus in yr trunk (sounds gay, doesn't it!)." From his letters I dig out rich hints of his quick response and true flashes of understanding, showing that though Clyde was in need of human color, the quieter aspects of nature impressed him greatly. He is referring to some Indian Rajahs at the hotel: "The ace of spades looks as if it had *fainted* beside them. But O the woods & the walks are beautiful, BEAUTIFUL." In a cry of warning criticism, he says to Herrick: "Hold on to yrself. STUDY all you like, but don't idealize, for Gawd's sake!" And in banter, fully appreciating Herrick's willingness to help him carry things hither and thither, he writes: "Don't you want something in Carlsbad? That *I* could do something for you! A cuckoo clock, for example, wh they make here? or a blue glass mug with yr photograph on it?"

The fact is, Clyde was an excellent tonic for Mr. Herrick, whose professorship at the University of Chicago made him fear the blanket of collegiate sedateness. "I call you Bobby," writes Fitch, "because I like you so much & also because I think you are so serious and dignified [*Continued on page 45*]

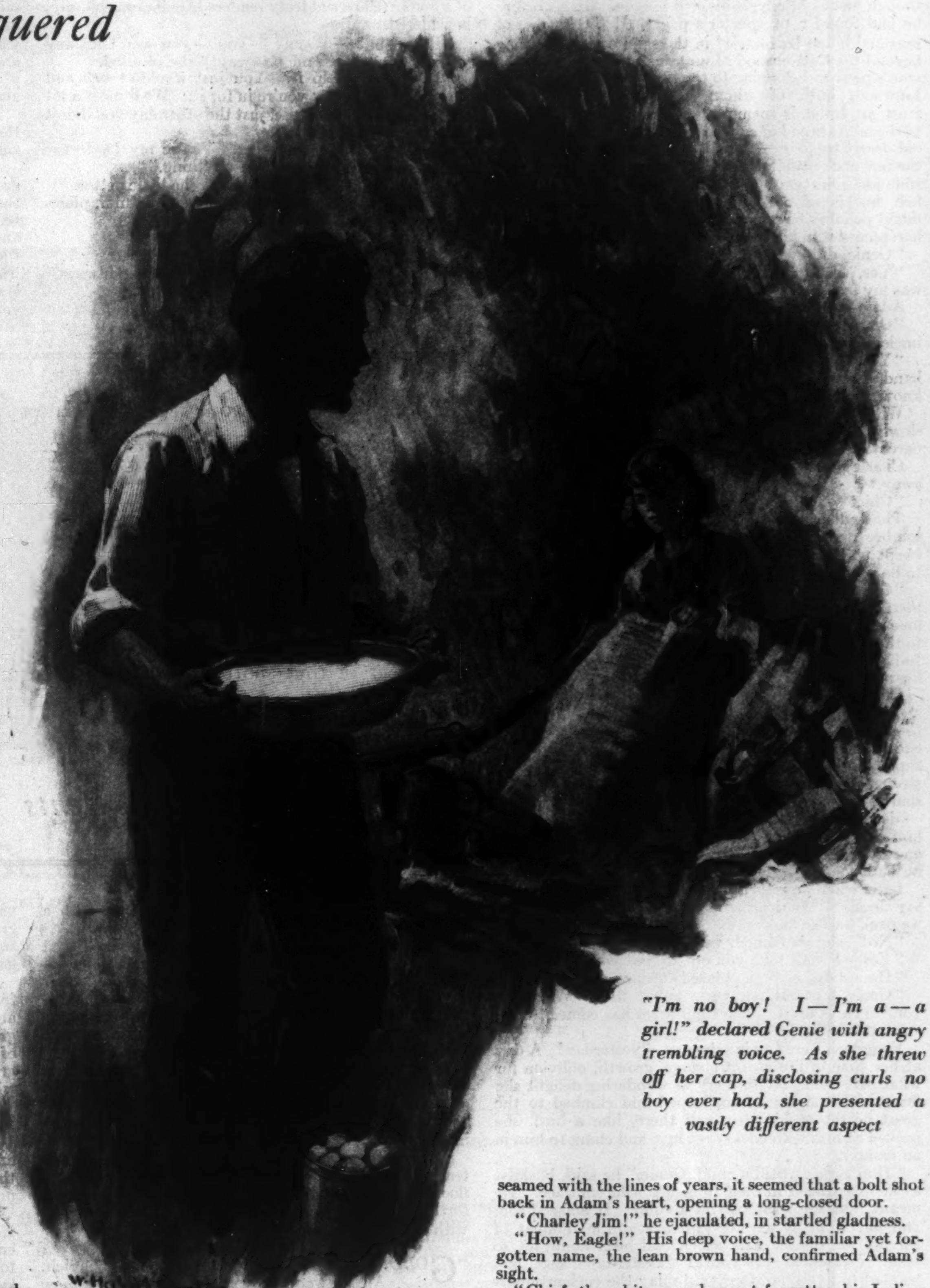
The terrace at lovely Taormina, Italy, where Fitch and Robert Herrick often sojourned together

The Adventurous Career of a Man Who Challenged the Desert and Conquered

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

by Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton



"I'm no boy! I—I'm a—a girl!" declared Genie with angry trembling voice. As she threw off her cap, disclosing curls no boy ever had, she presented a vastly different aspect

WAITING there in the desert for Genie's uncle to return, Adam Larey watched her growing from childhood to young girlhood—more beautiful every day.

"Your uncle should be coming," he said one day. "You should be getting out into the world; you should be going to school."

"Wanny," (for she knew him as Wansfell) "do you want that time to come soon? I love you and I hope uncle never comes so you can take care of me always."

"I love you, too," he said, "I love you as if you were my little sister, and if your uncle doesn't come, I'll take you somewhere, but I can't take care of you always."

"Why?"

The question, shot out like this, was a shock to Adam. He had to say something so he told her the truth—that he was an outcast, that he had come West with a brother with whom he had quarreled and whom he had shot; that he had been a fugitive for years, not knowing what day he would be killed or have to kill.

"But you could go and be punished and then come back," said Genie, going straight to the heart of things.

That simple, direct assertion planted a truth in Adam's mind—a truth that he never forgot.

There followed ages of waiting; the uncle did not come. Adam had plenty of time to ponder. What of Dismukes, the prospector to whom Adam owed his life? Dismukes had extracted his hoard of gold from the desert and had gone out into the world to find life—happiness. Had he found it?

Adam got his answer sooner than he imagined for that man off there making his way along with his burros looked familiar. Yes, he was Dismukes; the prospector had been disillusioned. He had returned to find peace in Death Valley.

More and more a consciousness of Genie's beauty was dawning upon Larey. She was growing up. She was desirable. He felt a strange sense of peril in her presence.

"Do you want to leave this desert," he asked her, thinking of the spell that it had cast upon him and upon Dismukes.

"No, no," she replied; "I love it."

There was danger in women, Adam soliloquized. Experience had taught him that. Nothing but grief had come to him through them. But this was an unusual sense of peril—nothing that had to do with past experiences—that Genie inspired in him. The meaning of it suddenly came to him. He wanted her. His fall had been imminent, but he saw clearly now. His hot blood could not be permitted to submerge his mind. He would keep his promise to Genie's mother—that long-suffering mother who had died there in the Wasteland. He would be true to his own mother whose death had sent him West to become a wanderer.

The joy he was to feel in Genie must come from memory. She would owe life and happiness to him and while she might never know, he *would*.

THAT afternoon when Adam returned to camp sore in body and spent in force, yet with strangely tranquil soul, there was an old Indian waiting for him. Genie had gone back long before Adam, and she sat on the sand, evidently having difficult but enjoyable conversation with the visitor.

At sight of his hard craggy bronze face, serried and seamed with the lines of years, it seemed that a bolt shot back in Adam's heart, opening a long-closed door.

"Charley Jim!" he ejaculated, in startled gladness.

"How, Eagle!" His deep voice, the familiar yet forgotten name, the lean brown hand, confirmed Adam's sight.

"Chief, the white man has not forgotten his Indian friend," replied Adam.

"Eagle no same boy like mescal stalk. Heap big! Many moons! Snows on the mountain!" said Charley Jim, with a gleam of a smile breaking over the bronze face. His fingers touched the white hair over Adam's temples. Pathos and dignity marked the action.

"Boy no more, Charley Jim," returned Adam. "Eagle has his white feathers now. Old as the hills!"

Genie burst into a trill of laughter.

"You funny old people! You make me feel old, too," she protested, and she ran away.

Charley Jim's sombre eyes followed her, then returned to question Adam.

"She same girl here—long time—sick man's girl?" And he made signs to show the height of a child and the weakness of a man's lungs.

"Yes, chief. He her father. Dead. Mother dead, too," replied Adam, and he pointed to the two green graves across the stream.

"Ugh! No live good. No get well. . . . Eagle, sick man have brother—him dead. Jim find 'um.

Him dig gold — no water — dead. . . . Jim find 'um heap bones."

It was thus Adam heard the story of the tragedy of Genie's uncle. Charley Jim told it more clearly, though just as briefly, in his own tongue. Moons before he had found a prospector's pack and then a pile of rags and bones half buried in the sand over in a valley beyond the Cottonwood Mountains. He recognized the man's pack as belonging to the brother of the sick man Linwood, both of whom he knew. Adam could trust an Indian's memory. Genie's uncle had come to the not rare end of a wandering prospector's life. The old desert tragedy — thirst! Adam turned to examine the few pack articles Charley Jim had brought for possible identification of the dead. One of these, a silver belt buckle of odd design, oxidized and tarnished, might possibly be remembered by Genie. Adam called her, placed it in her hands.

"Genie, did you ever see that?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied with a start of recognition. "It was my father's. He gave it to my uncle."

Adam nodded to the Indian. "Chief, you were right."

"Oh, Wanny — it means he's found my uncle — dead!" exclaimed Genie, in awe.

"Yes, Genie," replied Adam, with a hand of sympathy upon her shoulder. "We know now. He'll never come back."

With the buckle in her hands the girl slowly walked toward the graves of her parents.

Charley Jim mounted his pony to ride away.

"Chief — tell me of Oella," said Adam.

The Indian gazed down upon Adam with sombre eyes. Then his lean sinewy hand swept up with stately and eloquent gesture to be pressed over his heart.

"Oella dead," he replied, sonorously, and then he looked beyond Adam, out across the lonesome land, beyond the ranges, perhaps to the realm of his red gods. Adam read the Indian gesture. Oella had died of a broken heart.

He stood there at the edge of the oasis, stricken mute, as his old Indian friend turned to go back across the valley to the Coahuila encampment. A broken heart! That superb Indian maiden, so lithe and tall and strong, so tranquil, so sure — serene of soul as the steady light of her midnight eyes — dead of a broken heart! She had loved him — a man alien to her race — a wanderer and a stranger within her gates, and when he had gone away life became unendurable.

Later when he returned to Genie it was to say simply: "My dear, as soon as I can find my burros, we pack for the long trail."

"No!" she exclaimed, with lighting eyes.

"Yes. I shall take you out to find you a home."

"Honest Injun?" she blazed at him, springing erect.

"Genie, I would not tease about that. We know your uncle is dead. The time to go has come. We'll start at sunrise."

Forgotten were Genie's dreams of yesterday! A day at her time of life meant change, growth, oblivion for what had been. With a cry of wondering delight she flung herself upon Adam, leaped and climbed to the great height of his face, and there, like a bird, she pecked at him with cool sweet lips, and clung to him in an ecstasy.

"Don't . . . Still a child, Genie," he said, huskily, as he disengaged himself from her wild embrace. He meant that she was not still a child. It amazed him and hurt him to see her radiance at the thought of leaving the desert oasis which had been home for so long. Fickleness of youth! Yesterday she had wanted to live there forever; to-day the enchantments of new life, people, places, called alluringly. It was what Adam had expected. It was what he wanted for her. How clear had been his vision of the future! How truly, the moment he had fought down his selfish desires, had he read her innocent heart!

Adam's burros had grown gray in their years of idle contented life at the oasis. Like the road-runners, they enjoyed the proximity of camp; and he found them shaggy and fat, half-asleep while they grazed. He drove them back to the shade of the cottonwoods, where Genie, seeing this last and immutable proof of forthcoming departure, began to dance over the sand in wild glee.

"Genie, you'd do well to save some of your nimbleness," admonished Adam. "We'll have a load. You've got to climb the mountain and walk till I can buy another burro."

"Oh, Wanny, I'll fly!" she cried.

"Humph! I rather think you will fly the very first time a young fellow sees you — a big girl in those ragged boy's clothes."

Then Adam thrilled anew with the sweetness, the wonder of her. His cold heart warmed to the core. How he would live in the hope and happiness and love that surely must be awaiting this girl! His mention of a young fellow suddenly rendered Genie amazed, shy, bewildered.

"But — but — Wanny — you — you won't let any yo-young fellow see me *this* way!" she pleaded.

"How can I help it? You just wouldn't sew and make dresses. Now you're in for it. We'll meet a lot of lads. . . . And, Genie, just the other day you didn't care how *I* saw you."

"Oh, but you're different. You're my Dad, my brother, Old Taquitch, and everything."

"Thank you. That makes me feel a little better."

Suddenly she turned her dark eyes upon him, piercing now and dilating with thought.

"Wanny! Are you *sorry* to leave?"

"Yes," he replied, sadly.

"Then I'll stay, if you want me — ever — always," she said, very low.

"Genie, I'm sorry, but I'm glad, too. What I want most is to see you settled in a happy home, with a guardian, young friends about you — all you want."

She appeared sober now, and Adam gathered that she had thought more seriously than he had given her credit for.

"Wanny, you're good, and your goodness makes you see all that for me. But a guardian — a happy home — all I want! . . . I'll be poor. I'll have to work for a living. I won't have *you!*"

Then suddenly she seemed about to weep. Her beautiful eyes dimmed. But Adam startled her out of her weakness.

"Poor! Well, Genie Linwood, you've got a surprise in store for you."

Wherewith he led her to the door of the hut, and tearing up the old wagon-boards that had served as a floor, he dug in the sand underneath and dragged forth bag after bag, which he dropped at her feet with sodden heavy thumps.

"GOLD, Genie! Gold! Yours! . . . You'll be rich. . . . All this was dug by your father. I don't know how much, but it's a fortune. Now, what do you say?"

The rapture Adam had anticipated did not manifest itself. Genie seemed glad, certainly, but the significance of the gold did not really strike her.

"And you never told me! . . . Well, by the Great Horn Spoon, I'm rich! . . . Wanny, will *you* be my guardian?"

"I will, till I can find you one," he replied, stoutly.

"Oh, never look for one — then I *will* have all I want!"

The last sunset, the last starlit night, the last sunrise for Adam and Genie at the oasis, were beautiful memories of the past.

Adam, driving the burros along the dim old Indian trail, meditated on the inevitableness of the end of all things. For nearly three years he had seen that trail every few days and always he had speculated on the distant time when he would climb it with Genie. That hour had struck. Genie, with the light feet of an Indian, was behind him, now chattering like a magpie and then significantly silent. She had her bright face turned toward the enchanting adventures of the calling future; she was turning her back upon the only home she could remember.

"Look, Genie, how gray and dry the canyon is," said Adam, hoping to divert her. "Just a little water in that white wash, and you know it never reaches the valley. It sinks in the sand. . . . Now look way above you — high over the foothills. See those gleams of white — those streaks of black. . . . Snow, Genie, and the pines and spruces!"

Adam would climb fifty yards or so of easy slope, then halt to let Genie regain her breath, and on steeper zigzag bends he made more frequent stops.

Adam, more and more, called Genie's attention to green banks and wild flowers, as they climbed on up the slowly ascending canyon-bed. The burros pattered over the smooth flat rock and through the sand and water, bobbing their packs, sweating freely from the work they had for so long been unaccustomed to. The canyon banks became canyon walls, gray and stained, with damp streaks at their bases where water oozed, and tiny flowers raised wan faces to the light. The sand began to give place to gravel, and the water of the stream to increase its volume and force. At length that narrow canyon opened into a mountain valley, walled all around, where green patches of grass began to thrive and shrubs to show dark against the gray of boulders. Here the stream hurried along, no longer forlorn, but babbling, murmuring, singing.

That valley closed at its upper end into another canyon, a dark rugged gash, sombre and gray, where the sun had little chance and green things could not grow. It was a gorge, where the stream ran over bare steps of rock, dashing down with hollow gurgle and silvery tinkle. How gleefully Genie laughed when she had to wade the stream! Desert girl, she loved the pure water like an Indian. Like an Indian, too, she could climb, keeping up with Adam, out of breath at times, but always eager to go on.

At last they emerged into another world. The great peaks still loomed above, but here spread slower-rising slopes. Where below the slopes had been of gray stone spotted by green, here they were green brush spotted by gray.

"Now, Genie," said Adam, when they reached the chaparral, "here's where you go slow. Don't tear your clothes any more. They sure won't stand it. Hang close to me."

Not often did Adam ever climb to an elevation where grew the *manzanita*. It seemed a desert growth, so gnarled and spiked and tough were its smooth red-barked branches, so shiny and stiff and green were its small leaves.

The trail divided, and Adam took to the left, away from the loftiest peak, that still looked high and clear and cold in the intenser blue sky. He headed for a gray-domed spur, fringed by a circle of black. Coveys of mountain-quail whirred up out of the verdant grasses; and on the higher ridges troops of deer watched with long ears erect.

"Genie, we'll have venison steak to-night," declared Adam.

And Genie mouthed her old melodious "ummmmm", and Adam echoed it. Had not they both starved on the desert, he thought, and, if not they, who could appreciate what it was to be hungry?

They camped at the edge of the spruces and pines. How sweet and cool and damp the air to desert dwellers! The wind sang through the trees with different tone. Adam, unpacking the burros, turned them loose, as sure as they were of their delight in the rich green grass. Genie, tired out with the long climb, fell upon one of the open packs to rest.

With his rifle Adam strode away among the scattered pines and clumps of spruces. The smell of this forest almost choked him, yet it seemed he could not smell and breathe enough. The dark green, spear-pointed spruces and the brown-barked pines, so lofty and spreading, intoxicated his desert eyes. To shoot was habit, the result of which was regret. These deer were tame, not like the wary, telescope-eyed mountain-sheep; and Adam, after his first exultant thrill, gazed down with sorrow at the sleek beautiful deer he had slain. What dual character he had — what contrast of thrill and pang, of blood and brain, of desert and civilization, of physical and spiritual, of nature and — but he did not know what!

He laughed later, and Genie laughed, too, at how ravenous he was at supper, how delicious the venison tasted, how good it was to eat.

"I guess I'll have to give myself up as a bad job," he told her.

[*Continued on page 55*]

A fairy tale that removes one from the clatter
of realities to a world of exquisite romance

Reynardine
by
Donn Byrne

the author of that short story masterpiece
The Keeper of the Bridge
which appears in this issue

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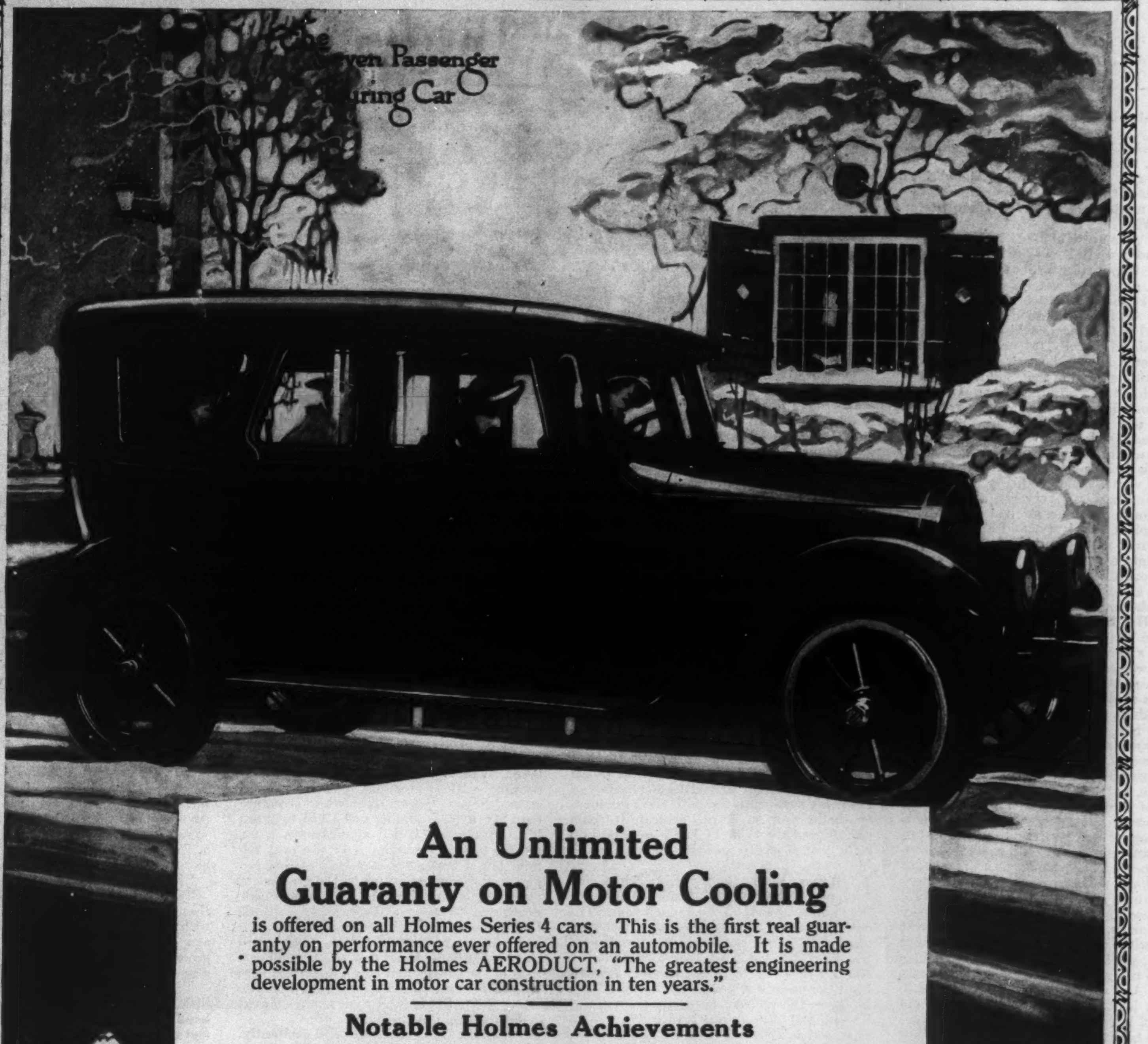

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The Keeper of the Bridge

—Continued from page 8

might catch his breath and swear, a woman might cry, so great was its drama. Arch by white arch it spanned the tropic gulf, and above it, straight as an arrow, ran the line of roadway. Superb and splendid and slender, it joined the green-clad mountains, as the web of a master spider joins two branches of a tree. Very high it was, "so high that it was dreadful", the words of Ezekiel came to one's mind, and beneath it, now swirled, now weltered the tropic river on its way to join the Amazon, greatest of waters.

And yet somehow the bridge loitered, refused to be finished, brooded, sulked. So much did it fight against him, that were it not for his wife Cecily, time and time again Lovat would have lost heart. But she was there with him, and in some hidden mystical way she had to do with the bridge. One look at her, one touch of her, and he regained courage and patience. Silent and strong she moved by his side, by day in her man's breeches and gaiters and sport coat, by night in her dark blue garment with its rolling collar of white, somehow like a monk's but of line and beauty. Very like a flower she was, a northern flower, straight and slender and supple and velvety, and strong. Yes, she had to do with the bridge, for he had only to look into her serious smiling eyes, and to him, through her, out of somewhere, flowed strength and wisdom.

Yes, she had to do with the bridge, he knew. Her being here was not fortuitous. That she was a young bride on her honeymoon in an enchanted land, was not, as it is to most women, the only thing in the world. They were two lovers, but they were not oblivious of all things, not sympathized with by all things. The bridge was there. And between him and her and the bridge there existed some strange link of destiny. There were three of them. Two were happy, but the bridge was sullen. Two of them were uncertain, but the bridge was sure.

Out of dumb rock and lifeless iron the bridge arose. First these were only amorphous objects and then through the fire of genius was evoked an entity. The bridge had a personality strong as a man's, as houses have personalities, and some trees. It rose there strong and slim and beautiful and of use to men, but terrible as an army with banners. And though Simon Lovat and his wife Cecily said nothing to each other about it, yet there arose in both their minds that the bridge demanded and needed something. And ancient lore of bridges came to them in lightning flashes of memory — old stories of terror that told of human sacrifice before a bridge would stand. What ancient mysticism made the priests of the *Pons Sublicius* of olden Rome throw dummies of human beings into the Tiber on festal days? What horror of old made British Vortigern build his castle over the dead body of a murdered boy? Even in China of to-day — a pig is thrown into the river in times of flood that the bridge may hold. And gnarled old masons told tales. . . .

OLD wives' tales! Ancient vile superstition! And yet! What wisdom had departed from the world since ancient days. Not spiritual wisdom alone but material wisdom. How were the great blocks of the pyramids raised? We weren't certain of that! The mighty things of Easter Island, yes, and the great stone legacies of the Incas. We didn't know. And the progress of the world was not spiritual. It was material. And we weren't even certain of material things.

Why did they do it, Lovat pondered! Was it a sacrifice to the bridge itself? A tribute to the idol they had made with their own hands? Hardly! For that would be the idea of barbarians and barbarians never built great bridges. Was it a sacrifice to the cruelty of the great elements that might endanger the bridge? Possibly. And yet storm was so powerful and so cruel when it felt that way that nothing would hinder it. What was it? He didn't know.

And yet the bridge demanded, needed something.

Cecily felt it, too, he knew, for she spoke one evening in the lamplight, with averted eyes.

"Dearest one, it sounds a silly question, but why are you building the bridge?"

"Because it's my work, Cecily, to build bridges." He felt what she meant.

"Dearest one, if the bridge were to fall, you would be heart-broken, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid I would, Cecily."

"Why, dearest one? Is it because you are proud of your bridge? That you want generations to remember you by your bridge?"

"No, Cecily," he thought seriously. "It isn't that. I — I'm just a helper of the Master Mason, and if the bridge were to fall, I should feel I was a poor, an unworthy helper. That's how I feel, Cecily. That's why I would be heart-broken."

She put the sewing work she was doing down, and came to him, her eyes misty. She took his hands. She knelt by his side.

"I know, my lover," she whispered, a little huskily. "But your bridge will never fall. Believe it, dearest one. Believe it night and day."

But the bridge bothered him. And all her wise courage could not still its silent clamor. He could watch the ant-like battalions of men as they laid stone on stone, chanting in the guttural *Chibcha* as the bridge builders of Persia chanted when they built the *Perl-i-Khaju* at Ispahan. But above their voices came the silent voice of the bridge, loud as thunder. Until he could stand it no longer:

"What is it you want? In God's name, what do you want?"

"You know."

"I don't know."

"Ta-wak knew when he builded the great wall of China."

"I don't know."

"King Cheops knew when he builded his great pyramid at Ghizeh."

"But I don't know."

"The Romans knew when they raised the bridges of Gaul. You know, building me."

"I don't know. I won't know." Lovat broke from the place, his forehead damp with perspiration. And as he went toward his cottage, it seemed to him that the jungle and the mountains and all the creatures of the wilds were watching with their inhuman apathetic eyes the Titanic struggle between himself and the thing he had conceived into being, out of lifeless iron and dumb stone.

FOR two days in the South American city Lovat now raged like a madman, now was limp and gray as if all life had left him. The storm crashed like artillery. The wind swirled in terrific outshoots of uncontrolled power. Rain whorled like a waterburst. And all the time there ran through Lovat's head the unending, pounding rhythm: "The bridge — the bridge is down. Is down! The bridge! The bridge is down!" Statesmen and ministers looked at him in pity, forgetting the country's loss in the great grief of the artist.

Cecily he wasn't worried about. He knew she was all right. There was an army to take care of her there, and their home was solid, would last against the deluge.

Three days ago and no warning of this catacylsm. And now, to-day! To-day was like the Day of Judgment. To be sure a half-crazy astronomer had predicted the end of the world, and sane scientists had pooh-poohed, saying that there might be bad weather from the stellar conjunctions, but outside of that — nothing. And then suddenly this immensity of flood. Down in the lowlands on the shore of the Caribbees, there had been havoc past imagining. Whole towns were swept away. There had been no chance of getting in touch with the bridge. All telegraph wires were down.

Now it was Wednesday, and on Sunday he had left to discuss some details of the opening with the ministry and he had asked Cecily to come with him, but she would not go.

"Lover, no," she had said. "I would rather stay here by the bridge."

"But, Cecily, you haven't been away from here in two months! Wouldn't you like to come to the city? There'll be clothes to buy and people to see, and an opera from Madrid. Come, Cecily."

"Dearest one, no!" she had refused. She smiled. "One of us must stay by the bridge."

"But, Cecily ——"

"No! No!"

She loved the bridge as much as he.

On the little platform of the working railroad station he had said good-bye to her. The train started and she ran alongside.

"Stop the train!" she cried.

He pulled the emergency cord. The brakes ground.

"What is it, Cecily? Changing your mind?"

"Dearest one, I just want to kiss you again before you go. Just once more. I'm a silly woman."

"Come with me, Cecily. Come as you are. We can get you clothes in town."

"No, lover. I must stay and take care of your bridge. I don't mind who's looking, lover. Just — kiss me again."

Had she some premonition of the disaster? Did that spiritual wisdom which we call intuition, tell her of ruin that was hovering like a hawk? Poor Cecily! How heart-broken she'd be. Her eyes, her poor eyes, would be burnt with crying. Poor Cecily! Perhaps he could make her believe it didn't matter. Nothing mattered so long as he had her. Ah, but it did! He would never build another bridge. He might do mighty structures of iron and cement, immense feats of engineering, but never a great stone bridge again. Never again! . . . Poor Cecily!

HE HAD steeled himself to see it all, and on Saturday when the storm had subsided, and the little train started up the mountainside, his face was a gray mask, and the nearer the top he came, the more impassive, the grayer was his face. A little turn of a boulder and he knew he'd see the ruin. A few piles and the welter of the swollen river attacking them. His eyes were open, but he saw nothing. The official beside him suddenly screamed.

"My God! Excellency! The bridge!"

"Yes, I know. The bridge is down."

"The bridge is there. Excellency, the bridge is there!"

All Lovat could do was to laugh, a vacant laugh. Yes, it was there. But it was so impossible. The sun suddenly flashed behind it, and he saw the arrogant white structure soar like a bird, joining green hill to green hill. Beneath it rolled an unknown river, not the tumbling snarling river of a week before, but a brown concave current, become gigantic, flying northward to the greatest of waters and carrying on its thewed back death and desolation. There was something that looked like a man and then an ox. And here was a wreckage of a homestead. And there was a jaguar and here was a great serpent of the jungle, and now a horse and here a gigantic tree. But the bridge spurned the river, floated on it like a swan. Lovat jumped off on the platform.

"It holds. It stays." He cried exultantly. He rushed toward the house. "Cecily, it holds."

But he felt, as he flung open the door, that the house was empty.

"Cecily! Where are you, Cecily?"

There was no one there but a weeping terrified maid.

"Where is madame? Where is your *señora?*"

But she only wept and wrung her hands. Lovat, half-crazy, yanked her to her feet, and shook her.

"Where is madame?

"Cecily! Cecily!"

He ran outside. It suddenly occurred to him that all his men made way for him from the station with silent pitying eyes. Why, they should have been cheering, too, but for something ——

"Cecily! Cecily!" He ran around the little house.

One of the big Inca foremen detached himself from a standing group, and stood in front of the frenzied man.

"Excellency," he said, "there's no good calling madame. Madame has left us."

"Left us? What do you mean?"

"Excellency" — the big Indian threw his hands toward the river — "the bridge is there, but madame has left us. Don't you understand?"

With numbing force the blow descended on Lovat.

"The bridge took her, you mean."

"No, *señor*. She left us."

Lovat suddenly straightened up.

"Mason, what do you mean?"

"*Señor,* when the wind came and the flood, the men quit. The wind shrieked through the arches. The river rose and attacked the piers. And the bridge groaned, and we left. It was the will of God, we thought. He didn't want this chasm joined."

"And I came up toward your house, *señor,* to see if everything was right there. I met madame on the path. She had her big black cloak on.

"'You had better go back, *señora,*' I said.

"'I am going to the bridge,' she said.

"'But it is growing black as night, *señora,* you had better go back.'

"'Stand aside, Vicente,' was all she said. And there was something in her eyes that made me give way. She went on.

"Excellency, I loved madame as did every-one here. And she liked me, and I was your man. I followed her down the path. I caught up to her at the bridge. It was blue-dark like twilight. The bridge was quivering. I caught the edge of her cape.

"'What are you going to do, *señora?*'

"'Stand aside, Vicente.'

"'You are crazy, *señora!*' I cried out.

"'No, Vicente, I am wise.'

"'You mustn't, *señora!*'

"'I must, Vicente.'

"'Let me, *señora,*' I pleaded.

"'Vicente,' she said, 'you've done your work on the bridge. Now I must do mine.'

"I couldn't stop her, Excellency. Something in the face, in the eyes — I don't know — I dropped on my knees. She moved over the bridge.

"Excellency, from the time she was on it the bridge stopped quivering, the wind hushed. I saw her drop her cloak as she stood in the center. I saw her step forward, sure, unafraid. And for an instant I saw her, like a blossom in the wind. . . .

"And so, Excellency, the bridge stands, will always stand. . . ."

So there it was all finished, all done, and for the last time Lovat looked at it, saw the mountains, the tumbling river, the white span of the bridge. But the bridge and he were finished now. His work was done.

The little Latin-American official touched his elbow deferentially.

"Excellency, the train!"

"Yes, the train," Lovat repeated mechanically. His companion looked at him with grave sympathy. Only three months ago Lovat was a young and happy bridegroom. To-day the builder was a grave gray-haired man.

Yes, the bridge was done, Lovat knew. A little while ago it was just the product of his hand and genius and will, a thing of himself. But now it was a fulfilled entity with its own duties, its own uses, its own destiny. Over it went trains joining country to country and sea to sea. Over it went the loping Latin people. Over it went the little patient burros. In confidence all went over it.

"IT WILL stand," Lovat knew. "It will always stand."

But there was no high note of proud achievement in his thought. It would not stand because of skill in building or strength in masonry. But because there guarded it one whose pleading sacrificed fingers would unclench the angry hand of God. Flood and thunder and immense winds would spare it because of that guardian like a white flame, to whose unselfishness selfish nature must do reverence.

The official ventured to recall him.

"Excellency!"

"Just one more moment!"

He had a vision of her for the moment and his throat quivered and his eyes were uncertain. He saw her in her white, billowing gown with her dark head and face like a flower. Two brown shy little children were standing fearful of the bridge, and she knelt to them. "Come, darlings," he could hear the deep remembered voice. She led them confidently across his bridge, and as she led them she smiled to him.

Well, he must go. There was other work to be done, other bridges to build, until the time the Master of the Masons told him to rest. He must be about his work.

"All our life is work," he said to himself as he boarded the train. "All our love is comradeship."

Well, there was work to be done, and there was comradeship. She would always be with him now, being dead. . . .

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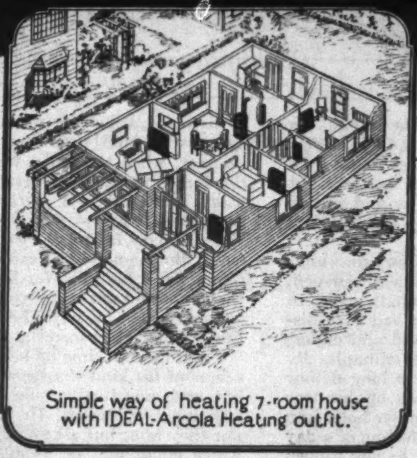

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There Are Smiles

—Continued from page 16

“Alice of Sunshine Alley” was heralded in twenty-four sheet lithographs from every fence.

The papers seemed to print her name nearly every day. They published her picture, with and without her devoted dogs and cats; dwelt on her smile, her simplicity and courtesy. And then, in October, when “Alice” actually appeared at the finest theatre in Chicago, and great notables of the theatre and screen came trooping out from New York, and even from Los Angeles, and the Mayor gave Laura Lane an imposing dinner at which the Governor spoke, our little suburb almost burst with self-consciousness.

The other striking event was the strange climax in the affairs of former Congressman Lameaux, which was not heralded from fences and newspapers but passed by swift whisperings everywhere in town.

The Congressman must have been, at this time, a man of nearly sixty. He had represented our district in the national House for a number of terms, and after his defeat as a rather prominent lame duck, was always “taken care of” by the Grand Old Party, serving with apparent distinction on boundary and tariff, and other Federal commissions. He had no business but politics. He had married a few years back a third wife.

It transpired now — though no one seemed to have noted the coincidence earlier — that shortly after the Congressman gave up his desk in the Capitol at Washington and took the Bainbridge property, a quiet appearing though distinctly pretty widow with one child, a Mrs. Endon, or Enderby, moved into a modest house in South Sunbury, and lived there for years, paying her bills and attracting no particular attention. But, early on an October morning she hid in some shrubbery in the Lameaux backyard, waited for the milkman to come and go, and then put arsenic or some other poison into the cream bottle and all the milk bottles, carefully replacing the paper tops. She was observed leaving through the back gate by a homeward-bound night watchman. That day every person in the house was taken violently ill; the Congressman, his young wife, the two children, a boy and a girl, the three house servants and the chauffeur. During the twenty-four hours next following there was every promise of a hideous murder case. But then, without a public word, all recovered, the Congressman went on about his business, and the pretty widow continued to live quietly, though now completely ostracized, in the little house in South Sunbury.

I am relating all the known facts. There were never any court proceedings. It was all hushed up as if it had never occurred. The Grand Old Party continued unfailingly to take care of its own.

That exciting day is further fixed in my memory by the interview with Lane. I hadn't seen him for some time. He called me up, however, suggesting that we lunch together in town He looked to me worn and a thought seedy. There were lines of mental and physical weariness about his eyes. And he was more nervous than formerly; constantly moving his hands, playing with the forks and spoons; and he kept twisting his neck about in his collar.

I never found out why he called up. Apparently it was out of a profound hunger for friendly speech. He told me nothing whatever of his plans. I would have liked to find some way of directing our casual chat into more sympathetic channels, but he was curiously inaccessible. Indeed, he baffled me. And he shocked me with one startling utterance. I can see him now, looking vaguely past my shoulder and twisting a fork around and around.

“Old man,” he said, “I think I'm going to hell.”

And then on one of the later afternoon trains out of Sunbury, I encountered his wife.

The only vacant seat in the car I entered was beside her. Heaven knows I didn't want to talk with her or see her. But the sight of her was confusing; I lost what little *savoir faire* I may at moments flatter myself I possess; hovered clumsily, after meeting her cool smile with an unsmiling bow, over that seat, delayed too long; finally, took it. And then, during the brief time before the train started, I could only open my paper and pretend to be reading it. . . No clumsy boy could have suffered from a meaner self-consciousness than mine as the moments crawled miserably by.

I could see Lane's face as vividly as if he were still before me across a table; and could hear him so quietly saying: “Old man, I think I'm going to hell!” . . . It was even more vivid now, in my mind's eye; for here beside me sat that woman. Never had I seen her cooler, smoother, or more curiously hard. Her complacency was so deep-seated, back of that rather primly set mouth!

For that matter — who wouldn't be complacent with such an amazing success as hers. She was labeled, established the one creative artist above every other that my country chose to acclaim, or so I felt her then. You could no more argue with her than with a reigning queen.

And so, in my dejection, I chose to argue, by stupid masculine indirection but with a hostile animus that she must have perceived instantly.

“Life appears, after all,” said I, lowering my paper, “to run truer to melodrama than to comedy. Take the events of this morning on our block.”

“Oh?” said she.

“It has stayed pretty strongly with me all day — ” I pounded on — “the thought of that poor woman — what depths of suffering she must have gone through before she could bring herself to such an act.”

“Really,” said she, imperturbably, “I don't know that I —— ”

With a sort of perverse eagerness I told what I knew of the Lameaux story. She appeared to be listening, at any rate she bent her head forward and knit her brows slightly.

“Think,” I wound up, “how wonderful it would be to know — really know — just what is going on right now in the minds of those unfortunate people — the Congressman himself and this Mrs. Enderby who deliberately set out to kill eight people. Oh, perhaps — doubtless — she really attacked the eight only to make sure of one. To a writer how wonderful it would be to be able to look into her mind — now. That's one great weakness, of course — we writers — we don't know. We guess at emotional processes. But we have no laboratories. We can only imagine the processes of others, in the light of scanty personal experience. How trivial we all are, in the face of the real thing. . . .”

My voice trailed off into silence. For she coldly turned and gazed out the window at the dingy wooden tenements concerning which she was an accepted authority now.

From her very bearing it was evident that my remarks were to her simply incoherent and ill-timed nonsense.

I, too, looked out at those drab, ramshackle tenements; as far as the eye could see from the car window at the moment, there was nothing else visible. I saw slatterns at work in crowded, unhealthy kitchens. I saw unkempt children playing dangerously in ill-kept streets. There wasn't much sunshine there; just thousands of filthy buildings crowded with ignorant and unhappy Lithuanians and Poles and Croatians and Slovaks.

Then, changing my tone, fancying fondly that I was now establishing a meeting of our minds, I talked on rather desperately ——

“Of course, there is, however you may regard violence and the criminal impulse in general, a strong appeal to one's sympathy in the life of that woman. Surely she has suffered for years from a profound sense of injury. It is generally believed that her relationship with the Congressman dates back to a time before this last marriage of his. And it's pretty hard to be sure of our human judgments. It is absurd, of course, to cling to the old Puritan notion that a man or woman can always steer his life. There are so many lives that seem unable to get up steerage way. . . .”

Mrs. Wm. B. Snow, at this time president of the *Woman's Club*, was coming along the aisle. To her Mrs. Lane spoke — in desperation.

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Snow,” I heard her saying — “I was so sorry to miss you yesterday. If you could. . . . Oh, if Mr.” — she stumbled over my name — “would be so kind! Thank you *so* much! About the recital, Mrs. Snow, I had a letter this morning from Madame Arlotti, and she says she would be delighted to ——”

I found refuge in the smoking car.

Lane shot himself two weeks after that, in Minneapolis.

His wife promptly went into mourning, and after a small funeral in the cemetery chapel, lived quietly on in her house. Friends of the lady said that, despite the difficulties arising out of her husband's unfortunately erratic life, she had forgiven him everything and spoke of him, when she did speak, kindly.

In the following spring, her newest picture about to be released, she closed her house and went to California.

I was standing on the station platform one morning, when Professor Dogman came up. He was a picturesque figure in the wide-brimmed felt hat, the old blue cape about his shoulders, bright little black eyes peering quizzically out from beneath shaggy gray eyebrows, suggesting a sardonic Longfellow.

“Our celebrity has gone out to the land of Sunshine,” he remarked drily. “The papers say she's looking for material. . . . Material! God!” — The Professor's somewhat rugged speech had disturbed the peace of mind of more than one trustee of the University — “Material? Balzac would have dug over every square inch of that block she's been living in.”

“Every inch!” I echoed.

“But Balzac is dead,” said he.

Mustela of the Lone Hand

—Continued from page 23

path before him, eying him with the sneer of certain triumph.

Mustela's heart jumped into his throat, as he flashed about and fled for his life — straight away, alas, from his safe hole in the tree-top. And with the lightning dart of a striking rattler the fisher was after him.

Mustela had a start of perhaps twenty paces, and for a time he held his own. He dared no tricks, lest he should lose ground, for he knew his foe was as swift and as cunning as himself. But he knew himself stronger and more enduring than most of his tribe, and therefore he put his hope, for the most part, in his endurance. Moreover, there was always a chance that he might come upon some hole or crevice too narrow for his pursuer. Indeed, to a tough and indomitable spirit like Mustela's, until his enemy's fangs should finally lock themselves in his throat, there would always seem to be a chance. On and on he raced, therefore, tearing madly up or down the long, sloping trunks of ancient windfalls, springing in great airy leaps from trunk to rock, from rock to overhanging branch, in silence; and ever at his heels followed the relentless, grinning shape of his pursuer, gaining a little in the long leaps, but losing a little in the denser thickets, and so just about keeping his distance.

For all Mustela's endurance, the end of that race, in all probability, would have been for him but one swift, screeching fight, and then the dark. But at this juncture the Fates woke up and remembered some grudge against the fisher.

A moment later Mustela, just launching himself on a desperate leap, beheld in his path a huge hornets' nest suspended from a branch near the ground. Well he knew, and respected, that terrible insect, the great black hornet with the cream-white stripes about its body. But it was too late to turn aside. He crashed against the grey, papery sphere, tearing it from its cables, and flashed on, with half a dozen white-hot stings in his hind-quarters. Swerving slightly he dashed through a dense thicket hoping not only to scrape his fiery tormentors off but at the same time to gain a little on his big pursuer.

The fisher was at this stage not more than a dozen paces in the rear. He arrived, to his undoing, just as the outraged hornets poured out in a furiously humming swarm from their overturned nest. With deadly unanimity they pounced upon the fisher.

With a startled screech the fisher bounced aside and plunged for shelter. But he was too late. The great hornets were all over him. His ears and nostrils were black with them. His eyes, shut tight, were already a flaming anguish with the corroding poison of their stings. Frantically he burrowed his face into the moist earth; and madly he clawed at his ears, crushing scores of his tormentors. But he could not crush out the venom which their long stings had injected. Finding it hopeless to free himself from their swarms he tore madly through the underbrush — but blindly, crashing into trunks and rocks, heedless of everything but the fiery torture which enveloped him. Gradually the hornets fell away from him as he went, knowing that their vengeance was accomplished. At last, groping his way blindly into a crevice between two rocks, he thrust his head down into the moss; and there, a few days later, his swollen body was found by a foraging lynx. The lynx was hungry, but she only sniffed at the carcass and turned away with a growl of disappointment and suspicion.

Mustela became aware, after some minutes, that he was no longer pursued. Incredulous at first, he at length came to the conclusion that the fisher had been discouraged by his superior speed and endurance. His heart swelled with triumph. By way of precaution he made a long détour to come back to his nest, ran up his tree and slipped comfortably into his hole, and curled up to sleep with the feeling of a day well spent. He had fed full, he had robbed his fellows successfully, he had drunk the blood of his victims, he had outwitted or eluded his enemies.

Now as the summer waned, and the first keen touch of autumn set the wilderness aflame with the scarlet of maple and sumach, Mustela, for all his abounding health and prosperous hunting, grew restless with a discontent which he could not understand. Of the coming winter he had no dread. He had passed through several winters, faring well and finding that deep nest of his in the old tree a snug refuge from the fiercest storms. But now, he knew not why, the nest grew irksome to him, and his familiar hunting-grounds distasteful. Even the eager hunt, the triumphant kill itself, had lost their zest. He forgot to kill except when he was hungry. A strange fever was in his blood, a lust for wandering. And so, one wistful, softly-glowing day of Indian summer, when the violet light that bathed the forest was full of mystery and allurement, he set off on a journey. He had no thought of why he was going, or whither. When hungry, he stopped to hunt and kill and feed. But he no longer cared to conceal the remnants of his kills, for he dimly realized that he would not be returning. If running waters crossed his path, he swam them. If broad lakes intervened, he skirted them.

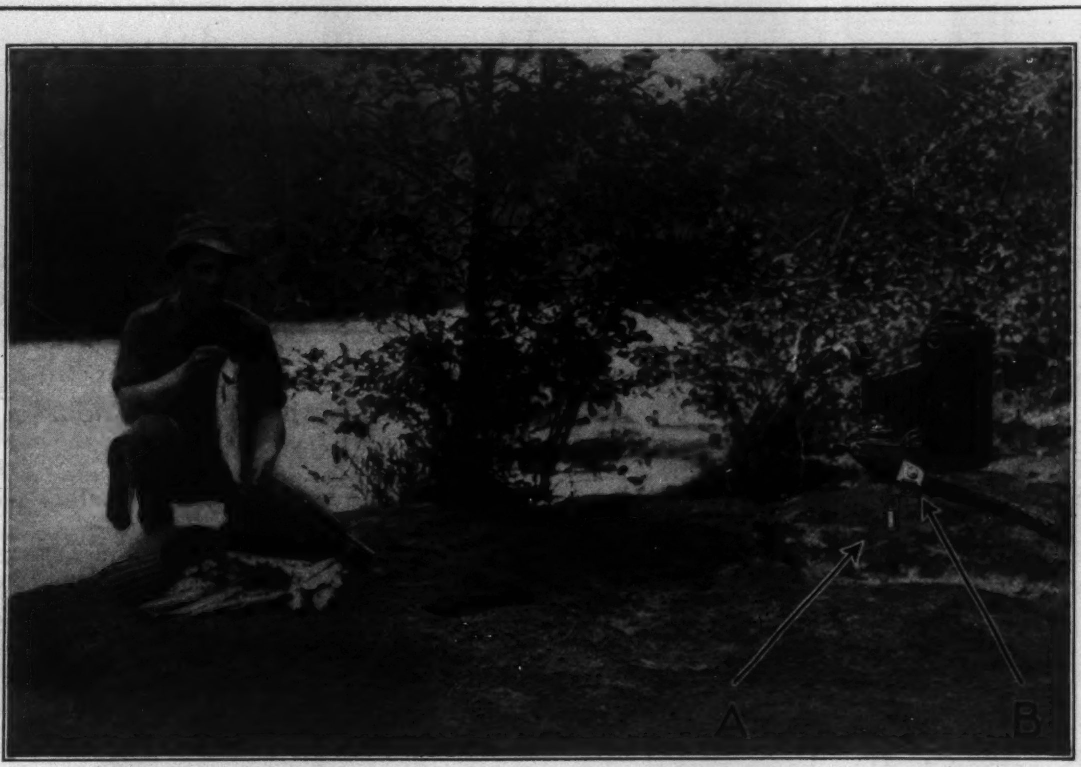
From time to time he became aware that others of his kind were moving with him — but each one furtive, silent, solitary, self-sufficing, like himself. He heeded them not, nor they him; but all, impelled by one urge which could but be blindly obeyed, kept drifting onward toward the west and north. At length, when the first snows began, Mustela stopped, in a forest not greatly different from that which he had left, but even wilder, denser, more unvisited by the foot of man. And here, the wanderlust having suddenly left his blood, he found himself a new hole, lined it warm with moss and dry grasses, and resumed his hunting with all the ancient zest.

Back in Mustela's old hunting grounds a lonely trapper, finding no more golden sable in his snares, but only mink and lynx and fox, grumbled regretfully:

“The martens hev quit. We'll see no more of 'em round these parts for another ten year.”

But he had no notion why they had quit; nor had any one else — not even Mustela himself.

This is the picture he took



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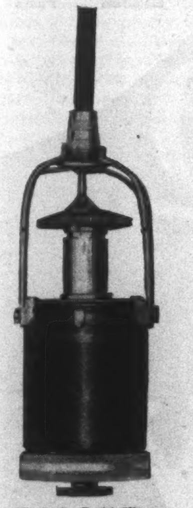

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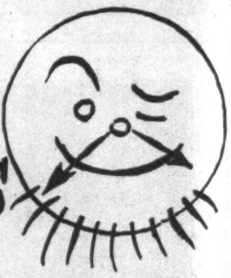

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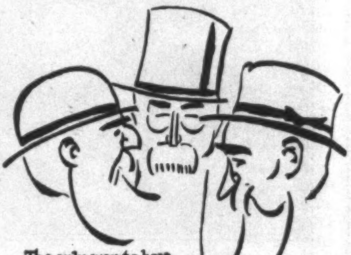

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The Wind in the South

[*Continued from page 11*]

"They're children of discontent, all right." Caswell's voice rose to fill in the long hiatus. "Twisted in the upper story; crazy for something new, and bound to have it. Man, but they're a mean bunch to handle! Why, the government kept 30,000 troops up in these woods all the time the war was on; couldn't have cut a stick of timber, if it hadn't. Organized the '4-L's' — Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, you know — to head 'em off. And they all joined the '4-L's'!" Caswell laughed, grimly. "Every mother's son of 'em wears a '4-L' button, right now, — 'tomato cans', they call 'em — and a Red Card, in his inside pocket! So you can't tell where they stand — only by their acts, and talk."

"Why don't you take McBreen's advice, then — tell 'em to go to hell?" Wessington was a soldier — a government servant, not a diplomat; his idea of the whole affair was to get results.

"You'd have to speak fifteen different languages to do it," laughed Caswell. "Why, Son! You should read the list of names on our pay-roll. We're paying out money to every type of foreigner in the world, except the Hottentot: twenty per cent. of our entire force unnaturalized. A small bunch, you'd say. Yet they're very intense, every one of them bad, and getting worse. Why, hardly a day passes that we don't have to take off a cylinder head to rub out the emery dust; or pull a crowbar out of a hollow cedar log, before it reaches the bolters; or send the wrecking crew up to replace a logging train that's been ditched 'by mistake'!

"You'd think most any one'd know better. Yet they don't seem to. Only day before yesterday we fed an eight-foot fir to the main band-saw, and hit a railroad spike that Jackson had overlooked. Busted things up, of course: half a day off for fifty men, and a lot of extra expense. Destroying capital, don't you see? — every little helps. The fifty-four Wobs that McBreen just paid off, is another instance. 'Folded arms' sabotage! Anything'll do, just so it's trouble. They'll be blowing up the mill, and burning the wharf next, I expect," he added, cheerfully. . . . "Well, how's your bloomin' old forest getting on?"

Caswell had considerately transferred the subject from his own troubles to those of the forest ranger. Wessington came back from his abstractions with a start.

"O—h, so so," he replied.

"Pretty dry summer."

"Yes."

"No sign of rain, yet."

The ranger's practised eye surveyed the horizon above the top of Lookout Mountain, expertly.

"No; no sign of rain yet."

"Fires getting pretty bad, over in Montana and Idaho — so they say."

"Yes; so they say."

"It's the driest summer I've seen here in more than twenty years," said Caswell, emphatically. "Good thing there ain't much wind."

"No; not much wind — yet," said Wessington, staring at the distant north.

CASWELL withdrew his pipe from a side pocket, and sat inspecting it critically.

"If a fire should start along the Strait here, with the wind in this direction — God! the whole Olympic Peninsula'd go up like a pinch of snuff!"

"A pinch of snuff's about what'd be left," Wessington finally admitted. "If the wind lays dead, though — everything depends upon the wind."

"Not everything!" said Caswell, with an odd quirk in his voice. "The United States Government's depending on you."

"I know it," said Wessington, with a troubled look. "And I'm going to try to keep faith. . . . Well, so long."

The ranger rose, pulled the service hat a little farther down over his eyes, and hitched his belt, with the jerk of a band, and a sudden twist of his lithe hips: "Gotta keep a-movin'."

"Back to the first love, eh?" Caswell smiled, cheerfully.

"Yes; back to the first love."

"Well — so long."

Caswell sat staring straight ahead at the hills which climbed to low peaks across the Strait of Fuca, twenty miles away. Presently he noticed that his friend had disappeared around the corner of the mill office.

Wessington moved briskly, now, along the chief thoroughfare of the town. Twenty minutes before he had heard the long blast of the noon whistle. Already the midday meal was at an end; the yellow sawdust streets were thronged with a picturesque mass of human beings — mill-hands awaiting the one o'clock call; lumber-jacks, a half-hour down from the woods, returning now in scattered groups more leisurely to their afternoon tasks.

But the hours of man's life on earth being brief at the most, and time being of a nature fleeting, those with a solemn duty to perform had seized the few golden moments before the one o'clock whistle for the dispensation of crumbs of wisdom and matured thought. Here and there, on the proverbial soap- and cracker-boxes, they held forth, in ringing tones of oratory, the brutal tragedies of the master, and the heartbreaking threnody of his down-trodden slaves.

At the outskirts of one of these groups Wessington paused. The orator of the moment was Blumberg, a Russianized German, transplanted, of his own volition, to the land against which he now so bitterly railed. A look of half-tolerant pity crossed the handsome face of the government man as he stood listening to the volleys of broken and disheveled English thundering to an echo against the more substantial peaks:

"Dthe day off dthe great proledariat iss ut handt. All vealdth to dthe peeble pelongs."

AND then Wessington noticed the girl, Katherine, across the top of the crowd, and his half-tolerant mien merged into a slow smile.

He had known her throughout the seven years of his superintendency of the Olympic National Forest. She was fifteen, at the beginning of the acquaintance. She lived with her father, "old man Conover", in a little flower-covered cottage on the outskirts of the town. Her mother had died a dozen years before. There had been, throughout the later interval, an Indian woman — of established race, though of uncertain years, of the nomenclature of Gloria Monde Jones, who did the cooking, and presided over the household.

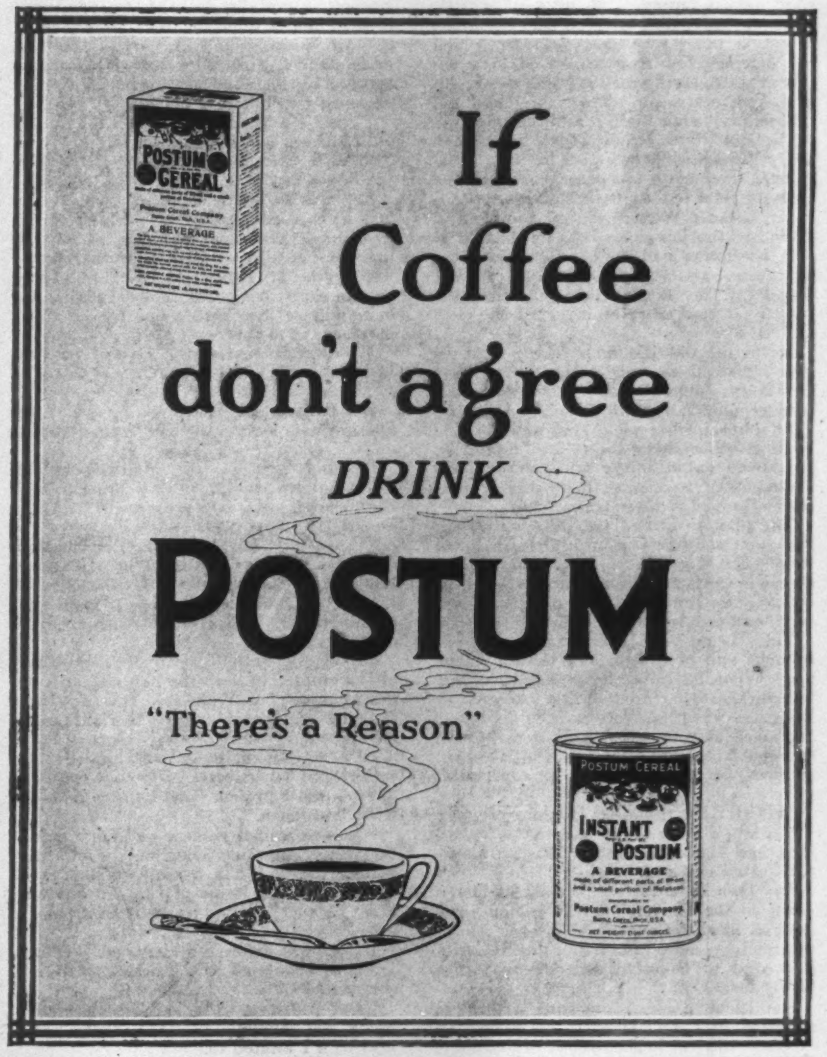
Katherine was a joyous young thing, in those days, forever chirping and laughing — joking her way among the men of the Port Discovery mills, singing along the skid roads, and on up into the forest, a tiny automatic in a belt in front of her left hip, like a really, truly bandit; stooping to gather wild flowers, kissing them, and pulling them to pieces, and then blowing them away on the wind. She simply bubbled over with the pure joy of living. She was the mascot of the Port Discovery camp, and everyone loved her.

Wessington had liked her, from their first meeting. That daredevil way of hers had appealed to the young man irresistibly. Largely devoid of convention, there was something creative in her mentality. Wherever she was, adventure seemed to hover near, things seemed always on the verge of happening.

The girl had responded in kind to Wessington's proffered friendship. She had assumed a lively interest in the science of forestry. Wessington, therefore, had gone to great lengths explaining it to her — talked to her about trees, as if they were human beings and could be conversed with intelligently; told her when and how to feed them, and how to minister to them in case of sudden indisposition; explained to her that trees, in their youth, grow much like children, sometimes quarrel over their food and sunshine, and die tragic deaths in the shade of their ancestors.

At all of which she laughed delightedly, her cheeks flaming like two pink roses, and her black eyes snapping. After that, when the snows on the top of Storm King melted before June, she fully understood the dire significance of it; and when the chlorophyl failed to come up in the spruce by March, they were able to worry about it together.

They even passed clear beyond forestry, in their scientific investigations. During one delightful period they had, together, nurtured back to life and a state of grim combativeness, a baby cougar cat, which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DRINK
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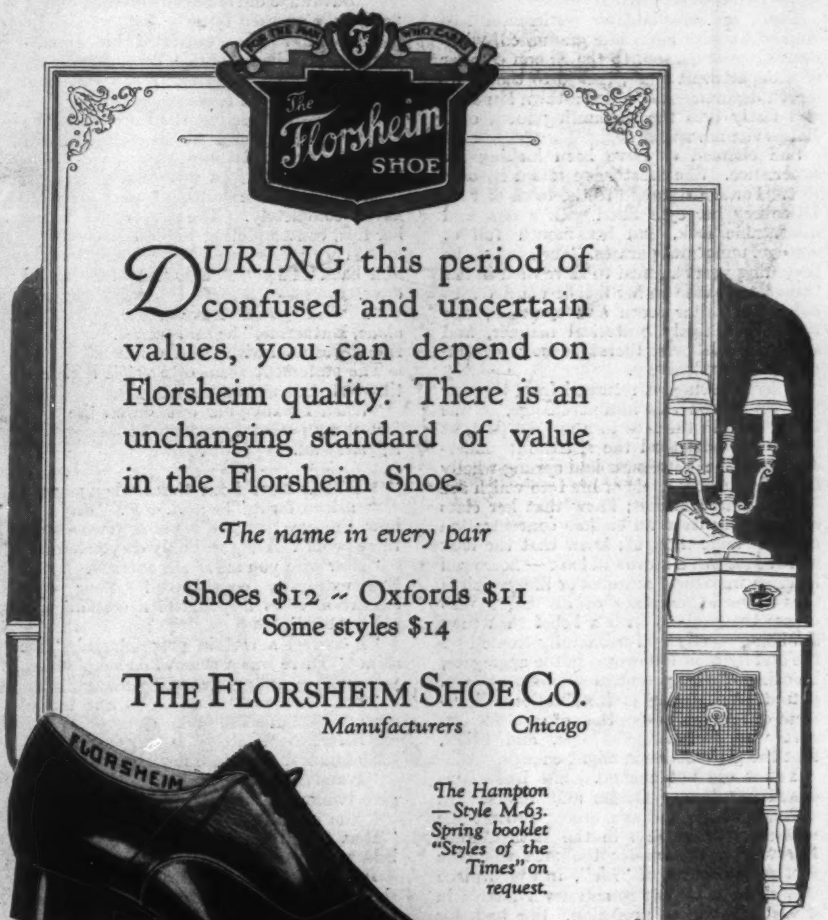

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they finally, however, abandoned in self-defense. Later they directed their combined attention upon two spotted fawns, which the logging crew had discovered in a depleted state, crying for food and drink, up in Lost Creek basin. These they had fed alternately, impartially, and despite the protests of Gloria Monde Jones, three times a day, from a rubber-nippled bottle.

Then the pursuit was abandoned, and the animals returned to their native environment, because Wessington was too busy to attend to the job alone — so he claimed — and Katherine had gone to complete her education, at the high school, in Port Angeles. The fawns, however, like the cougar cat, had more than served the ends of Destiny.

Katherine did the high school in three years, instead of four, returning to Port Discovery, punctiliously, each week-end, because she had been informed that the chlorophyl might not come back in the larch at all, and the forest itself would be apt to go up in smoke and ashes, if she stayed away, and because she gravely pretended to believe these things.

The plan to attend the state university was summarily broken into, at least for a time. The World War, like a sudden knife-thrust in the heart, gloomed across America. Wessington, forthwith, joined an Engineer corps and prepared to go away.

Yet, being straightforward both in thought and in speech, and having things heavy upon his mind, he explained to her, before his departure, certain visions of happiness which lay very near to his heart, cautioned her to take good care of the Olympic National Forest during his absence, and meanwhile not to forget its supervisor.

AND SHE had promised, laughing brightly through a certain number of tears, and they had kissed each other like two unsophisticated children.

And then he had left. And she had gone down to the University. To each it had been an idealistic experience, a brief period in Arcady — more than half a dream. And it proved to be all a dream — as things finally turned out.

She spent a year, and one additional semester, at the University, simulating an excessive interest in the subject of sociology, in the hands of an original thinker.

Then, an inexplainable restlessness had seemed to seize her. She graduated, without rhyme or reason, to the ribbon counter of a department store; thence to the fancy starch department of a down-town laundry, and lastly into the accounting room of a Bolshevist newspaper.

She claimed to have been looking for experience. She must have found it, of a sort. For she returned to the town of Port Discovery her eyes filled with a new and inscrutable look, and her mouth full of strange, unnatural phrases. The song of the preceding years seemed to have died in her throat, the smile on her lips had curled into a look of bitter scorn and cynicism, she talked in a highly oratorical manner, and she read Bolshevist literature now, continually and exclusively.

When Wessington returned from the war and discovered this abrupt change, it was like a blow in the face to him. In part, at least, he understood the situation; understood that her bitterness had sprung wholly from the narrow circle of life into which she had projected herself; knew that her class hatred arose from an endless concentration upon a single thought; knew that the look on her face was a borrowed look — borrowed from an unnatural sourness of life, which is the universal heritage of all those who obsess their minds with a belief that they are being cruelly and wrongfully treated by life and by their fellowmen in the aggregate, breeding their perennial discontent and hatred. And so they go forth in the achievement of revenge, rather than of service.

It was Wessington's hope, and belief, that the girl's attitude might change.

Yet it did not change. She had abandoned her former haunts and habits. In defiance of her father's urgent protest she worked, occasionally, in the Last Chance Restaurant, this under the plea that she was still in search of "life", in which place this commodity was sometimes available in a vast and varied profusion. She had, for purely international reasons, resigned the name of Katherine, for "Kate."

Toward Wessington her attitude was a thing impossible to disguise. He was a stranger now, to be held at arms' length — or worse. She treated him with an unmistakable coldness, gazed at him with that strange, inscrutable look of hers, and addressed him — when she did address him — as "Mr. Wessington." A space of a million miles divided them now, with the distance continually increasing. It was as if they occupied two different planets.

"There's a good girl spoiled, all right," old McBreen had sighed, dismally.

"She has reverted to type," — that was what Wessington told himself bitterly.

She was standing a-tiptoe, now, at the farther edge of the crowd, reaching up to look above the massed shoulders, so that the lines of her slim waist and comely figure were revealed to their best advantage. There was an eager, tense look in her eyes, and a half-smile on her parted lips as she stood listening, in rapt attention.

Wessington circled the crowd, moving in her direction.

"Hello, Katherine."

She twisted in a flash, saw him, and the smile of an instant before froze abruptly on her lips.

"How do you do," she said, looking him up and down coldly. "How are you and the United States Government getting along?"

"Oh — just fair," Wessington laughed easily. "What are you doing here: learning how to run the universe without friction?"

"I'm listening to an honest man talk about crooks," she said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going up to take care of the property of the crooks, to keep the honest man from destroying it," he replied. "You sure have changed considerably since the old days, haven't you?"

"I'm a woman, now," she replied. "I understand things better. No one could be happy, under present conditions — if that's what you mean."

"No one is happy under any condition if they think miserable thoughts," he informed her. "Happiness is a state of mind; it comes from the inside of us. No one was ever happier than you — once upon a time."

"That was before I understood — before I knew about all the world's sorrows," she said.

"But you seem to be looking for sorrow, now," he complained. "I could be sorry myself, if I wanted to."

"You always did laugh at suffering, didn't you?" she accused bitterly.

"Suffering?" he controlled his amusement as best he could. "Why, Blumberg, here, is the only person I see suffering. And he always did make me laugh."

The tensity of feeling, the more than half-reserve that existed between them, and which they both felt now, was an inevitable consequence: one can not dissever oneself from an intimate friendship readily, perhaps never completely. The girl stood biting her lips, contemplating him. Somehow the look in her eyes sobered Wessington, brought him back sharply to a longing for the old days.

"I wish you'd leave these fire-eaters alone, Katherine," he said earnestly. "Quit running around with them so much."

The statement seemed to nettle her. She tilted her chin at him impudently.

"When I want your opinion on the subject of my personal conduct, I'l ask you for it," she said.

"THERE have been times when you did ask me for it," he said. . . . "But anyhow, I'm sure that you're out of place among these people. They will only do you harm."

"How wise you are!" she sneered. "And how extremely considerate! Your consideration is as if you felt a certain proprietorship."

"I do feel a certain proprietorship," he said. "There was a time when we planned, you and I — oh, a great many things."

"But that was before — " She looked away from him suddenly.

"Before Ivanovitch!" he suggested.

She turned upon him fiercely:

"Ivanovitch!" she said. "I wouldn't give Ivanovitch for a million like you!"

"You couldn't use a million," he smiled. "That would be a monopoly — you don't believe in monopolies."

But she paid no heed to his remark, for she had passed suddenly beyond the range of argument.

"Why should I stand here talking to you?" she said. "You, who represent everything to which I am opposed. You are an aristocrat, a capitalist, one of the masters. You grind the poor people down, beat them into submission, and starve them — build your monuments of cash upon their ruined lives. I am of the other class — a wage slave, one of the down-trodden, working for the money-kings, selling my soul to the whims of the elect. We belong to two different planets — you and I; a million miles divide us, now. We never can — we — "

She choked suddenly upon her words and stood for a moment, helpless. Then, without further speech, she turned and hurrying across the street, vanished through the swinging doors of the Last Chance Restaurant.

Wessington stood in his tracks gazing after her, a puzzled look on his face. In her voice there had been a ring of bitterness, a stress of emotion inexplainable even upon the grounds of class hatred. Her attitude had seemed oddly personal.

"WHY ALL this vehemence?" the young man asked himself for the hundredth time as, turning his back upon the sawdust streets of Port Discovery, he entered the trail that leads upward along the left bank of Raging River to the head ranger station.

The Olympic National Forest, at the time of this narrative, covered almost the entire area of the Great Olympic Peninsula. Beginning at a point from two to five miles up from the Fuca Strait, its shoreward, or northern line, paralleled that arm of sea for practically its ninety miles of length westward to the Pacific. Rising from this northern line the Reserve ascended the numerous river beds, crept up the sides of basins, scaled the abrupt precipices, climbed finally a half-hundred mountain peaks, and descended the long slopes to the waters of Hood Canal, forty miles south.

It was a solid body of natural wealth — continuous standing timber, packed shoulder to shoulder with huge firs, cedars, spruces and hemlocks — like an army of giants standing at attention.

It represented the largest single body of protected forest on either of the two hemispheres — twenty-five hundred square miles of it; more than a million and a half acres. Its merchantable product was estimated by the government at an excess of twenty-five billion board feet: in terms of legal tender, five hundred million dollars of raw wealth, undeveloped resource, still wholly intact, and increasing in value each year.

It was the wish of a forethoughtful government to continue this timber intact, to preserve at least some part of it for the needs of to-morrow, the demands of the forthcoming years, so that generations yet unborn might, if need be, under stress, turn their eyes and their hands to the Olympic National Forest and find there the wherewithal to reconstruct their homes and churches, factories and railroads.

Thus the Olympic National was a public asset; it belonged to the people. It should be held pending their wish and need.

And Sidney Wessington was its sole custodian; upon his shoulders had descended alike the mantle, and the vast responsibility.

Wessington was in no wise dumb to this responsibility — in truth he felt it in superlative degree. Being by nature serious-minded, his quick fancy at once multiplied the obligation; long since, the thing had become a personal matter with him. Each ache and pain of the Olympic National were Wessington's ache and pain. The incipient and unavoidable typhoons, which perennially crossed the upper divides leaving trails of windfalls in their wake, wrenched his nerves irresistibly. Each coughing donkey-engine, or spark-throwing locomotive, performing its allotted task on the lower river bottoms, resolved itself into an enemy to be endlessly watched. His government had judged him fit to have charge of the Olympic National Forest, to preserve its health, and hold it inviolate against all comers. It was a sacred trust — a billion dollar trust, held for a hundred million people. It was as if they had crowned him ruler and sent him forth to insure the welfare and happiness of a nation.

And now, upon the heels of this particular midsummer season, the responsibility had increased, the stress was vastly intensified. For the rains had ceased suddenly in early May leaving, in time, a glaring August sun to beat down, white-hot and irresistible, upon a tinder-dry universe. Long since, the watersheds had given up their yearly shrift of snows. Thus the rivers were depleted; the tiny creek-beds and all the open spaces looked upward now with tearless eyes to meet the burning day, their faces drawn and cracked. Along each street and road and foot trail, the dust lay ankle-deep. The weeds and grass had withered up and died. The very earth seemed suffocating from lack of moisture. Dry winds whispered incessantly to a yet drier universe, in terms of secret disaster. Only a lighted match carelessly cast in some unguarded area — and the whole of the vast Olympic Peninsula would burst forth into flame.

And now, in addition to this grim fact, down at the town of Port Discovery were the Bolsheviki, starting on a rampage.

What would they do? What gruesome form, if any, would this new menace take? The uncertainty of the situation all but paralleled the sterner fact; it left the forest ranger in an unenviable state of suspense.

As Wessington approached the ranger cabin he observed Oakley, his chief division ranger, busy with some telephone tackle.

"Anything new?"

Wessington tossed his hat at a hook on the porch wall, missed it, and passing on through the open cabin door, retrieved a sandwich from a tin plate on the corner of the table.

"No; nothing new. A bunch of green campers trekking along the lower Elwha, this morning — seven of them."

Wessington poured himself a cup of hot coffee from a kettle on the sheet-iron stove and returning, seated himself on a sawed block beneath the trees.

"I wish they'd stay out of the woods this time of year," he complained, devouring food with apparent relish — "keep to the beach, instead. Which way did they go?"

"Up Alder Creek — fishing, they said. I warned 'em, and gave 'em a copy of the code." Oakley continued to address his telephone tackle, diligently: "A couple of prospectors, too."

"Old hands?"

"Yes; old hands. Going up beyond the Forks for the winter — so they said."

"They won't hurt anything," said Wessington, dismissing the subject through a mouthful of sandwich. "It's those greenhorn campers from the city, that throw cigarette stubs — they're the ones that can't understand. Anybody cut that fire snag up on Prospect yet?"

"Yep! Peterkin. It was spitting fire for a half-mile around. Cut it yesterday, and banked it."

"ALL RIGHT!" Wessington clipped his periods short, to fit his state of mind. "That order of extra picks and shovels came this morning; we may need them, too. What's the idea of the telephone tackle?"

"A — w, the Great Western dropped a tree across the 'phone line over on Porcupine Ridge; I'm just going up to fix it."

"Good!" snapped Wessington. "Only don't you go; send Parsons, instead. You stay here. And keep all the 'phone lines open, too — be sure of that."

Oakley glanced up at the unexpected tensity in his chief's voice, pinched his finger with the tweezers, swore, and returned to his work and his report.

"Stanford says the Pacific Coast Cattle Company's exceeding its grazing permit again. Shall I have him investigate?"

"No; call him in. We can't touch that matter for a few days yet — too busy here. Any new fires reported?"

"A small one over on Lost Creek, Bagley says. Donkey-engine: he put it out. How about that new road down the Duckabush? Smith of Twenty-seven 'phoned me: the dynamite came in yesterday."

"No; don't bother about new roads, now — only fire-trails," said Wessington. "Get all the men except the lookouts over on the north side; 'phone Macy and Rutherford; have them bring in their crews. It's fire-trails for us, now; we start building them to-morrow morning — sooner, if possible. One up the left bank of the Elwha, and one up Wildcat Canon, — on the east side of Prospect Ridge — and on both sides of Lookout — you know where I mean — and everywhere else we can; all on this side, and all leading out from Discovery. I'm going back down to the mill, to 'phone Seattle for more guards."

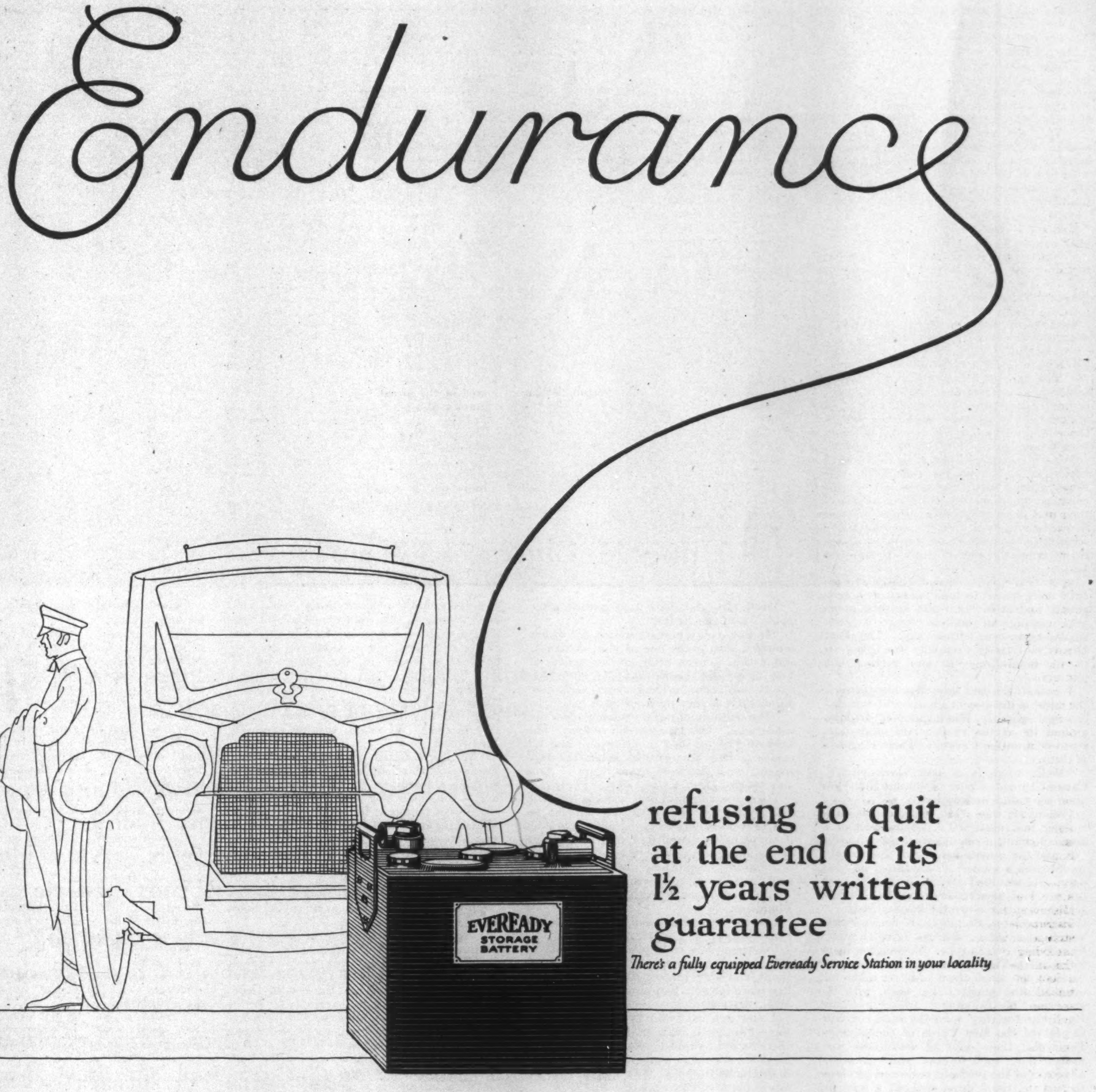
Oakley looked up quickly.

"Anything happened?" he asked.

"N — o," said Wessington, gazing off reminiscently among the trees, and chewing cold beef as he talked. "Only it's pretty awful dry, with lots of people in the woods, and — oh, a number of things."

"God, but it *is* dry," commented Oakley, screwing up his face and twisting with his tweezers at the same time. "Wind in the wrong direction, too. Fire's pretty bad over in Idaho and Montana they say."

" . . . Besides, that bunch of Bolsheviki that Caswell pays wages to is getting ready to raise Hell, I guess."



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"You don't say!"

"Yes, they want Caswell to withdraw the American troops from Russia, at once."

Oakley grinned mirthlessly.

" . . . And make Congress reject the peace pact, because Wilson worked more than eight hours a day writing it."

"The damned, foreign Bohunks!" swore Oakley, irrelevantly.

"Well, they're a pretty bad bunch," agreed Wessington, finishing his coffee in large gulps, and reaching for his hat. "So we'd just as well be careful . . . Well, I'm off. Be sure to 'phone Macy and Rutherford."

"All right."

"And put Peterson up on Lost Creek this afternoon to watch that donkey-engine."

"Say, kill a couple of them Bohunks for me, won't you?" pleaded Oakley.

" . . . And don't forget to keep the 'phone lines open!"

"Say!" bellowed Oakley.

But Wessington had already disappeared around the bend in the trail, running.

THE Forest Ranger had finished his long-distance call for more fire-guards, with results that were far from satisfactory and, returning to the front of the mill office, had seated himself gloomily upon the edge of the porch to discuss the general situation with Caswell.

Within their view, along a sandy line of beach groveled and crawled the crab-fishers, intent upon their prey; shrimp tugs coughed along a distant *bayou* dragging their nets prosaically behind them. Up and down the middle of Fuca Strait, the freight-ships of the new line came and went, nosing their impudent way into the ports of a various universe, loaded to the water-line.

Less than a city block distant, the great twin mills roared to high heaven in a perpetual contest of noise and finished products, casting an endless vomit of black smoke against a saffron sky. The Port Discovery Lumber Company was living up to its reputation — it was getting out lumber!

Wessington found himself interrupted in the midst of his speech; a number of men had emerged suddenly, like a group of shadows around the corner of the mill office, and stood confronting Caswell. There were five of them.

"Well; what is it now, Ivanovitch?" Caswell turned a pair of questioning eyes upon the group, and waited.

Ivanovitch was a tall, pale, cadaverous-looking individual with the hauteur of a Russian count, a smouldering, retrospective eye, and the general bearing of a man who would take a chance at anything, at least once. He was an I. W. W. organizer, with ten years of unenviable record behind him scattered up and down the Pacific Coast.

His associates, Blumberg, Kellerman, Scovoitch and Olsen, did not greatly differ from Ivanovitch in type. Wessington knew them all. They were of the "import" variety; not one of them had ever taken out even his first papers. Yet each, with the exception of Blumberg, spoke excellent English. For they were the soap-box contingent of the Red Cards of the Olympic Peninsula; their days of usefulness were measured by their forensic ability, and no advocate of the pitifully neglected can hope to survive, these days, without a long list of adjectives and a workable vocabulary.

The Russian addressed Caswell.

"We are a committee from the Association," he said, "come to demand readjustments; the workers are dissatisfied with conditions."

"Well, I was expecting you," said Caswell, patiently. "What's the complaint, now?"

"Not one complaint only, Mr. Caswell," said Ivanovitch. "There are several. In the first place the workers have decided upon a ten per cent. increase in pay."

"But we did increase you, a week ago."

"Yes! But that was a week ago," explained Ivanovitch, with a complacent smile.

"Our lumber contracts are all under the old scale," argued Caswell. "We have had no increase; yet we've raised you men twice in ninety days. The minimum is five dollars now. You're getting nine dollars and fifty cents a day yourself, Ivanovitch, as head rigger, whether you work or not."

"But it is not enough under present conditions," explained Ivanovitch pleasantly.

"Well; ten per cent. increase," said Caswell. "What else?"

"The men are no longer able to travel to and from, on their own time."

"You mean up to the logging camps?"

"The logging camps — yes."

"But it's less than a mile away," argued Caswell, "and you don't walk, you go and come on flats — the company hauls you. It's all in the contract."

"But we no longer recognize the contract," said Ivanovitch.

"You don't recognize the contract?" Caswell gave the Russian an amazed look. "Why, less than a week ago the company made every concession you demanded, and you signed up. Am I to understand that you repudiate the contract now?"

"That's about the size of it," blurted Olsen.

"You see, the men didn't understand the contract," explained Ivanovitch, with an ingratiating smirk.

"Those who couldn't read English, had it translated to them by their friends, did they not? It's all perfectly clear; what is it they don't understand?"

"Well, they repudiate it on general principles," said the Russian.

"And so, you repudiate a contract which complied with every one of your demands, and within a week after you've signed it! You men must know that the Port Discovery can't do business under such conditions; it's neither right nor just."

"The question of right, or wrong, does not concern us," said Ivanovitch evenly. "The workers feel justified in using any and all means at their command to attain the ends sought, with the least expenditure of time and energy."

There was a certain deadliness in the calm deliberation of the Russian's speech; he smiled reassuringly as he talked. It was as if his plans were well laid, and he was sure of the outcome.

"Besides, conditions have changed," explained Olsen, enigmatically.

"Yes; schanged for dthe vorse!" echoed Blumberg.

Caswell turned suddenly to look at the Prussian.

"Germany's a good place for your type, Blumberg," he said. "If you'd only go there, and stay there. And Russia'd be a fine place for you, just now, Ivanovitch . . Well, what else?"

Ivanovitch exhibited two rows of gleaming white teeth in a smile back of which there lurked a shrewd cunning. He straightened his shoulders visibly — struck a more dramatic attitude, as if to match the next lap in his program.

Around the corner of the mill office came old McBreen and, seeing the group standing there, paused as if spell-bound, eyes wide and defiant, arms hanging limply at his side, looking them up and down. The situation was not unlike a scene on the stage, in a drama of more or less uncertain conclusion.

The Russian spoke:

"The Brotherhood demands that all fellow workers be released at once from captivity," he said.

"You mean war prisoners, syndicalists, and such?"

"Fellow workers — yes."

Caswell arose and began pacing up and down in front of the mill office.

"Well, they were 'workers' all right," he admitted, "as long as they were permitted at large. You know, however, don't you, that the Port Discovery Lumber Company doesn't control the United States Department of Justice?"

"Your company might endorse the idea," suggested Ivanovitch, with an evil grin.

"I suppose we might, if we saw fit," admitted Caswell. "Do you fellows think you could operate this plant, if we'd give it to you?"

"Give it to us!" sneered Olsen.

"Gif it to us!" barked Blumberg. "It alretty yet pelongs to us, by rights."

Ivanovitch felt the sudden need of better English.

"All wealth is the result of labor," he explained to Caswell, as if he were instructing an eighth-grade pupil. "It belongs to the workers by rights."

"It belongs to the taxpayers, doesn't it?" inquired Caswell bluntly — "the taxpayers and the voters."

"It belongs to all the people — the great proletariat: we produced it," Ivanovitch further explained.

"You didn't produce the forest, did you?" inquired Caswell, patiently.

"No; but we own it," blurted Olsen, swaggering, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth.

"You!" exploded McBreen. "Why, say, you ginks don't own anything! And you don't belong in this country, either. There ain't a drop of American blood in any one of yer carcasses, nor a taxpayer, nor the head of a family in the whole lot of ye."

"Quiet, McBreen," said Caswell steadily. "That doesn't get us anywhere. Don't you men feel any responsibility whatever, in this matter?" he asked, turning again to Ivanovitch.

"We are of the working class," said Ivanovitch, throwing back his shoulders and striking suddenly an oratorical pose. "You are of the employing class. Between these two forces there can be nothing in common — nothing but war to the last. The tactics which we employ, in gaining the ends sought, are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. And we have the organization."

"Fine little speech that, anyhow," barked McBreen, and received a reproving look from Caswell.

"At the present moment we are making certain demands," Ivanovitch ran on glibly.

"Well, I should say you are!" Caswell observed the Russian with a look of positive admiration. "What are the rest of them, Ivanovitch?"

"The workers are unanimous in demanding that all American troops be withdrawn from Russian soil, at once."

"You're making that demand of the Port Discovery Lumber Company?"

"It is one of our conditions — yes," said Ivanovitch.

Caswell arose from the edge of the porch where he had reseated himself during the Russian's speech. Glancing casually back through the open door of the mill office for a moment, he turned and addressed the committee:

"Ivanovitch," he said, "you and Blumberg, and a few other foreigners, are making all this trouble. The Port Discovery men were all right till you came here. They were entirely satisfied with their jobs; they wanted work, and we were in need of labor. This company always has met every decent demand of its employees, and it always will. It recognizes the rights of the union, and it is willing to cooperate with its workers.

"But you revolutionists are not workers. You do not want to work. And you do not want the men to work. Neither do you want these concessions granted — you're not here to get concessions. Your plan is to force a strike, cripple this company, stop the production of lumber, and stir the men to violence, if possible. That's why you're here; trouble's the thing you're looking for, and by God maybe you'll get a bellyful of it yet!"

"Your words but prove my previous statement," said the Russian evenly. "Between the workers, and the masters, there can be nothing but war to the death."

"With men like you and Blumberg manipulating the workers, your statement's correct," said Caswell. "Is that all of your demands?"

"Not quite all," said Ivanovitch, permitting himself another malevolent grin. "But here is a typewritten list of the things we wish corrected."

Caswell took the list.

"I'll think the matter over," he said.

"The men will strike, of course, if the concessions are not granted," explained the Russian.

"I understand!"

"At twelve o'clock noon, then, to-morrow," said Ivanovitch, ominously.

"Well; I'll think the matter over."

"Vun kvits undt all kvits," said Blumberg. "A chenerail shtrike, Misther Gasvell."

"All right: I'll let you know . . . "

The quintette disappeared around the corner of the mill office.

Caswell sat for a moment staring straight ahead at the August sunlight beating up hot and glistening from the surface of Fuca Strait. In his mild eyes there had come a retrospective look.

"Oh Eddie!" he called back presently, over his shoulder. "Come here."

A bespectacled youth, with a pen behind an ear, appeared in the office doorway.

"Eddie, you know that telegram we wrote, a couple of weeks ago, to the Eureka Employment Agency down in Seattle? Well, send it out right away. We want three hundred new men up here as fast as they can deliver them."

McBreen drew a sudden, jubilant breath through his teeth.

"God! Then we're goin' straight ahead, after all!"

Caswell twisted around slowly, to look at his mill foreman.

"Us?" he said. "Why, of course, we're going ahead. Gather in all your trusties, McBreen, and set your house in order. The strike-breakers will begin to arrive to-morrow, and then there'll sure be trouble of some sort. How many men will stick, do you think?"

"Oh — about forty per cent."

"H—m!" Caswell seemed to have settled once more into his supernatural calm: "Sixty per cent. of 'em Bolsheviki, then — temporarily."

"Well — *about* sixty per cent, I guess," yawned McBreen. "Any further instructions?"

Caswell turned a luminous gaze upon his foreman: "Watch your mill and wharf pretty close," he said. "The yellow-jackets are awful bad this summer."

"Yes; I've noticed that," grinned McBreen . . . "Well, this makes more work for Little Willie." McBreen rose, stretched his huge arms above his head, and started away whistling "Little Liza Jane" softly to himself.

As he came opposite Wessington he paused suddenly and gave the forest-ranger a knowing wink.

"Hell's a-goin' to be a-poppin' around here, pretty soon!" he whispered. Then he disappeared abruptly around the corner of the mill office.

WESSINGTON arose to his feet stiffly and moved away up the sawdust street. His brain was in a whirl; the unusual character of the immediate events had unfocused his vision.

The conference he had just listened to had been a farce, deliberately staged for some preconceived purpose. And as a farce, or even as something more than a farce, it had proven flat, sordid, commonplace, meeting in no sense the requirements of drama.

Yet instinctively Wessington knew that things had transpired during the past half-hour, there in front of the mill office, far more deadly in their significance than the surface acts would indicate. What did they mean, anyhow? What were Ivanovitch and his group of wild-eyed followers attempting to accomplish through this burlesque conference?

"The question of right or wrong does not concern us," — so they had announced. The ranger slowed his pace suddenly, to a snail's gait. "All wealth belongs to the people; these Port Discovery mills are ours!" That was what they had said — these were the thoughts that they had in mind: "The things that belong to the people they do with as they please."

The ranger paused suddenly in his tracks. Then the thing was not to be a strike

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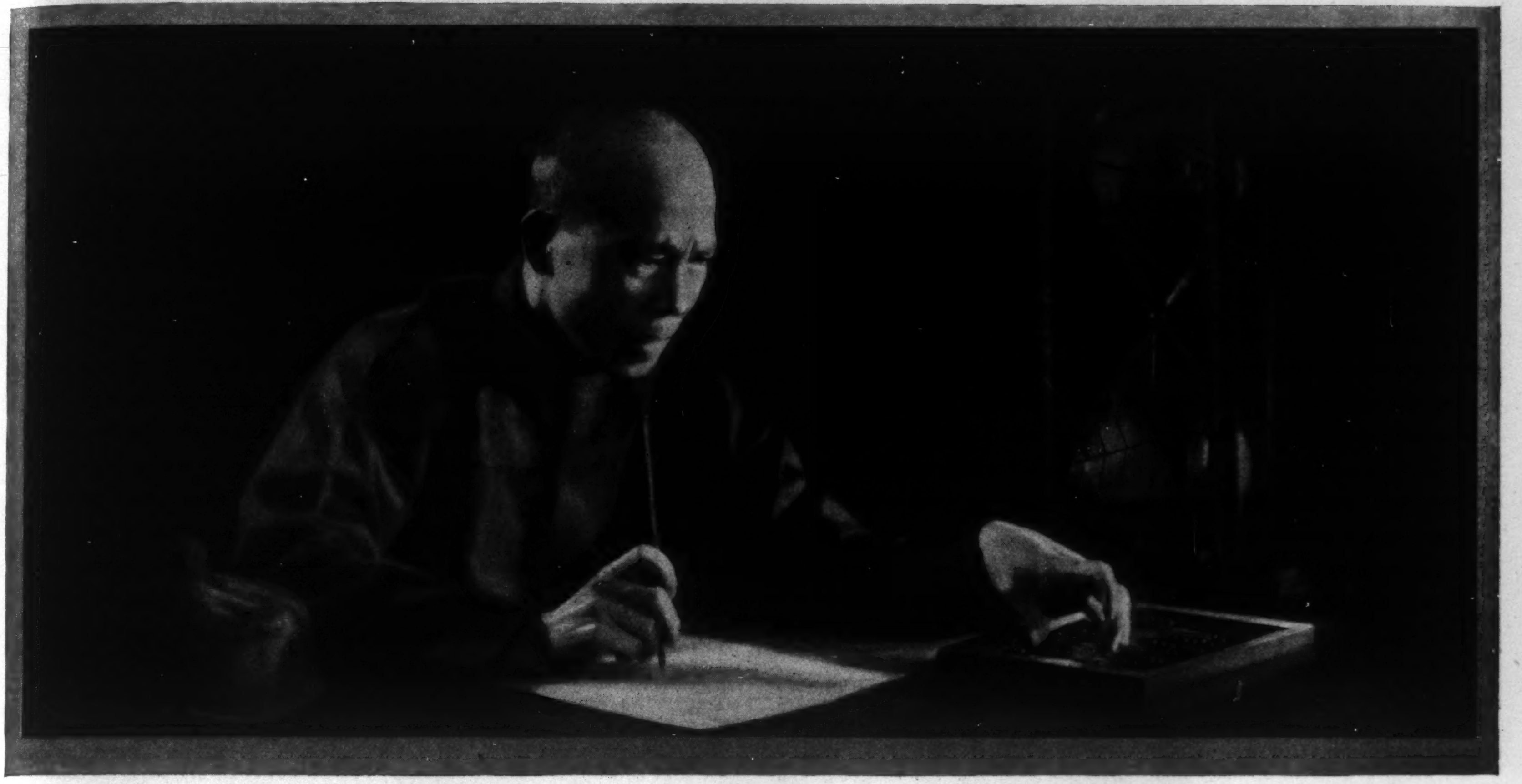

FOR a thousand years China has added, tabulated and figured with this same "abacus." And look what China is today!

Men and nations who don't change their methods must yield to more enlightened competitors. A good idea that isn't developed to its fullest possibility finally becomes a handicap—not a help. Countries and concerns alike, satisfied to carry on with obsolete rules and tools, are always at the mercy of progress and foresight.

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after all — it was to be something more than a strike!

And beyond all that, Caswell himself knew it: knew that it was to be more than a strike. Caswell's supernatural calm had been a thing assumed — a mask which he had suddenly put on to disguise his true feelings in the matter. And McBreen — here was a wise old head: "Hell will be a poppin' here, pretty soon!" so much for pugnacious old McBreen.

Wessington turned suddenly and retraced his steps, back to the mill office; for it held the nearest available telephone. Calling up his chief, he made a full report of conditions.

Then he sat, for a time, summing up the situation, scolding himself roundly for his pains. What a fool he was to be anticipating trouble — thinking up all these unnecessary precautions. Yet precautions never did kill any one; and soldiers made good fire fighters, in emergency. They'd been thus employed many times before, all over the West. He remembered distinctly about it; what were soldiers for, anyhow!

So he called up Iverson, at Fort Casey, and McKibben, at Flagler; kept the line busy for half an hour, in fact, unraveling miles of red tape:

"Yes; soldiers were available at Casey; a thousand regulars — yes, in emergency only." And at Flagler a thousand, also: "Have to be O.K'd by the Governor, though," and so on, and so forth.

So Wessington called up the Governor: "Yes; *sometimes*, in emergency," the Governor's secretary informed him politely, over the line: he'd speak to the Governor about it. Out playing golf, this afternoon. Sorry . . . Yes, he'd let Wessington know!

"What are you doing, boy?" Caswell looked in at him through the open door of the telephone booth.

"Oh, hobnobbing with the *élite*," said Wessington, gloomily — he finally had the thing all arranged. "Been raising myself a little American Army, to check the foreign invasion."

"Well, I hope to God you won't have to use it," boomed Caswell. "But you may."

And Caswell passed on into the private office, slamming the door behind him.

Wessington moved with all speed, now. Through the front office he hurried, out under the blood-red afternoon sun, into the deserted streets, on toward the ranger trail.

He seemed to be laboring under a tremendous urge. Invisible hands appeared to be pulling at him, dragging him along — voices which whispered incessant haste into his ears. What was this inexplainable force that pursued him — this intangible thing that so filled him with fear, with frantic, knee-shaking dread?

So he ran on through the sawdust streets of Port Discovery, hit the foot trail with a bound and continued running. He arrived, at length, staggering and out of breath, at the chief ranger station, to find Oakley, his feet cocked up on a chair, mending his interminable telephone tackle.

"Oakley! Double the guards on every fire trail leading out from Discovery," he called. "Bring the men down from the upper woods, and in from the divides. Put them all in the lower forest, none more than two miles up. Divide them off into shifts. Have them each do double duty. And test out the 'phone lines again; see that they're all open. Get busy there!"

"What in hell's broke loose, now?" grumbled Oakley, laying down his tweezers with vast deliberation and turning speculative eyes upon his chief.

"Not anything at all — not yet! Just shifting the men around a little for their health, that's all . . . See that central stays at the switchboard all night if you have to chloroform her."

"Consulted a physician, yet?" asked Oakley, grinning and standing up.

" . . . And find out if the dynamite's all in shape for emergency . . . And have Twenty-three bring over those extra picks and shovels — "

Wessington had grabbed the receiver from its hook, and was struggling with central for a number.

"Some sort of a new fad, eh?" Oakley dropped his telephone tackle on the ground and tightened his belt with a jerk.

"Don't care what you call it," barked Wessington, rattling the 'phone hook, "just so you do it. The devil's about to break loose down at Discovery, in the guise of Bolsheviki, and I don't like the direction of the wind!"

Wessington stayed with the task himself until far after midnight, doling out the guard crews, checking up picks and shovels, performing a hundred other tasks, each more important than the last.

Often he paused in the midst of his labor, to listen intently for the voice of the elements. But the night seemed bereft of sound; the drouth-stricken earth prayed silently up to the dewless heavens; the giant trees loomed still and circumspect against the purple dusk; no breath of air seemed stirring anywhere over the vast Olympic Peninsula.

At two o'clock in the morning, Wessington, still in trousers and boots, crumpled for a brief space in a heap on his cot in the ranger shack; and without undue preliminaries thereafter perceived that he was flying, at night, twenty-five thousand feet up in the ether of No Man's Land, his nose pointed toward Berlin, and that a fleet of fighting planes, in battle formation, was closing swiftly in about him: "Hell will be a-poppin' here, pretty soon," he said to himself, as he tumbled and tossed in a fitful travesty of sleep, still struggling with a machine gun that continually jammed when he tried to make it work.

For there had been a night, in the summer of 1918, when that thing was not a dream.

Wessington returned from a final inspection tour to the ranger station at two o'clock of the following afternoon. His task, for the moment, was at an end. Everything within reason had been attended to. Each available man had been stationed at some strategic point; the lower fire trails were all guarded. No further precautions were possible at this hour; he must simply await developments.

Out of this temporary lull in his work there arose instantly an increased suspense. What were they doing down at Port Discovery? What had happened — or was about to happen? What form would the calamity take — if there was a calamity?

This lurid, though wholly natural curiosity, passed at length entirely beyond his control. It left a tingling in his brain which arose, at times, to a point of positive dread. He'd just go down and look the situation over — that would be the best way.

The silence of the wilderness lay thick about him as he passed along, down the foot trail. At each brief opening of the forest glade the fever-stricken earth appeared, naked, burned to a crisp under a red August sun, sick and gasping from the long drouth. The tiny spruces and hemlocks, making their valiant fight in the openings, reached filmlike fronds forth toward a prophecy of sunlight, suffocating, seared with the drouth, congealed and motionless.

Gradually, as he passed along, the ranger's face assumed a puzzled look. How quiet it was: how unusually still. The very earth itself seemed holding its breath in an endless attitude of listening — as unmoved as a granite relief, as motionless as a vast, painted picture. The situation was positively oppressive.

Wessington paused suddenly in an attitude of listening. There came a half-startled look into his eyes. It was like one who wakens suddenly in the dead of night, and sits up alarmed at some unaccountable silence — some absence of sound, like the stopping of a loud-ticking clock.

What was it that had happened? What was this unaccountable absence of sound?

Then abruptly he realized the truth. He had reached the bend in the lower trail. Always, at this point — long before this. in fact — one began to hear sounds vague and jumbled. it is true, yet definite and full of significance.

But to-day these sounds were dead; no shriek of band-saws rose to the quiet sky; no whine of planers, nor rumble of machinery came through the hot midsummer haze; no hectic cough of donkey-engine was heard on any hillside. These sounds had disappeared, winked out and vanished. The strike was on. The hand of Fate, or Fortune, had made a definite move. The mill town of Port Discovery lay wrapped in the quiet of a sudden fossilization.

As he stood listening, a twig snapped with a sudden shriek of pain, and Wessington glanced quickly beyond the bend of the trail.

"Hello, Katherine," he said. "What are you doing up here in the woods?"

[The next instalment of "The Wind in the South" will appear in the May issue.

Mark Twain as Exhibit A

—— *Continued from page 13*

aggeration which he made almost the brand and trade-mark of his humor. His assumed gravity and slow drawl heightened the effect of the ironical twist of statement that he had caught from his mother. All these devices were used at first as the instinctive means by which he could triumph over any boy who was physically or financially or otherwise his supposed superior. They became the adult means by which he always raised his ego in any company. And they were the foundations of his whole success.

American humor is what science calls a "folk-way." It is an outlet for repressed emotions in disguise. At its crudest, it relieves a suppressed hatred — as, for instance, in the practical joke, which does its victim an injury but compels him to join in the laugh at his own discomfiture if he wishes to be considered "a good sport." The joke disguises your vengeful purpose, but that purpose is the unconscious motive of your joke, and the victim shows that he recognizes your hidden motive when he responds to it with the anger and animosity which he usually suppresses. The American cartoon is this sort of cruel humor. In drama and the moving picture it takes the form of slap-stick comedy. The cruelty of the popular moving-picture humor is almost savage. And in the dressing-tent at the circus, you will hear the battered clown complain: "If I was to fall down and break my neck, these rubes would laugh themselves to death." They seem almost to hate him, and their laughter at his mishaps sounds cruel, because in that laughter they are draining off suppressed hatreds which the civilized conventions of morality have reservoired. The greater the repressions, the louder the laughter. Humor is a conspicuous quality of American life because our repressions are so general. Mark Twain tapped a well of hatred and revolt in the subconscious minds of his generation, and it paid him like an oil gusher.

In his "Huckleberry Finn", begun at 41, he allowed his repressed emotion of filial impiety to escape unconsciously against "Huck's" father; and in "Tom Sawyer", the same emotion expressed itself against "Aunt Polly", who acted as a substitute for Mark Twain's mother. Because of this impiety the books were withheld from the children's shelves by some severe public librarians of the day; but the impiety found its echo in the popular heart. The typical American retains in his subconscious mind a dynamic, repressed and undrained emotion of filial revolt, caused by his hatred of the Calvinistic Puritanism of his parents. By identifying himself with "Huck" or "Tom", he is able to drain off this emotion innocently. The heartiness of his guffaw depends upon the energy of his long-buried anger.

"The Innocents Abroad" gave the same sort of vent to a suppressed revolt against the Puritan God. Before the book was issued, a report got out that "it was to be irreverent, even blasphemous, in tone", and the head of the publishing house only forced it into print, against the fears of his directors, by threatening "to resign the management and publish the book himself." Says Paine: "It was the most daring book of the day. Passages were calculated to take the breath of the orthodox reader; only, somehow, it made him smile, too." It had a record-breaking circulation. It was found in homes whose "occupants had just two books: the Bible and 'The Innocents Abroad' — the former in good repair." The juxtaposition of the two volumes was not without significance: it was the unconscious recognition of the unconscious value of Mark Twain's volume to the American mind.

He was Robert G. Ingersoll disguised as a humorist; his unconscious timidity put that disguise on him, and prevented him from being such a satirist as Dean Swift. His sense of inferiority made him conceal his satire in buffoonery — that is to say, when he wished to satirize his reader, he satirized himself, and the reader laughed at his own absurdities put forward as Mark Twain's. It is this sense of inferiority which makes his humor seem "kindly." The laugher is playing a sort of practical joke on himself and enjoying his own discomfiture. By laughing at his shortcomings, he feels superior to them and escapes his own condemnation of them. Here is the quality in our humor which Rudyard Kipling struck at in his lines about the American's "cynic devil in his blood . . . that gilds the slough of his despond but dims the goal of his desire." The reformer attacks the slough, to drain it instead of laughing at it; and the typical American always complains of his reformers that "they have no sense of humor." If they had, of course, it is not likely that they would be reformers.

In these ways, then, Mark Twain was a typical American: he was full of the American's Puritan anxiety, and he drained off his repressed hatreds and revolts in humor. But he was not typical in that his anxiety did not drive him to industry, to commercial money-making, to worldly respectability and well-being. Why? Because, unconsciously he imitated not only his mother, but his father. During the most poverty-stricken of his childhood days, he must have sat in a family circle that fortified itself against depression by listening to John Clemens's promises of an enormous fortune to come from his "Tennessee lands", or his perpetual motion machine, or some other such visionary scheme of unearned profit. Those dreams must have registered in the boy's subconscious mind as acceptable means of escape from adversity. All through his life he pursued just such mirages of sudden wealth. At the height of his earning power, he invested huge sums in all sorts of doubtful projects. During the year 1881, for instance, he put $41,000 in "ventures" from which he never received a penny. "Almost any proposition that seemed to offer possible millions appealed to him." They bankrupted him. He dug his way out of the ruins by writing and lecturing, and he was no sooner out than he began investing again in similar schemes and inventions. An author once asked him to endorse a book "calculated to assist inventors and patentees", and he replied: "I have, as you say, been interested in patents and patentees. If your book tells how to exterminate inventors, send me nine editions. Send them by express." He bewailed his weakness for visionary investments. He could not understand it. It was ungovernably compulsive; and it betrayed him all his life.

It was, in fact, a subconscious device to escape the oppressions of reality. It allowed him to run away from the daily grind of earning a living, into a happier world of great wealth obtained without effort. And he not only ran away so in fancy. He ran away in the flesh, again and again. As a child, and as a boy, he ran away from his home, always to the river; and his early career, up to the time of his marriage, was regularly divided into periods of industry that ended in escapes into vagabondage.

The first period of industry lasted from the age of twelve to eighteen. At twelve, his father died, and he was full of remorse. "Wildness, disobedience, indifference to his father's wishes, all were remembered; a hundred things, in themselves trifling, became ghastly and heart-wringing in the knowledge that they could never be undone." His mother, "seeing his grief", took advantage of it like a true Puritan. She "led him into the room where his father lay" and over the dead body she made him "promise to be a better boy." He promised "to be a faithful and industrious man and upright, like his father."

By this means, she not only filled him with the energy of soul-fear which ordinarily drives the American boy to industrious success, she also made the dead body a symbol of guilt that ever after aroused in Mark Twain a horrible emotion of despairing fear and unreasonable remorse. In his letters and his diaries, the later deaths of his brother Henry, of his son Langdon, of his daughter Susy, are followed by the wildest accusations that he had practically killed them. His feeling of guilt, welling up ungovernably from his subconscious mind, had to be explained by his conscious intelligence; he explained it by twisting the meaning of all sorts of innocent incidents into elaborate bills of particulars against himself. This is the natural consequence of making a child see death and disease as the punishments or the warnings of Providence. In Mark Twain's advanced old age, when his whole generation was dying, it helped to reduce him to a heart-breaking pessimism and despair.

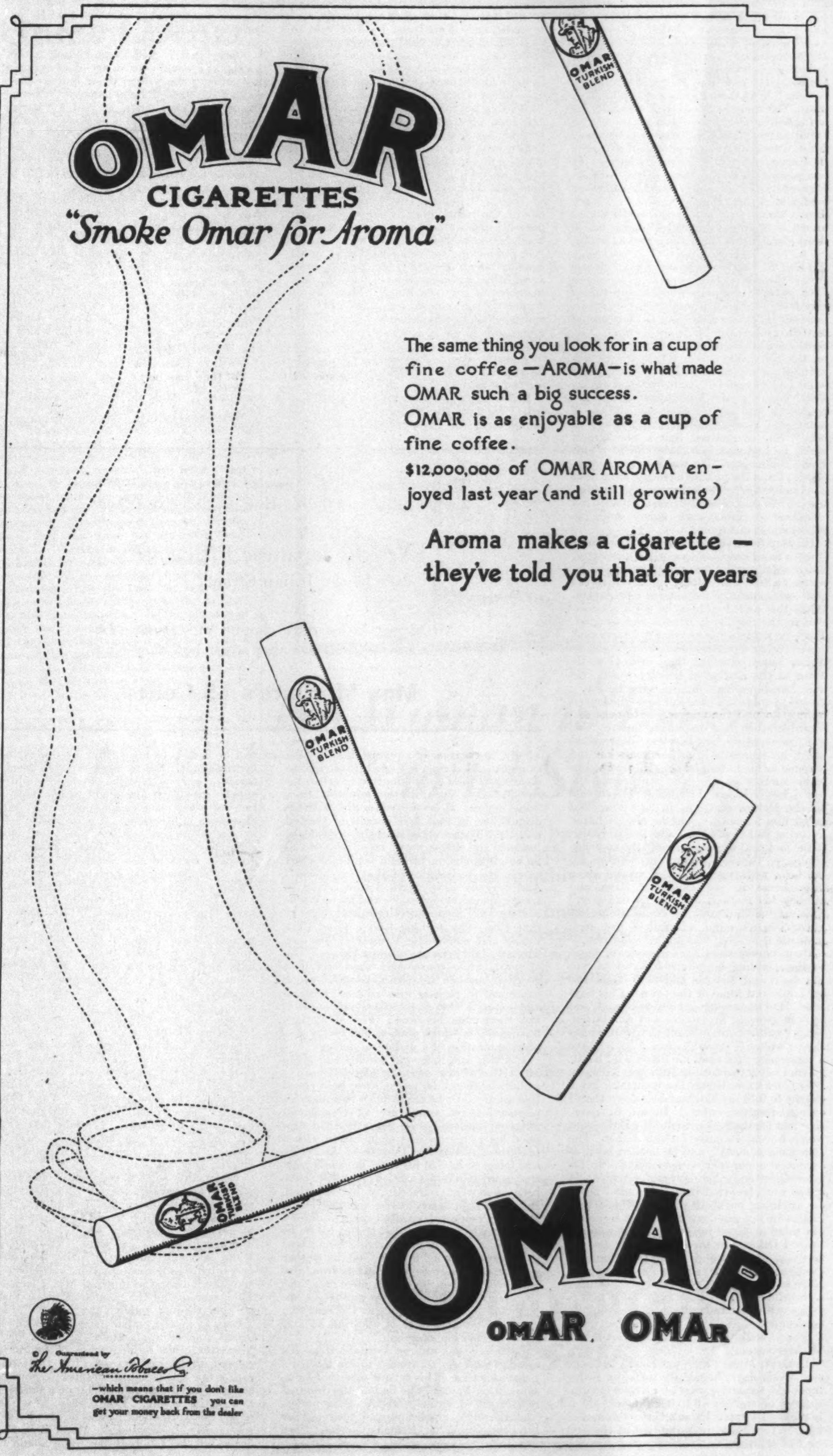
After his father's death, energized by his promise to his mother, he went to work to help support the family. He was apprenticed to a printer for board and clothes — "more board than clothes, and not much of either." He was clever and industrious, and he progressed rapidly from the position of printer's devil to a sort of subeditorship of the weekly newspaper; but he was not paid. At the end of his term of apprenticeship, his brother Orion bought a local journal, and Mark Twain went to work for him. The paper was a failure. Orion could not pay in wages, and he did not pay in praise. Mark Twain was unhappy and discouraged. His industry was receiving no reward. He declared that his brother hated him. He announced that he was going to St. Louis. Secretly he intended to go much farther. He had met a tramp-printer in the newspaper office, and he longed to get away into a tramp-printer's life of self-supporting irresponsibility. Having sworn on the Bible, to his mother, that he would not "throw a card or drink a drop of liquor", he escaped. "And so," his brother afterward wrote, "he went wandering in search of that comfort and that advancement and those rewards of industry which he had failed to find where I was — gloomy, taciturn, and selfish." It was the turning-point of Mark Twain's career. At eighteen, full of the typical American's Puritan anxiety, he had failed to find in industry the Puritan's outlet for his repressed energies and in prosperity the Puritan's surcease for his inner apprehensions.

He made his way from St. Louis to New York, from New York to Philadelphia and to Washington, and then back home for a visit. He settled down to work for a time in St. Louis and Keokuk. But the first of his dreams of sudden wealth possessed him — from reading a book on South American travel — and he decided to go to the Amazon and make his fortune. While he was trying to save enough money for this adventure, he found a fifty-dollar bill on the street and started out. He got as far as Cincinnati, spent the winter there working as a printer, and set forth again in the spring to go to the Amazon by way of New Orleans. On his trip down the Mississippi river, an old ambition welled up in him. He decided to become a pilot. It was a new "escape." It was a sort of "running away to the river" again, as he had so often run in his youth.

As a river pilot, Mark Twain was successful and happy. Here was a position that called for all the dexterities of mind which his unconscious fear and sense of inferiority had perfected in him. He was required to be always watchful, apprehensive, foreseeing dangers in imagination, observing every possible indication of them, and taking care to avoid them. He was repaid with a position of conspicuous authority which flattered him to the soul. He escaped the grind of tread-mill labor, drew large wages, had plenty of indolent leisure, and enjoyed the social successes of an almost public life. He would probably have remained a pilot to the end of his days, if the Civil War had not closed the Mississippi.

The Civil War was a horrible reality which he was not prepared to face. River pilots were in urgent demand on both sides but he hid from the call. He was "not very anxious to get up into a glass perch and be shot at by either side", he said. When he did volunteer with a company of boys from his hometown, it was for land-service, half-heartedly, and on the Southern side. His mother's preferences probably decided his choice of allegiance; but he did not serve long. Having sprained his ankle in a very amateur campaign of bush-whacking, he "voluntarily retired." His brother Orion had received a Federal appointment as secretary to the governor of Nevada, and Mark Twain ran away with him to dig gold. It was a new "escape" and another mirage of sudden wealth.

He failed to find his gold, but he found his profession. At various times as a printer and a pilot he had written newspaper skits of a humorous sort. Now, having exhausted his savings in fruitless prospecting — and lost all that he could borrow — he took work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as a reporter on a Virginia City (Nevada) paper for which he had written some letters under the pen-name of "Josh." His success as a newspaper humorist was immediate. He perpetrated a number of newspaper hoaxes — practical jokes — that became famous. He took the pen-name of "Mark Twain." And this act was characteristic of him. The name had been used originally by a Captain Sellers, an old river pilot who wrote letters to a New Orleans newspaper. Mark Twain, as a young pilot, had written a burlesque imitation of the Sellers letters. It was published, and as Paine says, "it broke Captain Sellers's literary heart. He never contributed another paragraph." Mark Twain was bitterly remorseful; and it was as an act of expiation that, after the old man's death, he adopted his victim's *nom-de-plume.*

HE SUFFERED in the same way for some of the hoaxes that he printed in Virginia City, but on the whole he lived the apparently care-free life of a Bohemian newspaperman, persecuted by such reflections as these from a letter to his mother: "No paper in the United States can afford to pay me what my place on the *Enterprise* is worth. If I were not naturally a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing vagabond I could make it pay me $20,000 a year. But I don't suppose I shall ever be any account. I lead an easy life, though, and I don't care a cent whether school keeps or not." She complained that a photograph which he had sent her made him look old. Paine comments: "He was barely twenty-eight. From the picture he might have been a man of forty." That discrepancy is probably the measure of the difference between his conscious devil-may-care gaiety and his subconscious unhappiness.

He went from Virginia City, with a reputation, to San Francisco, to work as a reporter, but the daily grind was uncongenial and he became a free-lance, doing literary sketches and correspondence for outside newspapers. When this palled on him, he got a commission to the Sandwich Islands and escaped. There he wrote some newspaper letters that added to his reputation, but he returned to 'Frisco more reluctant than ever to settle down to the routine of literary work. He was "so blue that one morning he put a loaded pistol to his head but found he lacked courage to pull the trigger." He began to regard himself as a despairing failure. He was persecuted by baseless depressions which he expressed in self-depreciation and remorse in his letters home. He planned to make another escape in a trip around the world, but he lacked the money. His success on the lecture platform in San Francisco saved him financially, but he always hated lecturing and that hatred was probably due to the fact that the laughter and the audience duplicated the scenes of his successes among the boys with whom he used to run away from home in his childhood days, and disobey his mother, and be "a bad boy." This may seem a fantastic explanation, but Mark Twain's mind was full of just such fantastic reactions — as all our minds are.

He wandered about, in a new sort of vagabondage, giving humorous lectures in San Francisco and Nevada and New York and St. Louis and some of the towns of his boyhood. He was applauded and well-paid, and he was growing in success and reputation. Yet he writes home: "I am wild with impatience to move — move — *move!* . . . I have a conscience that tears me like a wild beast. I wish I never had to stop anywhere a month. I do more mean things the moment I get a chance to fold my hands and sit down than I ever get forgiveness for." He saw an advertisement for that excursion to the Holy Land which he was to make famous in his "The Innocents Abroad", and he booked his passage as a newspaper correspondent. In his farewell letter to his mother, he writes: "I am so worthless that it seems to me I never do anything or accomplish anything that lingers in my mind as a pleasant memory. My mind is stored full of unworthy conduct toward Orion and toward you all, and an accusing conscience gives me peace only in excitement and a restless moving from place to place. . . . You observe that under a cheerful exterior I have got a spirit that is angry with me and gives me freely of its contempt. . . Welcome the wind that wafts a weary soul to the sunny lands of the Mediterranean."

In short, Mark Twain was now, and to the end of his days, hopelessly unhappy in his inner life, no matter what his exterior circumstances of success and cheerfulness. It is impossible to read Paine's three volumes of biography without realizing that at the bottom of the humorist's misery was a never-ending quarrel with God, his mother's God, against whom he revolted consciously, yet subconsciously feared and tried in vain to placate. It is astounding to see in his notebooks and his diaries how his mind was continually occupied with this subject. At 22, he had adopted from a fellow printer a philosophy of conscious atheism and misanthropy. "Life had been developed in the course of ages from a few microscopic seed-germs . . . and development on an ascending scale had finally produced man. . . The scheme had stopped there; man had retrograded; man's heart was the only bad one in the animal kingdom; man was the only animal capable of malice, vindictiveness, drunkenness — almost the only animal that could endure personal uncleanliness. Man's intellect was a depraving addition to him which, in the end, placed him in a rank far below the other beasts, though it enabled him to keep them in servitude and subjection, along with many members of his own race." Mark Twain accurately accounted for this contempt, which he felt for man, when he wrote: "What a man sees in the human race is merely himself in the deep and honest privacy of his own heart. Byron despised the race because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did and for the same reason."

At 71, he published anonymously his Gospel, "What is Man?" in which he argued that "man, the irresponsible machine" is wholly "a creature of circumstance." "We cannot say that man is a creature of circumstance and then leave him free to select his circumstance, even in the minutest fractional degree. It is selected for him, with his disposition, in that first instant of created life. . . . There can be no training of ideals, 'upward and still upward', no selfishness and no unselfishness, no atom of voluntary effort within the boundaries of that conclusion." And here we have Mark Twain trying to escape his mother's God — and his own self-contempt for his unworthiness in the eyes of that God — by making God a blind First Cause and convincing himself of his own irresponsibility for his unworthiness. The attempt, while consciously successful, had no effect on his subconscious mind which continued to register unworthiness, remorse and misery. Out of these subconscious feelings there came his book "The Mysterious Stranger", in which man is the wholly despicable creation of a diabolical deity.

If loving and forgiving parents had given him a God of love and forgiveness to look to in his childhood, he might have been saved this misery. Or he might have forgotten his persecutions of conscience in commercial industry and success, if his father had supplied his young instinct of imitation with a pattern of conduct to that end. And if he had fallen in love in his early days and married a girl unlike his mother, he might have been somewhat released by his affection. But he did not marry till he was thirty-five. He had no serious love affair earlier. He fell in love with his wife's photograph before he met her. And it is apparent, from these indications, that a "fixation" on his mother was strong enough to prevent him from giving her a rival in his young affections, and that his wife reproduced his mother in appearance sufficiently to act as the releasing symbol for his instinct of affection at first sight, even in a photograph.

Certainly she was as Puritanical as his mother, and she succeeded to his mother's place as censor of his revolts against repression. Says Paine: "She had all the personal refinement which he lacked, and she undertook the work of polishing and purifying her life companion." Howells praises "her wonderful tact with a man who was in some respects, and wished to be, the most outrageous creature that ever lived." He assures us that Mark Twain "not only accepted her rule implicitly, but he rejoiced, he gloried in it." And Twain himself says in a letter: "I would deprive myself of sugar in my coffee if she wished it, or quit wearing socks if she thought them immoral." Nevertheless, as Paine notes, he had a "boyish tendency to disturb Mrs. Clemens's exquisite sense of decorum." He was always doing things "to disturb her serenity, to incur her reproof, to shiver her a little — 'shock' would be too strong a word." And in this he was a typical American husband.

The American wife commonly succeeds the American mother as the Puritan censor of the revolting male, and his revolt usually disguises itself affectionately as humor. On the vaudeville stage, the masculine joke about marriage, directed against the wife, is our most popular "wheeze." The mother-in-law of our endless jocular pin-pricks is always the wife's mother and a surrogate for the wife. And Howells, in his novels, depicts as national, the affectionate teasing which is the characteristic intercourse of American couples in the typically American happy domesticity.

Mark Twain consciously revolted in only one thing. After the first few months of family prayers and Bible readings, he refused to pretend to accept his wife's religion; and he ended, to his sorrow, by destroying her faith in it. But he never revolted openly against her conventions of respectability, and he submitted amazingly to her imposition of those conventions upon his self-expression in literature. It is incredible how narrow those conventions were and how rigorously she enforced them. Paine preserves a sheet of her comments upon the MS of "Following the Equator", with Mark Twain's replies. She notes: "Page 1002. I don't like the 'shady-principled cat that has a family in every port.'" He answers: "Then I'll modify him just a little." She writes: "Page 1020. I think some other word would be better than 'stench.' You have used that pretty often." He protests: "But can't I get it in *any*where? You've knocked it out every time. Out it goes again. And yet 'stench' is a noble, good word." He had written an account of how his father whipped a slave-boy, having suppressed the fact that it was a slave-girl. She objects: "Page 1038. I hate to have your father depicted as lashing a slave-boy." He replies: "It's out, and my father is white-washed." She even complains: "Page 1050. Change 'breech-clout.' It's a word that you love and I abominate. I would take that and 'offal' out of the language." And he writes: "You are steadily weakening the English language, Livy."

Under this sort of censorship, affectionately if humorously obeyed, no artistic impulse could get very far in depicting the realities of life, but it would be a mistake to blame such censorship wholly for Mark Twain's failure as an artist. His unconscious sense of inferiority made him seek and submit to the expurgation, and Howells supplied it almost as much as Mrs. Clemens. They represented the popular Puritan taste of the reading public; they saved Mark Twain from the public censure which he feared, and he was grateful to them for it. Moreover, this hidden sense of inferiority colored all his pictures of life. Instead of seeing the acts of men as natural phenomena, he saw them in the light of his own sufferings as a victim of life. Consciously, he wanted to tell the truth about men as he saw it; subconsciously, he wanted to throw it in their faces; but he felt that the recoil would destroy him; he was sensitive to the need of approval; he was doubtful of his own potency; so he compromised on humor. He attacked with seriousness only what it was safe for him to attack; the injustices of the feudal system — in "The Prince and the Pauper", "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court", or "Joan of Arc" — Christian Science in its infancy, Tammany Hall in an election campaign, a clergyman who refused to read the burial service for a dead actor, and so forth. But whether using humor or invective, he was always incapable of mirroring life truly as an artist because there were too many aspects of "the world the flesh and the devil" which his Puritani subconsciousness recoiled from or refused to allow his mirror to reflect. Consequently, even his pictures of medieval life, which he considered his real contribution to literature, are merely "literary chromos", as Van Wyck Brooks says in his remarkable study of Mark Twain. And in this Twain was the typical American artist.

Outside of his art, he was as profound a biological failure as America has produced. The first problem that the individual meets is the fact of mere existence, with its dangers of disease and death. To Mark Twain's puny childhood, existence was more than usually harsh, and disease and death were made more than ordinarily terrifying by the teachings of his parents. When they threatened his wife and children, they doubled their terrors and made a factor of misery which baffled his mature life.

The second problem that the individual meets is made up of the obstacle which he must overcome in his self-assertion, in the maximation of his ego, in realizing the ambitions of his individuality. He requires to obtain a certain degree of power and a certain substantializing of that power in the form of property — a certain degree of fame and the objectivizing of that fame in a public opinion based on worth — a certain degree of satisfaction of affection and a visible return in the affection of others for him. Mark Twain got affection from his fellows in return for his humor, but it seemed not based on a true value. All that came to him from lecturing, regressive reminiscence, etc., was to him inconclusive. Financial necessity and public taste forced him to use what he felt was a debased art. The fame, fortune and power that came to him from this debasement failed to maximate his ego. He was compelled to act the rôle of jester to King Public and his serious thought was either ignored or guffawed at, as a king's jester's would be.

The third problem is the identification of oneself with the race, and this was Mark Twain's final failure. The maximation of self has to be curbed by an identification with wife, home and children, and then this identification with the family group must be projected into the larger identification with the race. Mark Twain succeeded only in identifying himself with his family, and the calamities of the family group dragged him down. His pessimism in his lonely old age was beyond measure. Page after page of Paine's account is filled with the outpourings of his contempt for man — "man, that poor thing" — that "comical invention", that "poorest, clumsiest excuse of all the creatures that inhabit the earth." "Anybody that knows anything knows that there was not a single life ever lived that was worth living — not a single child ever begotten that the begetting of it was not a crime."

"Any one can stand his own misfortunes," he said to Paine, "but when I read in the papers all about the rascalities and outrages going on, I realize what a creature the human animal is." It occurred to Paine to advise that he should not read the daily papers. "No difference," he said. "I read books printed two hundred years ago, and they hurt just the same." And finally: "I've been thinking it out — if I live two years more, I will put an end to it all. I will kill myself." Paine suggested that he might be happier in his country home. "The country home I need," he said fiercely, "is a cemetery."

And that was the flat truth. Paine regards him as a great philosopher, but his philosophy had reduced life to terms on which it could not be lived. He was honored as a great humorist, but his humor was the expression of subconscious revolt and anger and hatred and self-contempt; and those emotions finally poisoned him to the point of unbearable bitterness. He was hailed as a benefactor of humanity, and he lightened many lives with laughter, but his tragedy was that he could not lighten his own.

[*The next article in "The American Mind" series which is entitled "Lincoln as Exhibit B" will appear in an early number of McClure's.*]

There is much talk just now of the Japanese. What kind of people are they? How do they live at home?

Are the Japanese Efficient?

by Julian Street

Mr. Street in his next chapter of *Japanese Impressions* will tell how they work, how they play.

May McClure's 15 Cents

Clyde Fitch at Quiet Corner

[*Continued from page 28*]

that it's rather *sassy* on my part!" When he reached Versailles later in the summer, often missing the companionship of Herrick, who was traveling elsewhere, he ventured to say: "It is awfully hot here, but we breathe out under the trees, and I am not writing any plays just now, wh is cooling!" By June he had reached London, where the two were to meet again. In Paris, he had seen the "wickedest plays" in his experience, had done the old shops in Venice and Florence, and had "Her Own Way" to read in London to Maxine Elliott. But there was very little time for pleasure, for he was having interviews with Alexander about "The Parson", and Beerbohm Tree, having purchased the rights to "The Last of the Dandies", was beginning active preparations for a sumptuous presentment of it.

Conflicting emotions pulled him as to the duty he owed to his different plays. This was probably because he never let any one of them engross his entire attention. Going back to June again, in another series of letters, I find from Carlsbad on the 5th that he is writing to J—:

"Sicily was a sort of fairyland! Beautiful! I enjoyed my visit with the Marion Crawfords very much indeed. Did I tell you one night after dinner they had their four children in costume do Neapolitan dances with a native orchestra! It was *so* entertaining and interesting! The Crawford villa is right *over* the sea, & I had two big rooms & a balcony high up where I had my first breakfast. . . . The place (here) is *packed*, fuller than last year, but again I *know no one*, & am very depressed. Also seedy, wh bores me. The ex-Princess Cluinay is in this hotel. I went up in the elevator with her, & I've been trying to get the scent out of my clothes ever since."

As a little side-issue, Clyde was at this time still concerned with the proposal of turning "Pamela's Prodigy" into a comic opera for Anna Held, and was still writing lyrics for it, and interviewing her abroad.

By July 14th Miss deWolfe was begging him to return to New York to superintend rehearsals of "The Way of the World", and Tree, madly enthusiastic over "The Last of the Dandies", was demurring at his leaving London at all, but insisting that he must return — should he go to New York — as soon as Miss deWolfe was launched. This was not a comfortable prospect for the poor sailor who never, as he once said, landed "right side up" but always "wrong side up and inside out."

What of the plays themselves that mark this period? "The Last of the Dandies" was a continuation of his love for bric-à-brac atmosphere, and it took London favorably, running an average weekly receipt of $12,000. Mrs. Tree, writing of her husband recently, spoke of this "delicious play", and she claims, in her "Memories" — "For the first act — D'Orsay's dressing-room — London was looted for priceless Empire furniture (the cheval-glass still survives), and Herbert was lent an heirloom of a silver-gilt dressing-case, historic, superb." Although Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" succeeded the Fitch piece, what was the American dramatist's satisfaction when he heard that the King had sent word to Tree he would come to his theatre provided he would revive "D'Orsay!"

"The Last of the Dandies" opened on October 24, 1901, in London; the New York production of "The Way of the World" was on November 4, the night before Election. As the story of the piece involved a political situation, with the husband's election in the last act — Fitch introducing the tin horns and fireworks of an American political crisis seen through French windows at the back of the stage — it was all the more exciting to the audience assembled on the first and second nights because of its reality. If I recall rightly, one of the scenes introduced a moving panorama of Riverside Drive, with one of the characters (Miss Bloodgood) making her entrance on a bicycle. The play was only a moderate success, although Fitch always thought it contained some of his best writing. Certainly it was an excellent example of Fitchean surprises and novelties. Writing to Herrick of "Miss deWolfe's play", as "The Way of the World" was spoken of, he said: "More than half the people do not see underneath, nor realize what I mean by it, but some do, wh is, I suppose, a reward really. I am used to being judged on the surface; it is evidently to be one of my chief curses."

This tone indicates that he was beginning to be fagged; in reality he was tuning up for a serious illness. The time had come, so he declared, when he wanted to get away from everyone for half of every week, and he began looking about for a little farmhouse in the country, to which, within an hour's ride, he could escape when the mood seized him.

The Taormina play — "The Girl and the Judge" — now demanded his attention. It was produced on December 4, and it was eleven months before a new piece was offered to the public. Miss Russell made a personal success at this time, but I recall the whispered belief that "The Girl and the Judge" was a very *risqué* piece. The public was at that time not trained in stage taste for beds and bedrooms. He had changed the Ohio Judge's story considerably — which originally narrated how a mother used to beg the court to send her boy to the Reform School whenever he was "up" for a crime, but used to beg off whenever the sentence was about to fall on him. Finally the boy was tried and the mother begged to have him committed. The Judge acquiesced, but declared that this time his sentence would "stick." Whereupon the mother, after she had fought for what she was getting, turned upon the Judge, accusing him of hard-heartedness; then she told her son to get down on his knees and pray to the Lord to save him from injustice. In the alembic of Fitch's brain the story was changed about, and the play dealt with a girl who had a kleptomaniac mother. "I remember," said one of Mr. Fitch's close friends to me, "Annie Russell's voice suggested to C. F. that it would be well to have the door-bell scene played in the dark, the actress giving the pathos to a situation otherwise one of intense excitement." Miss Russell in this play sang a song, "It rained a-mist", which Mrs. Fitch used to sing to Clyde.

In January, 1903, Fitch mentions his "jealousy play", which shows that he was mentally turning over the theme for "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

Clyde went abroad in the spring of 1902 for the baths, and on May 13, he writes a humorous description of his invalid routine:

"I was feeling really better when I had a setback two days ago, by a fault of the attendant; they gave me my bath too strong, and when I got out I fainted dead away! My first appearance in such a rôle! This has made me very weak somehow, and I stopped the baths until this A. M. — when I took a little ½ one! I have a lovely corner room with a window on two sides, both full of green mountains only a little way off. Everything is opened up at a quarter to seven, & I have my breakfast, & at 8:30 my bath, wh is hot & looks like *café au lait!* There is a book-rack on the top of the tub & I read 'Kim.' Then I go back to bed until 10; at 11 I go to the Inhalation Room, wh is a big hall-like place full of a sort of steamy vapor, made from the water, full of brine, iodine, iron, etc. It is quite thick, but you can see to read. We have sheets wrapped about us to keep the damp off our clothes, & towels on our heads, & we all look like comic ghosts going about in the haze. I stay here one hour & write on my play. Afterwards I lie down, & then bask in the sun till lunch at one. More lizarding it after lunch till 2:30; when I go again to the Inhalation Room for *two* hours — writeand walk. Then more lie down, a little medicine ball, lie down, a short walk in the woods, & dinner at 7:30. At 8:30 I come upstairs & go to bed with my darling hot water bag, & read till sleep!! — There is *my life!* It is all to give you beautiful red corpuscles in yr blood, take away yr cold feet and hands, & calm & hold down yr nerves."

In this atmosphere he finished his Mannering play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine", and began "The Girl with the Green Eyes." "I limit my writing to three hours a day," he wrote, "however, the point about these plays is that I know them almost by heart. I've been planning the Mannering

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piece since a year ago last winter. I knew it all; it only wanted writing down, & the same with the Bloodgood piece. It isn't as if I had to think up plots & situations!"

The chief point to note here is that while the baths made Clyde decline invitations, such as the Crawfords extended to him again, nothing would for an instant make him give up the pressure of work. In fact, he had now on hand more than he had ever had before. Ten days after he was announcing that he had lost all he had gained in a serious setback, appendicitis being the cause. He thought then, on the advice of surgeons, that he would be operated on immediately, so dangerously near to a collapse was he with the great suffering. But though the next two months were mostly spent, as he expressed it, on the operating tables at Berne, being discussed by various specialists, and being guarded over by his Mother, nothing seems to have been done; in fact, Mr. Fitch had incipient appendicitis throughout the remaining years of his life, and it will be recalled that he finally died of an operation such as should probably have taken place at this time. His friends were solicitous about him; those who were near hastened to offer aid. Paul Potter, the playwright, was of great service, and Ferdinand Gottschalk canceled all his summer plans to be with Clyde at St. Moritz, where he was ordered to go. Strange, he writes in July, to report ice and snow as his surroundings. In the midst of all this discomfort, he was planning decorations for Quiet Corner, his Greenwich home, and even in the midst of illness in Italy he began buying statues, as well as landscapes for the chimney corners.

Reaching St. Moritz, he found Maude Adams there on the invalid list, and when the time came for them both to convalesce, there are many stories told of their youthful joy at regaining health. I recall one picture painted for me by Mr. Gottschalk of a party at a little restaurant outside the reach of hotel frequenters to which they rode in a ramshackle open carriage, and on the return trip Miss Adams mounted the coachman's box and drove most of the way. Toys and games and flowers and fruits passed between them.

On his return to America in the fall of 1902, Fitch found his country house still in the hands of the workmen; but such a boy was he that he had his letter paper all printed and ready for quiet living at Quiet Corner. One note I find to Mr. Herrick, where he has stricken out the word "Quiet" and printed in its stead "Noisy", confessing that he is "apparently keeping a workmen's lodging house! Not one room finished yet, to live in! And my New York house in the same condition, as I am building an extra half-story." He does not seem to have taken warning by the difficult summer he had gone through, for, on his return to New York, he plunged headlong into a feverish round of rehearsals and preparations. "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," presented on November 3, 1903, and "The Bird in the Cage", on January 12, 1903, were rehearsed at the same time; "The Girl with the Green Eyes" was scheduled for December 25, 1902; and he was planning work which would, in the fall of 1903 almost swamp him in activity.

Fitch loved his "jealousy" play; it showed him at his best in psychology. One can imagine, therefore, what pleasure he felt on the receipt of this letter from Miss Merington:

"January 21, '03.

Dear Angel:

Of course you didn't enclose the pass! No one ever remembers to enclose anything except a bill! But I already had seen your play today. I consider it a positive and unqualified achievement in playwriting—yours or anyone's. Its characterization is clearcut—the wit is a joy—of your best quality—but the thing is that under a facile surface it cuts deep and unerringly to the core of human nature. Technically there were one or two details I should like to hear you defend, but they are only details. Psychically you have never conceived anything so powerful, because so true, as this. Keep your health and there is no limit to my faith in what you are destined to do.

Much love always,
Marguerite."

Apropos of "The Girl with the Green Eyes", he was writing on January 4, from the city to his friend "Tod":

"Thank you ever so much for the lovely book about Gardens, which I shall enjoy doubly in so much as I expect to get hints from it for Quiet Corner. The new play went splendidly, but the press was mixed, the Earl of Roslyn, whom I have shoved off my doorstep, writing an article for the *Herald*, signed 'Junius', & saying the jokes were too risky. . . . However, we have so far done a big business, & I believe it is my best play. It was a blow that "The Stubbornness" had to go, for it was *such* a big popular success! It would have easily played a year here. But there were contracts for the Theatre that they couldn't break, & off we had to go. . . . Tomorrow I begin rehearsals of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Personally these glimpses of the theatrical rush to which Fitch was subjected convince me that he wore himself out for the American theatre, and at the behest of the American manager, who was willing to subject him to a system which forced his plays from the stage whenever the "system" said so, or whenever the box-receipts fell below a certain figure. They never stood behind him in his most serious efforts, and he began to realize this when "The Truth" failed. In addition to which the press discouraged him in every form of drama he essayed. After they had slated him for "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson", he wrote to Miss Merington:

"I give it up! They don't want ME any more, apparently, at any cost—at any price. When the managers follow the lead of the papers, then I will lay down my *much chewed pen!*

Always yr abused but unbroken
Clyde."

The press discouraged him about the Bingham play, and for once Clyde agreed with them, confessing to Mr. Corbin that he was sorry he had done it. A case of grippe did not add to his nerve power; in fact, as he declared, "I'm tired of *scenery* and imitation & make-believe—for a *while.*" It is small wonder, therefore, that during these days he was turning to Robert Herrick as a good traveling companion on his yearly trip abroad. Mr. Herrick himself found Fitch greatly pressed with business affairs, and that Fitch depended so much on his companionship is shown by the way, in his later letters, after Herrick left him, he referred to the little journey just ended. He spent otherwise the typical summer of travel and theatre-going, while in the interim he made ready for his Fall production of "Her Own Way", "Major André", "Algy" and "Glad of It." In the preparations for "André" he was particularly concerned. Byron had made good in "The Climbers", in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine", and he was to be hailed in the forthcoming Maxine Elliott production of "Her Own Way." All through 1902 and '03, Fitch was planning with Byron his advance to stardom. "You know my interest in you is not bounded by 'André'," Fitch wrote, "it is bounded by Byron! & if 'André' fails we must have something else." It did fail, not having the native tang contained in "Nathan Hale", but Clyde took comfort in the fact that the failure "was a dignified one." "The future is full of years of big success for you," he wrote to Byron, "& I hope to share in some of them." While Fitch was hardened to failure of this kind, he always had a personal fondness for "André."

"Her Own Way" met with success before "André" was given. Miss Elliott's memory also is short regarding preparations in which Clyde worked so hard. She recalled the joking circumstance under which the piece was named, for she didn't like the title selected by him, and kept on insisting, to the very day of the dress rehearsal, that her title was better. "Well!" exclaimed the tired author, "I don't see anything we can do about it but call it 'Her Own Way'!" At another time, in the course of rehearsals, Miss Elliott called out, "O Clyde, you can't do that", to be met with the wise rejoinder, "Yes, we can. People always say things can't be done because they never have been done before."

It is small wonder that with the close "first nights" of "Her Own Way", "André" and "Glad of It" the papers should begin discussing how long Fitch could bear up under the strain; they were more cruel than that and began, in the face of his originality, to question how original he was. The consequence was, by January, 1904, even though he was encouraged by some praising of "Glad of It"—a play described by him as full of character types and subtleties of living instead of a story!—he had used up his mental equilibrium, and was in need of rest.

"For four months I have been in a Theatre *night & day*," he wrote, "& I'm worn out & sick of it!" Out of a discouraged sky, therefore, came an article by William Dean Howells in *Harper's Weekly*, on his work, and from Quiet Corner, on January 20, 1904, Clyde sent a letter of appreciation. He said:

"Dear Mr. Howells:

No — I don't think I was ever more pleased, or more thoroughly encouraged to *do more*, to get closer to the Real Thing, than I have been by your letter. . . . You see I really represent the Howells age! by which I mean when you were in the first glory and fight of your success, I was a boy beginning to 'take notice'— never in a scholastic sense, either; entirely from instinct & the impulse of my nature — or I might leave out 'my'. I grew up on *you!* and so when I began to bump along the thirties, I began to grow hungry to please *you*, not in *your* way, but in my own. . . . I live my life in a mist of shams, and I get lost in the fogs sometimes, and strike wrong roads. But if ever I take a good strong and long walk on the right, I shan't forget to put 'So many miles *to* Howells' always on the milestones *ahead* of me, as I go along.

Gratefully and loyally yours,
Clyde Fitch."

To which came the very excellent rejoinder on January 26.

"My dear Mr. Fitch:

. . . Of course it went to my heart to have you tell me that you had cared to please me, and in print I had already tried to tell you how much I had been pleased without knowing of your wish. The more I have thought of that gay, brilliant, honest, living play of yours, the more I have liked it, and the more I have deplored its removal from the theatre. I do think it was built on the great lines, and that its astonishing inconclusiveness was not greater proof of your grasp than its easy and natural successiveness was of your knowledge of how and when to let things go of themselves. . . . I will not press to your lips the cup of bitter consolation, and say that the public was not up to the play; but I wish the play could have a chance with a London public that really cared to see what the American, or the New York thing was like. But in any case I believe that its turn will come again; of *your* turn coming again and again, and often in your life, there is no question whatever. You may be sure I shall not miss any chance hereafter of seeing whatever you do. . . .

Yours cordially,
W. D. Howells."

The drama referred to was, of course, "Glad of It."

Just before he went abroad, in the spring of 1904, Clyde seems to have been busy planning another country house; the Greenwich place was in the way of an experiment, to see if he liked the country; having proved the test, he declared to Mrs. W. B. Chase that in three years he would build a new home.

But he was off to Sicily again, this time intent on writing "The Coronet of a Duchess" for Clara Bloodgood, and enthusiastic over a plan to do a play for old Mrs. Gilbert's farewell. We can pass over the former play lightly, for it was a failure — the manuscript of it is now in the Harvard Dramatic Library — but of "Granny" there is much sentiment to treasure. With his usual indefatigableness, he began writing the instant his ship left Boston. "A golden sunset," he writes to a friend, "and I am sitting in the stern. The sea is perfectly calm, & downstairs the saloon is filled with *big* bunches of Calla lillies brought on last night from the Azores Islands. I have begun to work, and am half thro' Act 1 of the Bloodgood play." A postcard, dated May 17, tells that he has finished "Granny", the first act of which was written in Rome, the Epilogue in Florence. The old lady became very much concerned over the announcement that in her part she would be required to remain on the stage most of the time; she did not think her strength would permit of this, and begged to have the part cut; but when she finally read the script, her enthusiasm got the better of her, and she consented to do as Fitch and Frohman wanted her. Clyde never enjoyed rehearsing any actress as he did Mrs. Gilbert, and the care taken of her had to be done under disguise; for instance, for fear of tiring her, he would dismiss the company at rehearsals, and the players would all hang around the stage until they had packed Mrs. Gilbert off to rest; then they would get to work without her. Her opening night at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on October 24, 1904, saw her a star at last — only a brief star for old age could not stand the strain. She was playing in Chicago when on December 2, 1904, she died — as all players like to die — in harness, so to speak, and not on the retired list. The whole enterprise of Mrs. Gilbert's farewell was the kind of thing that appealed to Fitch — it was, as one critic remarked, a continual playing between laughter and tears.

The activity of Fitch, which has thus been narrated, was wearing on him, and had it not been for his friends, he would have broken oftener beneath the weight of his theatrical obligations. But he was ever the boy, and held fast to sentiment and custom. For instance, come what might, he never allowed anything to interfere with what was nearest his heart. As soon as Quiet Corner was built, his holiday plans were like announcements from a monarch to his friends to make ready for festivities. When he entertained, the exactions fell on him. How often have we all seen him — those who have visited him in the country — hastening from room to room, bringing more flowers, carrying more books for the entertainment of the occupant. As some one remarked he transferred a room into a personal abiding place.

And then what fun it was for him to cover his thoughtfulness by jocular remarks as to his guests. "O! Mimsey G.!!" he wrote. "I am just reading the book you read in your room here last winter!!!!! O! — I am surprised! I must be more careful what books I put in your room!!! C."

In the summer evenings, he would have dinner on the terrace of Quiet Corner, with the skies full of stars, and the pale statues standing like ghosts in the shadow of the trees. From where he and his friends sat they could see the silver thread of Long Island Sound. Here indeed were peace and quiet not known to the indefatigable rehearser.

Those who came to him tired from the city went back refreshed and with memories of continued thoughtfulness. He never liked to bid his guests good-bye. On the morning of their departure, he would not come down to breakfast, but would send an excuse that he was writing. Yet, when the car came to take them away, he would suddenly appear with a handful of flowers, a joke on his lips, and everything but a farewell. He never told a person good-bye.

I quote the words of one of those who formed the Christmas party of 1904 at Quiet Corner: "It was a regular Washington Irving Christmas," she said, "and only those were asked to the house who acknowledged to the real, childish love of Christmas. It was snowing hard, and three double sleighs were at the station, piled with furs and wraps for everybody. Clyde, himself, radiating a 'Merry Christmas', welcomed us on the platform as the train came in. From the station to the house the sleighbells beat against the driving snow. And at Quiet Corner, there were blazing fires and holly and candles. No English picture could be better than the scenes on this festive occasion. At dinner we had the proverbial roast pig, with the saucy sprig of holly in his *retroussé* nose! we had the burning of the plum pudding, and outside the dining-room window Clyde arranged for village children to sing carols. Then followed the lighted Christmas tree, a Virginia reel, games, a hot Christmas punch, and kisses under the mistletoe. Everyone was expected to join in the carols, but Clyde was the only one of us who knew *all* the words!!"

There was nothing artificial in that: it was the boy relieved of all the artificiality of the theatre. His imagination was fired with an enthusiasm which nothing could dull. If he wrote to friends, asking them to come out to Q. C., he would say, "Be sure to come now, so as to catch the moonlight on the terrace." If they arrived in the late afternoon, he would hasten them into the garden where he had a statue on a little hill, and say: "Mercury is *so* lovely against the sunset! It will be too late after tea."

Is there small wonder, therefore, that such a personality should be vivid to so many! It is now very clearly seen, by a critical glance at the American drama, that his death left a gap no other playwright has been able to fill: the Fitchean deftness of technique has never been copied. But only those friends who were taken into the magic of his friendliness can know the full sorrow of his leaving.

[*The next article in this interesting "Life of Clyde Fitch" series will appear in an early issue.*]

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Diplomacy According to Hoyle

[*Continued from page 17*]

There you are! If you get this lesson well-learned the first day, you may be proud of your progress. If you have served a few terms in Congress, you will be "on." It's the old game of "log-rolling." You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. There is not much difference between diplomacy and trying to get a third-class post-office for one of your constituents, or a government dry-dock for your home town.

This is the phase of your new job, which you will find most distressing, the one which is least understood by the outsider, the one which is most often the basis of unjust criticism. Try as hard as you may, you will very rarely succeed in getting any one controversy considered and settled on its own merits. The League of Nations? Japan won't join unless she gets what she wants in Shantung. Britain is so much interested in the control of the seas that we could get her on our side in almost anything if we would stop work on building up our Navy. You want to get France in line in stopping the opium traffic in China? Within twenty-four hours after you send off a Note on this subject, you can expect a call from the French Ambassador, who hopes that you look with favor on his proposal to revise the treaties which bother his Government in Morocco.

The best plan in the world for the Control of the Dardanelles, for instance, isn't worth the paper it is written on, unless you can put it through. It is useless to think of it by itself — as an isolated problem. It ties up with all "narrow water-ways" the world around — with the régime at Kiel, Suez, Panama. It doesn't matter how good the plan looks to you here in Washington. It must look good in London, Paris and Rome. The seafaring people of Scandinavia will want to have their say. Half a dozen little nations on the Black Sea are "vitally interested." By a very small change in the pilot dues at Constantinople, you can set all the Maritime World by the ears.

If you are practised at the log-rolling game, you may make a success as Secretary of State. But — whether you like the phrase "log-rolling" or not — you are certain to make a fizzle of it, unless you realize that International Politics is like a vast game of jackstraws. You try to pull out a straw on one side of the pile and the whole arrangement begins to tremble and shake surprisingly on the other side.

Very early in the game — the first day on the job, it is to be hoped — you will get it clearly in your mind that you are not Emperor of the World. It isn't your job to decide what is right and order it to be done. There is, indeed, very little that you can accomplish unless you get a whole lot of other people to consent to it. Now and then you can hope to pull a crooked straw out of the jack-pile and make it straight, but before you begin you will have to stroke this Ambassador's fur and flatter some Minister of Foreign Affairs into thinking that he originated the idea.

By the time you are ready for lunch — the first day on the job — you will have realized that before you start messing around with details, you had best get as broad a general view of your problems as possible.

If you are anything like the rest of us, you have, in the days before you took on this new job, read ten times more about England and France than about all the rest of Europe put together. It is common for us to talk about "going to Europe" when we have no intention of going farther East than the Rhine. It has always been our American habit to give undue emphasis to the Foreshore of Europe to the neglect of the Hinterland.

But, as Secretary of State, you will very quickly discover that the United Kingdom and the French Republic are only the façade of Europe. They are the imposing "front", which Europe puts up to greet our eyes as we sail across the Atlantic. The Europe behind this façade is very different.

The statesmen and diplomats of France and Britain still speak the old familiar language of International Politics and Finance. But the present-day problems of Central Europe are so new and uncertain that new and uncertain meanings attach to old phrases. "The Central Empires." Just what those words mean to-day nobody knows — certainly it is something very different from what they meant five or ten years ago.

When a British financier talks about "exchange rates", he at least has a standard. Once upon a time there was an established and stable ratio between a dollar and a pound sterling. It is possible to talk about getting back to the old rate. But the Ministers of Finance in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland are trying to put some brand-new coins on the market. Nobody knows how much they are worth. It would indeed require something of a mathematical prodigy — if not a magician — to work out the relation between the budget of old Servia and the assets and liabilities of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

A little farther to the East, behind the façade of Britain and France, beyond the new and unstable structures of Central Europe, you will have to deal with the utter collapse of Russia.

WHEN you get back from lunch, you are likely to find the Chief of W. E. waiting for you with the news that the British and French Ambassadors are very anxious for an appointment at your earliest convenience.

"What have they got on their minds?"

"I'm not sure, but I imagine it is Poland. They've wanted to discuss Poland for some time, but we thought it was best to wait till the New Administration came in."

"All right. To-morrow afternoon. Can you give me an outline of the Polish situation?"

"You should consult the Chief of the Near Eastern Affairs. He looks after Poland."

You call N. E. on the telephone and tell him what you want and in a few minutes he appears with a portfolio of papers under his arm that would take a week to read.

"Tell me all you can about Poland in half an hour — that's all the time I can spare now — I'll take the important papers home to read to-night."

Poland is rather a hobby with this young gentleman and he is only too glad to have an attentive audience. First he gives you what he calls "background stuff."

Love of Justice was among the motives which led to the re-establishment of Poland. The partition of this people had been so infamous a wrong that, like the Annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, it had become typical of the Old Order in International Politics. There was no hope of putting the world on a more decent basis unless such ancient wrongs could be set right. But there were other motives at work. The "strengthening" of Poland would by so much weaken Germany. A "strong" Poland would be a bulwark against the Western progress of the Red Armies.

But even if the motives had not been mixed it would have been desperately hard to draw a satisfactory map of the new State. There are no natural frontiers, no broad and obvious rivers, no high mountain ranges. In the old days of her grandeur, Poland was among the worst offenders against the rights of weaker nations, so none of her historic boundaries would satisfy a modern sense of justice. And there have been too many migrations, too much interbreeding to leave any clear-cut ethnic frontiers.

The Commission which had the matter in charge in Paris did the best it could. Nobody was entirely satisfied. But there were so many chances for an honest difference of opinion that it is doubtful if any other Commission could have contrived more satisfactory frontiers.

So the young State started business with unsettled boundaries — half a dozen plebiscites to be held — bankrupt, starving, with threatening enemies on every side.

"Some people wanted to disarm Poland. Gee! She wouldn't have lasted a week if we and the Associated Nations had not combined to equip and train her Army. Poland will have to be strong if she is to keep open her corridor to the sea — through Prussia. On the south the Czecho-Slovaks wanted all the coal fields of Teschen. But, of course, it is the long utterly unprotected Eastern Frontier that causes most worry."

"But weren't the Poles more or less to blame for the war with the Soviets?"

The Chief of the Near Eastern Division will jump up in distress at that question. It shows you are an amateur. The experienced diplomat does not expect a situation to be so simple that you can glibly decide who is to blame.

"Yes. And No!" he will say walking around to cool his feeling. "Remember that Poland is starting new. She has very few experienced leaders. She can't be expected to have the unity of public opinion or the stability of older countries. There are some sympathizers with the Soviets, a large Socialist Party in the cities, many illiterate peasants. There are also some very old-fashioned noblemen who aren't much different from Prussian Junkers, except in being newer and more enthusiastic at the game of militarism.

"Perhaps the leaders of the Soviets wanted peace. It's a possibility. But if they did want peace, they certainly did not know how to go about getting it. They threatened War.

"The Poles asked their Big Brothers what to do about it. Perhaps some of their friends advised them to attack. But when they came to us, we certainly did not urge them to fight.

"Here's a memorandum on all those negotiations."

"I'll take it home to read, but tell me about it — concisely."

"'Well,' they said to us in effect, 'you do not advise us to attack. Do you advise us to sign a treaty with the Soviets? If we do, if we demobilize, and if they then attack us, can we count on you to rush to our support?'

"Congress was not inclined to rush to any one's support in those days, so we had to soft pedal on advice. The Poles, not being sure what they could count on from anybody, getting conflicting counsel from all sides, had to make up their own minds. They decided to take the offensive and got a terrible bump. Perhaps it taught them something. One thing they certainly learned — there isn't any unity among the Great Powers. Whatever the Poles do, some people will applaud, some people will find fault.

"Conflicting counsels — that's the trouble, Mr. Secretary. If you could get the principal Powers to agree on a joint policy we could solve the Polish problem in no time — and all the other Near Eastern problems, too. The trouble is that everybody is working at cross purposes."

This is one of the things which will trouble you all the time you are Secretary of State. It is terribly hard to get an agreement as to what is the wise policy in any particular set of circumstances. Remember how long it took to get a united Command on the battle-line. The Associated Nations never could agree on a diplomatic Foch—a *generalissimo* to unify action on the political front. They fumbled and worked at cross-purposes in Turkey, and drove her into the arms of Germany. Britain and France had some pretty

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good ideas in regard to the Balkans, but the Tsar insisted on a course that brought disaster. Even in the blackest days of the War, the Spring of 1918, no two of the Associated Governments could agree to work loyally together on a joint program in Russia. They haven't agreed yet on a wise course. In fact, now that the pressure of war is removed there is even less unity of mind.

You will always have to expect a divergence between French and British policy. It is partly a matter of pique. Nobody likes to subordinate himself. Very few people are willing to second somebody else's motion, without proposing a few amendments. But it is deeper than this. It will manifest itself in different ways in various circumstances, but in general — it is a very broad generalization — the Latin works out a system and tries to be logical, while the Britisher, remembering that his Empire has grown from a small group of islands to its present world-encircling greatness without any plan, is inclined to the one-step-at-a-time method. He is always looking for something concrete and immediate. Some of the greatest triumphs of British history have been quite illogical and accidental.

SINCE the Armistice the French have spent a terrible amount of time and energy and money — which they had borrowed from us — on building up their "*cordon sanitaire*", partly to pen up Bolshevism in Russia but perhaps more to assure themselves of Allies in Germany's rear in case of a new war. They have striven to create and win the allegiance of a string of "states" from the Arctic to the Black Sea, which would have enough military strength to threaten Germany from the East, in case she started trouble on the Rhine. It is a typical French "system."

But the best laid plans of diplomats as well as of mice and ordinary men "gang aft a-gley." The famous "*cordon sanitaire*" is not working out according to logic. In spite of all the help they have taken so readily from France, these new little States show an unruly desire to manage their own affairs. Some of them have united in a "Little Entente." Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, the Southern Slavs and Roumania are not content to be mere tails to the French kite. They intend to have policies of their own.

Great Britain has not shown much enthusiasm for this *cordon sanitaire*. Her diplomats have been too busy trying to secure commercial opportunities to give much attention to such a "system." Lumber in North Russia. Flax monopolies and State Banks and shipping preferences in the Baltic Provinces. Oil in the Caucasus, in Persia and Mesopotamia. But all the good money — also owing to us — which the British have put into creating "independent states" in the Caucasus and in opening the pipe-line from the Baku oil wells to the Port of Batoum has gone a-glimmering. The North Russian enterprise blew up long ago and the British concessions in the Baltic Provinces are so shaky that they are now trying to sell some of them to unsuspecting Americans.

But still the *Quai d'Orsay* persists in building systems and Downing Street is going after business. It is rare indeed that Paris and London are in complete accord on anything. And it is just as rare that either of them see things from exactly the same angle as Washington.

There is no gain in getting excited or querulous or sullen about such difference of viewpoint. Unless you are going to turn back the Clock of Time a century or two and go in for a Splendid Isolation which completely ignores the rest of the world — abolishes your own job — you will have to deal with these governments as you find them.

France and Britain can never quite agree with each other nor with us. Their vital interests, growing out of their geographical position and their history, are too different.

The British are an island people. They cannot support themselves on their own resources, they live by overseas trade. They could not live any other way. They do not have to worry much about the political systems of Europe unless one power begins to grow strong enough to threaten the sea-routes and the trade on which their lives depend.

France is a part of Europe — and not a very large part. Her safety is an Army problem, just as Britain's is one of a Navy. Her population is not great enough to give her a military power sufficient to hold her own against all comers — if they unite. Inevitably her diplomats must work to keep Europe divided — a balance of power. France must seek alliances.

It is quite evident that our situation and our interests are different. Unless some International organization is contrived which will successfully assure peace, relieve England from a fear that her trade-routes might be closed, relieve France from apprehension of a new tragedy such as she has just lived through, it is inevitable that their point of view on every important problem will differ from each other and from ours.

It is certain that before you have been on the new job twenty-four hours, you will have to face this problem of trying to get a group of governments to agree. It is the central kernel of diplomacy. Every time you want to get something accomplished, you will have to make up your mind whether you will act quickly and alone or whether you can hold up the proceedings long enough to arrange joint action. You can get away with almost anything in the world of to-day, if you are backed up by a Joint Note, signed by Britain, France, Italy and Japan. But you will find that it takes a tremendous lot of time — not to mention an assortment of *quid-pro-quo's* — to get these four Powers to agree with you on anything. Joint Action is immensely more effective than any individual representation, any isolated endeavor, but it is terribly hard to pull off. This is a problem which will face you every day of the four years ahead of you.

Along about five o'clock of the first day on the new job, your messenger will announce a call from your colleague, the Secretary of the Treasury. After an exchange of formal congratulations, he will ask you what you want done in regard to all the money these European nations owe us.

Perhaps you have thought that as Secretary of State you would not have to worry about finances. It will be the biggest problem of your new job.

"It's this way, Mr. Secretary," your Colleague from the Treasury will continue. "If they pay, it would ruin them. If they pay, it would ruin us. They haven't any real money. They would have to pay in manufactured goods. And — Man-alive — we can't allow that. Our Republican Party stands for protecting American industries. We can't let these Europeans dump their goods in our market — but it is the only way they could pay. What the dickens shall we do about it?"

The Secretary of the Treasury will go on to explain that there is no doubt that some of those Foreign Loans are "bad debts." We must give up hoping that Europe will ever be able to pay us 100 cents on the dollar. Bankers and business men — and more far-sighted labor leaders — are beginning to understand that, contradictory as it may seem at first sight, it would be a disaster if these debts were paid. If Europe should begin to deliver to us, a few billion dollars' worth of manufactured goods — the only thing they could pay us in — it would blow up our banks, paralyze our industry, throw millions of men out of work. We must arrange to scale down these debts — to save Europe and to save ourselves.

YOUR biggest problem as Secretary of State will be to find some way to convert these financial bad debts into diplomatic assets. If you and the Secretary of the Treasury work together you can exert a tremendous pressure on almost any Government of Europe. Just as surely you can immensely ease the burdens of any nation you care to favor.

It is not diplomatic good form to say things bluntly. But you can call in any one of a dozen Ambassadors and Ministers in Washington, talk to him politely for a few minutes and send him away with the feeling that he has a clear choice between being good or going bankrupt.

And so as you go to bed after the first day on the job — however much you may be worried by the complexities of diplomacy, however much dismayed by the terrible responsibilities of the office — you may take comfort from knowing that there are two very high trumps in your hand.

You will have a real advantage over all those with whom you have to deal from the practical certainty of four undisturbed years in which to work out your ideas. You will not have to hurry.

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The Wasted Generation

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Mlle. Duvernoy — I shall consider it a great privilege to be your friend."

She shook her head.

"That cannot be — it is not possible; it is not right. We go different ways in the world."

"I don't believe that ——"

"We go different ways," she repeated, firmly. "If you will be generous, you will not ask any more — please."

She ended so low that it came to me in a whisper.

"I can be generous — but not to that point," I said, obstinately. "I want another answer."

"Monsieur Littledale — we are just chance acquaintances," she said, bringing her hands together, in impulsive entreaty. "There is no reason ——"

"I do not believe we are what you say. It was something more than that which brought me to your side that first night here ——"

"What do you mean?"

She turned to me, with startled eyes.

"The feeling that made me know you were in — in danger."

"In danger!"

"In danger, Mademoiselle. I felt it so strongly that it sent me to you, and I did not dare leave you alone."

I had no sooner said it than I realized how profoundly and fatally I had erred. The woman who faced me I had never seen before.

"Monsieur — you do not know me. I am not of a race of cowards. I do not take a coward's way out of life."

I looked at her, without power to answer — amazed and baffled by the swift succession of emotions which had culminated in this erect and scornful pride. My eyes dropped before the look.

"Mademoiselle," I said, at last. "I have offended you. I have offended you, when my only thought, from the moment I met you, has been to offer you all my friendship and deference. I am profoundly and miserably sorry."

I left her and went down the deck to the farther rail. There was no resentment toward her — only a weak, sinking misery that I should have wounded her. My ears were filled with the sound of her gentleness. I remembered only the hurt pride in her eyes. I saw her face in the mists of the twilight, looking gravely out at me from her deep eyes.

"Good God! How could she think I would say or do word or deed to hurt her!" I said to myself, again and again.

"Monsieur Littledale?"

Unperceived, she had come to me. She was there, waiting at my side.

"Monsieur Littledale — I am sorry, too."

Her hands were clasped before her, and the eyes that looked to me in compassion and forgiveness were blurred. I put out my hands, blindly — but she had fled. I stood there, hearing nothing, seeing nothing — my heart pounding within me.

It was then I knew that I loved her.

She was not down to dinner when I came eagerly into the crowded *salon.* She was not on the deck when I hurried up — nor did she appear again that night. I slept badly and was out with the dawn.

I knew that I was beginning to love her, nor was I so dull as not to feel that to her, too, I was more than just a chance acquaintance. I did not attempt to analyze my feelings nor to penetrate the future. The present hour was too imperious. My mood was not of exultation but of fear of her shy and persistent avoidance of me. If only a week were before us! But that day was the last, and the morrow would bring America, and — separation. I think I did not realize the full force of the emotion that had suddenly swept over me — nor all the complexities, the hazards, and the tragic destiny that it had, in the twinkling of an eye, laid upon my life. My only thought was to see her again — to know from her first look that I still retained what had come to us in the dusk the evening before. I knew that everything was horribly against me. I was certain, for some reason I could not fathom, that she would resist me. I was sure of nothing. But though it meant finally only emptiness and the struggle to forget — I was powerless to draw back now.

Breakfast passed, and the morning drew out, and she did not come. I went to my chair and threw myself down, bodily and mentally tired. A vast feeling of depression possessed me. Magnus came and talked to me. I was conscious of seeming to listen — I caught phrases — heard myself making responses. I knew nothing. My heart sank within me and such a feeling of physical weakness possessed me, in this new, utter sense of loneliness, that I could do no more than lie there, stretched inertly, saying again and again to myself:

"She will not come. I have frightened her away."

Yet she had not passed the door before I was instantly aware of it. A wave of happiness and well-being went through me — as though my lungs had filled with the first life-giving breath of air. She was coming, head down and walking fast. I sprang up and hurried to relieve her of the rug she was carrying. I knew she saw me, for she wavered and turned aside to speak to a little Frenchwoman.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle."

"Good morning."

"May I take your rug?"

She glanced at her arm as though she had just perceived its burden.

"Thank you, Monsieur."

I went to her chair and prepared it for her coming. All the depression had left me at the first glance into her gray eyes. She, too, had felt the tumult and the turmoil — it was written there in weariness and strain. A violent joy, a sense of living and of hope, surged up in me — as I waited for her first words. When I turned she had taken the arm of her companion and was silently pacing off the deck.

AN INTUITION, the instinct born of the struggle which is inseparable from love, came to me. I, too, would avoid her and, in my absence, in the longing denied, she would suffer, too, and by that suffering come closer to me. Cruel? Yes — as in such moments the impulse is to beat down all obstacles, to contend without quarter for the happiness that lies beyond the agony of doubt and disbelief. I rose and went into the smoking-room, steeling myself to patience — resolved not to leave it until luncheon. I sat there ten, fifteen, twenty minutes. At the end of a half-hour I could bear it no longer. I went out hurriedly and, all my resolutions forgotten, straight to where she waited in her chair.

"Mademoiselle, you have not forgiven me," I said, without preliminaries.

"Why?"

She turned, startled, and the new conflict I saw in the haunted weariness of her glance brought me a sense of coming victory.

"Because you avoid me."

"I?"

She could not meet the direct challenge of my look and turned away. Still I pursued, without compassion.

"Yes. You avoid me. Would you rather that I did not remain here?" I asked suddenly, sure of her answer. "For nothing in the world would I do anything that would be distasteful to you. Tell me only what you wish. Shall I go?"

She hesitated and, before the trouble I felt in her, my resolve almost gave way. Yet, because I was fighting for both of us, I held firm.

"Only tell me what you wish."

Once or twice she seemed to make up her mind to speak but each time she checked herself.

"Do you realize that by this time tomorrow we shall be steaming up New York harbor?"

She put down the book she held in her hands, with a show of purpose, and looked out gravely.

To my annoyance, the sound of the gong began to rumble through the ship.

"What — already?" she said, to my delight, looking incredulously at her watch.

"Take your luncheon up here — it's a perfect day."

"What a good idea! I think I shall."

I hesitated, all my assurance melting away.

"I suppose the terrible gods of French etiquette would rock on their thrones if I stayed, too ——"

"I should feel very conspicuous."

"Yes, yes — of course. I knew you would feel that way."

My tone fell, in such unconcealed chagrin that she could not help noticing it. She sat up and glanced down the deck. Other groups, yielding to the sunlight which poured over the dancing ocean and flung rainbows in the spray, were preparing to picnic above.

"It is the last day," I repeated.

"Please — I should like if you will stay," she said, all at once, and then blushed and looked away.

I affected not to notice her confusion and busied myself with a serious contemplation of the menu.

"There — it'll be just like a meal at the front! Not quite as good cooking as at one of your little country inns. Do you know, what you said the other day's been in my mind?"

"What was that?"

"About seeing death at first hand. I didn't feel the way you did. I was all broken the first time — couldn't sleep for a week. And yet, you Frenchwomen go through all that, and can still smile."

"Don't you think there is something changed in our smiles?" she said, looking up.

"Yes — yes, I feel that. But you have so much faith in the good of the world — you seem so uplifted by your experience — there is something so serene in your eyes ——"

I stopped, realizing how personal my analysis was growing.

"Ah, but when you are not just a spectator, when you are helping, it is different. What is uplifting in service is that your own self becomes of such little importance."

"Yes — but I should think your memories —" I broke off. "When you told that fairy tale to Master Jack, the first day, you could even laugh ——"

"It's because what I remember is not pain and ugliness but only the beauty of sacrifice and the nobility of men who at other times may have been very sordid," she said, warmly. "Do you know what our memories are?" She half-closed her eyes, and a tender look touched her lips. "I think of one Christmas Eve — a great barn where I was nursing — a barn that had been improvised into a hospital, with beds in the straw, just like the birthplace of the little Saviour. I don't like to speak of myself, but I will tell you this. We stayed — my mother and I, in a little village on the frontier — our village — when the Germans came through; and that village, our little village, changed hands six times."

"And you stayed — you and your mother?"

"We stayed, not to abandon our people, and to take care of our poor wounded."

"And they let you do that?"

"THEY needed some one to take care of their own," she said, with a frown, "and we agreed — my mother and I, to do that if we could be permitted to nurse our own men, too. Six times the village changed hands, but on that night — Christmas Night — it was ours, So we made ready to celebrate. We organized a concert. Oh, it was a strange concert! There were over a hundred wounded in that great barn, and only a dozen could stand on their legs, but they were all so gay — for that is something our brave little *poilus* never lose — their gaiety. And there was to be a tree, and all sorts of funny presents — and the concert! There was a quartet, and there was a waiter from the Café de Paris who was lying in a stall — with his feet carried off — who was to sing comic songs, and a real tenor from the *Conservatoire*, who would sing magnificent arias from the Opera, and then there was to be a comic recitation, and a classic recitation. Every one quite forgot their troubles in the excitement. But Christmas morning a dozen wounded were brought in, and one, a sergeant of *chasseurs*, in such a dreadful state that we did not think he would live through the day. So, of course, we prepared to give up the celebration: and what do you think? He heard the men talking, and he sent for me.

"'Mademoiselle — is it true you are giving up the concert on my account?'

"'You are in a bad way, *mon petit!*' I told him.

"'Bad way! *Allons!* I am going to die,' he broke out. '*Eh, bien!* I choose to die gaily, instead of in a corner, like a dog. It is my wish that the concert go on. And tell the comrades to sing out good and strong!'

"It was done, as he wished."

"And he died?"

"Not that day, but — the next," she said, "without a complaint. Do you think that when I can remember there are men like that in France, I have a right to be sad?"

The deck steward came and went, and we began our luncheon. A hundred questions were on my tongue, but I gave voice to none.

"They were so patient and so simple in their courage," she continued, gravely, "always trying to help me. Many times, I've had a soldier who was suffering say to me: '*Allons, Mam'zelle*, get your sleep tonight. If this arm of mine won't keep quiet, I can be of some use. I'll make the rounds.'

"And the brave fellows who fretted because they couldn't return soon enough to the lines! They were so gay. I remember a little Breton who had both legs gone, posing for his photograph, with stockings pinned to his trousers, and saying:

"'When I get up to Paris I'll get a pair of legs that'll make me two inches taller than this old Auvergnat over here!'

"Those are the things that are good to remember. Poor boys — there were so many that died unnecessarily! We were so few, and we could do so little!"

"But you had doctors?"

She shook her head.

"I am speaking of the first months. Only from time to time a doctor, and, when the Germans had the village, never. But I think that was better."

"I COULD not have done that," I said, shaking my head. "I think I could meet what I had to meet but — day in and day out — to have seen others suffer, others die like that ——"

"I only remember the look of gratitude in their eyes," she said, simply. "And then, I had my part. I had to keep up their morale, you know, and send them back to the front with courage. It would never have done for me to weaken." She turned with a smile and saw the profound gravity on my face. "Believe me, what I say is true," she said, solemnly. "It had its hardships, but they were days of beauty, and I never think of them without a thrill of pride in that France I have been privileged to know. Please don't look so grave. I'm afraid I've been too serious."

I was staring at her, looking into the past which she had conjured up, divining things she had passed lightly over.

"Why are you staring so?" she said, a little embarrassed.

"I was trying to imagine you in your white and blue costume — the most beautiful robe that has ever been given to woman," I said, solemnly. "You have no photograph?"

She shook her head.

"I only meant — I should have liked to have seen it."

"I love the uniform, too," she said, and a note of sadness was in her voice.

"But you will go back?" I said, before I could catch myself.

"I shall never go back. Will you take the tray?"

I hastened to obey. When I returned, I saw at once a stiffening of her whole nature against me.

"Confess that you are thinking of the sacred gods of French etiquette," I said, hoping to make her smile.

She acknowledged the hit, with confusion.

"Then please blame me, and not your conscience, for I made you talk."

"That is so. You make me talk against my will."

"And now you are wondering how you can run away."

"How do you know me so well?" she said, forced at last into a smile.

"Oh, I do. There is a very stern, uncompromising Mlle. Duvernoy, and there is a very gay, happy Mlle. Duvernoy."

"Once, there was a very frivolous one," she said, nodding.

"I didn't say that ——"

"But it is so — oh, very frivolous — very *mondaine*, before the war — who loved good things, as a child loves sugar plums!"

"What terrible sins you must have had on your conscience!" I said, laughing.

"Oh, but I loved pleasure — and the things of this world. I did — very much."

I smiled.

"I smile, as the Father who heard your confession must have smiled."

She shook her head.

"I was a very superficial little person — not at all tolerant, very satisfied with myself, and very dissatisfied with others."

"Good heavens — I don't think you have ever been anything but the spirit of gentleness!" I broke out.

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"I had prided myself upon utilizing every safeguard such as fire insurance and burglary insurance, but when the officer asked me what I had done to stop the fellow from robbing me I had to admit I had done nothing at all.

"I had at that time nothing to protect my life or property.

"The inference was obvious. I had been just as negligent as the man who sits by and lets a fire burn into a conflagration because he had no fire extinguisher handy.

"I have now the means to discourage further attempts to rob my store. I can assist the law to stop lawbreakers. Thieves do not molest those who have the protection of a Colt. I could have turned that fellow over to the police instead of giving the officer the meagre description I did which was not enough to apprehend him. I now have a Colt in the drawer of my desk and another at my House. I consider it my duty to have this essential protection as an aid to law and order."

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MOST bonds are issued in amounts of $100, $500, $1000, or multiples of $1000. The great majority of bonds are issued for $1000. They are quoted and dealt in on a percentage basis. You buy a bond for, say, 96½. That means you pay $965 for a thousand dollar bond. The bond, of course, will be paid off at $1000 when it comes due, unless the company fails entirely.

Bonds bear interest at 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5½, 6, and 7%, as a rule. Suppose you buy a 5% bond. That is 5% on $1000, or on 100% of the *face* or *par* value of your bond.

But if your bond is to be paid off at $1000, and you purchased it at $965, it is obvious that you are really receiving more than 5%. The only way you can discover exactly what return you are receiving is to add to the 5% a year, or $50, a sum that, placed in a bank at compound interest, will exactly equal $35 (the difference between $1000 and $965) at the end of the life of the bond.

If the bond runs for one year only, it is clear that the return on your money is $85, or 8½%. If it runs for two years, the return per year will naturally be less. Therefore, the longer it has to run the less gain you receive by buying under par. To discover just how much to add to the nominal interest of 5% each year is determined by algebraic formulas which have been worked out by mathematicians. In fact, dealers in bonds never do work these formulas out, but employ booklets containing bond tables, from which the desired information may be almost instantly obtained. Such booklets may be purchased for a small sum.

Suppose the bond that you purchase at 96½, bearing 5% interest payable twice a year, comes due in 25 years. What is the real return on your money—the actual or net return, or, to use the technical expressions, the "yield" or the "basis"? According to the bond tables, the yield is 5¼%. In the same way, if you buy a bond above par you must set aside each year a certain amount to make up for the premium. That is, you must kill the premium, or amortize it. If you buy a bond at 110 at 5% for one year, you evidently actually lose $50, or 5%. But if you buy a 5% bond at 110, to run for thirty years, that premium of 10% is spread over so much time that the loss is small.

In actual practice, an investor does not lay aside anything. The same result is obtained by turning to the bond tables and finding out what the yield is. In other words, if you buy a 5% bond at 110, to mature in 30 years, instead of receiving 5% a year you say that you receive 4.40% a year, thereby automatically writing off the premium. The bond tables are, of course, built on the assumption that the bond will be held until it comes due. In the case of a stock, which is permanent, the method of finding out exactly what your return happens to be is much simpler. If you buy a stock at 78, paying 4% dividends, simply divide 4 by 78 and you obtain 5.13%. It is the question of length of life that complicates the problem with bonds and makes necessary the use of bond tables.

The above article is one of a score of sound, informative articles on investments to be found in McClure's Financial Booklet.

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She drew back, and I hastened to repair the blunder my impulsiveness had made.

"You women of France have that quality of gentleness," I said, hastily, in a more guarded tone. "That is what I notice about all of you."

She relaxed, though not quite convinced.

"You idealize us, Monsieur. We have done our duty — that is all, and we have found in it a great happiness."

"I wish my sister — I used to think of her as my little sister. Good heavens — she must be twenty now! I wish my sister Molly could know you. Of all the family, she is closest to me. I hate to think of her going through four or five years of useless life, dancing herself to death — learning to get bored with every pleasure: she's such a little trump, now." I took out my pocketbook and brought out a photograph of a youngster in pig-tail, tanned and straight, looking out with innocent laughter at the most beautiful of worlds.

She took it, and glanced from the photograph to me.

"Yes, I understand. There is something very noble — very pure — very brave. She is your favorite?"

I began to laugh.

"What is it?"

"Do you know — that's only the second time I think you've really looked me in the eyes."

She blushed — as she did easily — and tried to laugh.

"We are told never to look a man in the eyes. It is very old-fashioned to you?"

"But why?"

"Because," she hesitated a little, looking away from me, "because, when you look in a man's eyes, they say, you are seeking a different meaning to his words." She blushed furiously. "It's not that exactly but — how shall I say? — we are taught that it is too forward — too provocative. But you are laughing at me," she said.

"I am not laughing, Mademoiselle," I said, seriously, "and I like that in you."

The conversation became difficult and a certain diffidence overcame us. A moment before, she had been talking to me freely and impulsively, though a little shy and hesitant, as a young girl. I saw her mood change and a certain womanly dignity come to her face.

"Monsieur — I have been thinking much of the confidence you entrusted to me. Have you no photograph of Miss Brinsmade?"

My pocketbook was still in my hand. I drew out a little snapshot and handed it to her. She held it a long time, studying it intently.

"She is very beautiful," she said, at last.

"Yes."

"This is how long ago?"

"Three — four years."

"Monsieur — there is a great deal that is waiting there — a great deal of love — a great deal of nobility. Only — don't make her wait too long."

I took the photograph and slowly replaced it in my pocket.

"Mademoiselle — I, too, have been thinking over our conversation and I feel I may have given you a wrong impression. . . . I was only discussing something that was a remote possibility, nothing that I have really considered. I reproach myself — I had not the right on her account."

"Why?"

"Because I know now that it is quite impossible."

Heavens — how much I wished to say to her, and how little I dared! I waited, wondering if she would understand. She did not answer but I saw her hands clasp and unclasp in her lap.

"What you have said of marriage is natural to your traditions. Some other man might do as you suggest and find happiness. I know I could not. I shall never marry, Mademoiselle, unless my whole heart goes with it." I hesitated and, despite myself, knowing the danger of it, I added, very low: "I know that now."

She did not hesitate but answered me, instantly and lightly.

"Perhaps the future will settle that."

She rose, with a formal nod, and descended to her cabin. I saw her to the door and returned, my brain in a whirl. At one moment she had seemed to come to me with such impulsiveness — at the next, to be a thousand miles away. I dropped back into my chair, uneasy and tortured by regrets. A flash of gold on the grey scarf she had left behind her caught my eye and, leaning over, I picked up a little brooch I had always seen at her throat. It was in the form of a locket. I turned it over and saw an inscription on the back, a date and a name written in a free hand: *Bernoline.*

The next moment I realized that unwittingly I had trespassed on the mystery of her identity. I put the pin hastily in my pocket and rose, with the idea of restoring it to her. I could not take it, myself, to her stateroom and I did not wish to entrust it to a steward. In the end, I kept it and waited for her reappearance.

It was well into the heart of the afternoon when I discovered her, at her old post on the upper deck.

"Mademoiselle — please do not think that I mean to intrude," I said, diffidently.

"You are not intruding, and I had hoped that you would come," she said, without evasion. "For, Monsieur — I feel that I ought to say something to you very seriously."

Her manner, in its decision, alarmed me.

"I have things, too, which I wish to talk over with you, in the uttermost seriousness. I am a little afraid of that conversation," I said, looking down, "because we are going to disagree. My mind is made up to certain things, Mademoiselle — and I do not think you can change it." I added, looking up into the sadness of her eyes: "Will you grant me a favor — a last favor? There is so little time that is left us. Wait until to-morrow. If it is to be only a memory, let the memory be complete. It is something even to have had a memory of you. Please grant my request."

I doubt whether she would have yielded even then, though I saw her breast rise and her eyes close at my voice, had I not brought forward the locket, saying:

"Mademoiselle — I came to bring you this. I found it on your chair."

HER HAND went to her dress spasmodically and the color left her face with the violence of her emotion.

"I must tell you. I did not realize what I was doing — but I saw the name on it."

"You did not open the locket?" she said, in terror.

"Mademoiselle — I am sorry that you asked that question."

"Forgive me — I — forgive me." She put her hand to her eyes, and stood trembling from head to foot. God knows it was hard not to take her in my arms. But I stood there, gritting my teeth — waiting until she grew quiet once more.

"Bernoline — so that is your name?"

"Yes — that is my name."

"I am glad I saw it, for the other name I could not associate with you."

"Monsieur." She turned, and this time her eyes looked me through and through. "You are a man of honor? Give me your word of honor never to mention that name to a human being. Oh, I do trust you. But — I must have your word!"

"You have hurt me," I said. "It was not necessary, but — you have my word."

Her agitation was so extreme that she hardly noticed my reply.

"Mademoiselle — no one who has had the privilege of knowing you — of listening to you — can ever believe that you were brought up to be a governess. And if you had," I added, hastily, "that would not make the slightest difference. I think, Mademoiselle, I never wanted anything more in the world than to be your friend."

She shook her head again at this but the agitation passed and her voice was soft with pleading as she answered me:

"Monsieur Littledale — you will forgive me? From the heart? I did not know what I was saying. I should always trust you — in everything — without a doubt."

"Thank you," I said, all choked up.

"Your friendship? Yes. But, friends? No. It is to be good-bye," she said, more gently than I had heard her. "Is it not better now to say what we must say to each other?"

"No, no — to-morrow."

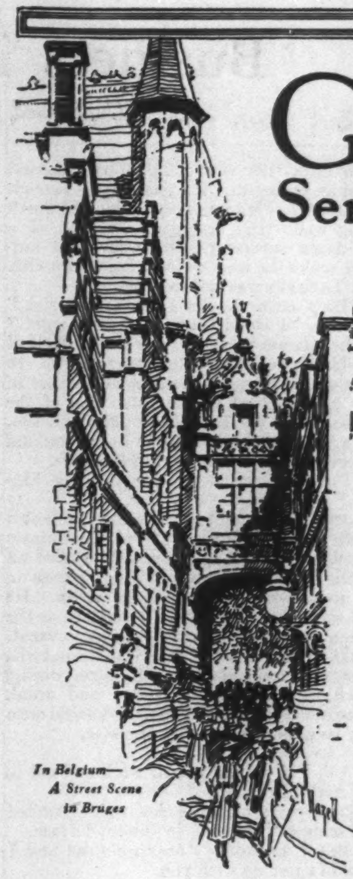
"To-morrow, then. Since you asked it and because I did hurt you," she answered. "Only, make no mistake. You have seen me, Monsieur, in moments of weakness. Why I have been so I do not know: I am not like that. I can do what has to be done." The locket was in her hands: she held it before her. "It is the last thing that remains of all my past life. I had no right to keep it: I have been wrong. Monsieur Littledale — I think you will understand now how immovable my resolution is, when I know what must be done!"

She opened her hand, and the locket — a tiny streak of gold — vanished into the sea.

"It was my baby pin and the name was in the handwriting of my father."

It was done without a tear or a tremor and the chill of the waters, into which the locket had passed, possessed me.

[*The next instalment of "The Wasted Generation" will appear in the May McClure's.*]



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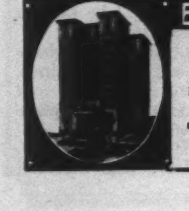

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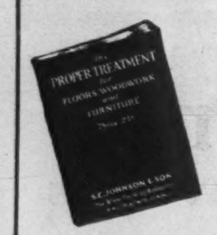

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48 W. Fourth St., New York, N. Y.

Business is Business

[*Continued from page 25*]

To meet this new competition Susskind hired an orchestra. He was shrewd enough to know that what was worth doing was worth doing well. His orchestra consisted of a half-dozen spruce gypsies in brilliant uniform under the leadership of Lajoz Horwitz. Abie Lazinsky was enthusiastic.

"They make Levine's band look sick," said he. "I could listen to them all night."

The scheme worked rather well. Half of Susskind's former customers returned to their old haunt while a sufficient number of new ones yielded to the attraction of the music to fill up the place. Nevertheless, after Abie had listened for an hour, Susskind observed him moving toward the door.

"I'm going across the street to see Mamie," explained the *schnorrer*.

Susskind's troubles with his orchestra began quite promptly. The new customers complained that Lajoz Horwitz insisted on flirting with every good-looking woman in the room while he played his violin. He also refused to play special selections at the customers' requests. And, what was worst, at the hour when the café was busiest the gypsy crew insisted upon taking a rest during which they smoked cigarettes and drank coffee at Susskind's expense. Once and once only he remonstrated with Horwitz.

"SAY, I'M paying you to work and not to loaf," he said.

The gypsy came quite close to him, smiled and snapped his fingers in Susskind's face.

"Bah!" he said. "Another word and I wouldn't put up with you."

Mrs. Susskind, who happened to be present, could believe neither her eyes nor her ears.

"Why didn't you slap his face and throw him out?" she asked, in her bewilderment.

"Because," replied her husband, sententiously, "business is business." Ignatz, who was also a witness of the incident, grinned but said nothing. Ignatz was a man of few words.

A few days later Abie Lazinsky approached Susskind in great excitement.

"Mamie's mad at Levine " he said. "He asked her to go to the theatre with him and she gave him a piece of her mind. She don't think he's a business man."

"What's that got to do with me?" asked Susskind.

"If you're smart," replied Abie, "you'll hire Mamie. She'll bring all your old customers back."

Susskind hired Mamie. The first that Mrs. Susskind knew of it was when she came down-stairs in a rather untidy wrapper and found a tall, stately and somewhat dazzling blond person behind the counter. The proprietor's wife surveyed her stonily from head to foot and then went up-stairs and put on her best dress. Presently Ignatz approached Susskind and with a jerk of his thumb, indicating the upper part of the house,

"Your wife," said he. Susskind, with lips tightly compressed, slowly mounted the stairs. He had been married many years and while he was in the dark as to the words of the song he was about to hear, he knew the tune.

"So!" began Mrs. Susskind. "I got to be insulted in my own café."

"What are you talking about, insulted?" asked her husband, querulously.

"Ain't I good enough to stand behind the counter? Do you got to bring in a bleached blond?"

"Business is — "

"Don't talk to me about business. You're just like the rest of them. Because a woman bleaches her hair and — "

It lasted nearly fifteen minutes after which Susskind returned to the café determined to part with Mamie on the spot. But to his amazement he discovered a group of his customers whom he had not seen since the opening of the opposition café, gathered around the cashier's desk. Susskind changed his mind.

"Bleached or not bleached," he said to Ignatz, "she's good for the business."

The loss of Mamie was fatal to Levine's café. Its business dwindled, all of Susskind's former customers returned to their old allegiance and the inferior music of the place failed to attract new ones.

Susskind gloated over the deserted appearance of his rival's place. Mrs. Susskind alone was unhappy. She could not reconcile herself to Mamie.

Slowly and by imperceptible steps, Mamie became the ruling spirit of Susskind's café. Ignatz, to Susskind's amazement, had become more animated than he had ever been before in his life. The gypsy musicians took their orders from Mamie as if she owned the place. Abie Lazinsky was her devoted slave and, in return, was permitted to drink as much coffee as he wanted without paying for it. Susskind was absolutely ignored by all of them. Business, however, continued to be good and Susskind made no complaint.

One evening Mamie failed to appear on time. The place was beginning to fill and Susskind was busy.

"Maybe," suggested his wife, "I better go behind the counter till she comes."

"No," said her husband, promptly. "As long as they want Mamie I'm going to give them Mamie or no other lady. I'll ask Abie Lazinsky to wait behind the counter till she comes."

Just then, however, he noticed that Horwitz, the gypsy leader, was also missing. The musicians refused to play without him. Susskind put on his hat and coat and walked around the block.

"Where did you go?" his wife asked him, on his return.

"Just to cool off," he said. "I felt hot."

For an hour Abie Lazinsky, standing behind the counter, lived in bliss. He drank as much coffee and ate as many cakes as he could stand, with the joyful feeling that he would not even be asked to pay for them. Then Mamie returned with Horwitz in her wake.

"Where have you been?" demanded Susskind, facing his orchestra leader and nervously clasping and unclasping his fists

"He's been out with me," said Mamie icily. "Got anything against it?"

"No," said Susskind, quite calmly. "Everything is all right."

He put on his hat and coat again and took another walk around the block. He felt that if he remained in the café he would explode.

In the days following he took many a trip around the block.

The next thing that happened was that Ignatz did not turn up on time. Susskind felt that he possessed feudal rights over his old employee.

"When he comes back," he announced. "I'm going to dock his wages for being late."

"If you do," said Mamie, "I'll quit. I sent him on an errand."

"THEN it's all right," said Susskind, seizing his hat and coat and making a hasty exit. That same evening, while the café was crowded, Susskind became aware of a hubbub of voices in a corner of the room. Ignatz and the gypsy leader were quarreling and Abie Lazinsky was trying to establish peace between them. Then, suddenly, Ignatz flung himself upon the gypsy and bore him to the ground. They pummeled each other and rolled across the floor. The customers became excited. Some one opened the door and cried, "Murder! Police!" And, unfortunately, a policeman happened to be passing and heard the cry.

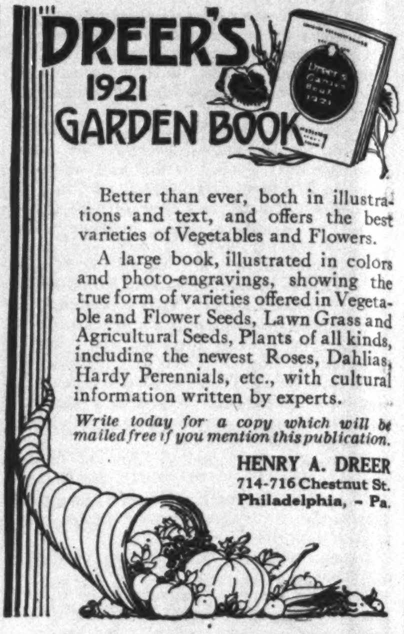
The presence of a policeman in his café was, to Susskind, the most ignominious episode of his whole career. He felt disgraced and humiliated. As the two struggling men rolled past him, Susskind, with an exclamation of fury, made a vicious kick at the prostrate figures. It was the gypsy who caught it. The policeman pried the combatants apart, admonished them to behave themselves, received a cup of coffee for his pains and departed.

"What was it about?" asked Susskind of Abie Lazinsky.

"That gypsy is a liar and a bum," explained Abie. "He told Ignatz that Mamie was in love with him and they were going to be married and Ignatz punched him on the nose."

"What business is it of his?" asked Susskind.

"He's a friend of mine," said Abie. "Ignatz knows that Mamie and I are in love with each other. As soon as I get a job we're going to get married. So he stood up for me."



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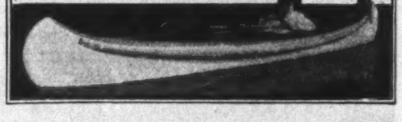

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Ignatz had nothing to say on the subject. He was a man of —

Well, anyway, the next morning Susskind stood in the front of his café, gazing across the street and, ever and anon, rubbing his eyes to make sure that he saw aright. Levine's Café was closed and in the same spot where an invitation to the public to attend the opening night had hung there now rested a placard reading,

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Susskind promptly telephoned to G. Goldstein. He wanted to take no chances.

"Levine?" said the real estate agent. "Oh, he busted. The rent is very cheap. What did you say your name was?"

"Never mind," said Susskind. "I only wanted to make sure."

He walked around the block twice, whistling all the way. When he returned he went up-stairs and surprised his wife by kissing her.

"Is something the matter?" asked Mrs. Susskind, in alarm.

"It is," replied her husband. "You're going back behind the counter to-day."

When Mamie arrived that afternoon, dressed in bewildering finery, she found Mrs. Susskind usurping her place behind the counter. Mamie was not slow to grasp the situation. There was a gleam in Mrs. Susskind's eyes which revealed volumes.

"I came to see if there is any letters for me," said Mamie, sweetly.

"Oh, you don't say," exclaimed Mrs. Susskind with a snort. "Well, there ain't. And what's more, Blondy, you're fired."

Mamie burst into a peal of silvery laughter. "Fired?" said she. "Why, I made up my mind to quit last night. I hope you don't think I'd work in a cheap joint like this. If I did I'd be looking like you after a while."

And as she swept, laughing, out of the café, Mrs. Susskind felt that her victory had been a rather hollow one. Susskind had paid no attention to this interview. He was waiting for the gypsies to arrive. He was also smiling. He had carefully rehearsed his part in the scene which he had planned to ensue upon their arrival. But when, finally, they came lounging into the café he decided to change all his tactics.

"How much do I owe you this week?" he asked of Horwitz. "You and the whole caboodle."

Horwitz named the amount. Susskind carefully counted out the money and placed it in the gypsy's hand. Then, seizing him by the back of his neck, he rushed him the entire length of the café and threw him out of the place.

"Now," he cried, facing the others, "who wants to fight?"

Without uttering a word they picked up their instruments and filed out of the café.

"So!" exclaimed Susskind. "That will show them who's boss in here. This is a café and not a theayter!"

"I wonder where Ignatz is," remarked Mrs. Susskind. "He's late."

"So soon as he comes in," said her husband, "he gets a piece of my mind. I don't stand any monkey business from my help no matter how long they have been here."

It was more than an hour past his usual time when Ignatz sauntered slowly into the café. Susskind gazed at him in amazement. Not that there was the slightest change in the coffee-pourer's appearance but something indefinable in his manner which, it seemed to Susskind, he had never observed before. And, instead of hastening to remove his hat and coat, he seated himself leisurely at one of the tables. He beckoned to his employer —Ignatz never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

"We got a place picked out in Chicago," he began, abruptly, "but it costs two hundred dollars to move out there. Or, — " he gazed fixedly at Susskind — "we can open up the place across the street."

Susskind sank limply into a chair, facing Ignatz and let his arms fall upon the table.

"We?" he repeated, blankly.

"Me and Mamie," said Ignatz, quietly. "We're married. Should we go to Chicago?"

For a full minute Susskind sat staring into the other's face. It seemed to him that he had never really seen Ignatz before. The expression of calm determination, of cunning selfishness, was something new to him. But not for an instant did he fail to grasp the full significance of Ignatz's meaning or fail to appreciate the full force of the threat which hung over his head. Then, slowly, he rose, went to his safe and counted out two hundred dollars. He laid the money on the table.

"Go to Chicago," he said, in a low voice. Ignatz counted the money slowly and carefully and tucked it into his pocket. Then he rose and walked toward the door. At the threshold he paused and turned to smile at Susskind.

"Good-bye!" he said. He was a man of few words. When the door had closed behind him Susskind raised his voice and shouted after him. But the name of the place was not Chicago.

It was two days before Abie Lazinsky put in an appearance again. Susskind's Café looked exactly as it had looked during all those years before Levine had come to disturb its serenity. Mrs. Susskind, in a shabby gown, sat behind the counter and her husband, with his thumbs under his armpits, stood in the front, staring idly into vacancy. Abie looked dejected and crestfallen.

"What's the trouble?" asked Susskind. "You look like a funeral."

"All I got to say is that Ignatz is a dirty loafer," said Abie.

"Stole Mamie away, hey?" said Susskind, smiling. "Say, Abie, you're one of them fellows what never knows when he's well off."

"It ain't that," explained Abie. "She liked me all right. But he lied to her. Always kept telling her what a lot they could do if they went into business together."

Susskind slowly nodded his head a great many times.

"He got the right idea," he finally said. "You see, Abie, love is one thing but business — ah! — business is business!"

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 30*]

"Wanny, for me you'll always be Taquitch, giant of the desert and god of the clouds."

"Ah! You'll forget me in ten days after you meet *him!*" replied Adam, somewhat bitterly.

Genie could only stare her amazement.

"Forgive me, child. I don't mean that. I know you'll never forget me. But you've been my little girl so long that it hurts to think of your being some other man's."

Then he was to see the marvel of Genie's first blush.

At sunset hour he took her around through the pines, skirting the rim of the mountain spur, and climbed to its gray craggy summit. The desert lay revealed.

"There! Take your last look!" he exclaimed, solemnly. Indeed the moment was poignant.

Far, far beneath spread out the fan-shaped desert, and the arm of the valley that had been Genie's home was the handle of the fan, and the immense ridged and sunset-colored world was the body, spreading ever wider and farther, on and on, into purple infinity. From the heights it seemed a vastly different world. Gone was any possible sense of intimacy with that wilderness of space. Here was what the king of the eagles saw as he soared wide-winged and free. Adam had never stood so high in all his mountain-scaling for sheep and in all his promontory habit of watching and listening.

The pitch was precipitous, almost perpendicular, and even Adam's vision was confounded by depth and distance. But he did not need to know dimensions. Here he seemed an eagle and his eye was supreme. It saw. It grasped more in an instant than the mind could explain in a hundred years. To pick out known objects in order to establish reality was difficult for Adam and surely beyond Genie. Thus little dots of black, seen through golden light of sunset, ruddy-streaked and thick, were truly palm trees in the palm canyons; and tiny traceries of winding white were the wide dry washes. Dark and speckled, the valley of sage and cactus and greasewood, with its aisles of sand, flowed like a widening bay out to meet the sea.

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25 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

It was well that Adam had thought to pack extra blankets for Genie. She had never felt the nip of frost. And when night settled down black with the wind rising she needed to be warmly wrapped. Adam liked the keen air, and also the feel of the campfire heat upon his outstretched palms.

"Genie, if I were Taquitch, I couldn't keep you here on the heights very long," he said with a laugh.

"Why — not?" she asked, sleepily, from among the blankets.

"Because Taquitch is god of the cold winds. And if you tried to follow him you'd be turned into a pillar of ice."

"Ooooooo!" sighed Genie, and then her heavy eyelids closed.

WHEN Adam spoke again she did not answer. He watched her a while as the firelight flickered on her still face. In its repose a sadness came out, that, if anything, enhanced its charm. Then, replenishing the fire with solid chunks of wood, he found a comfortable seat protected from the penetrating wind, and there enjoyed a luxury rare in the lives of desert men. This was a real fire, with cheerful golden softly-roaring blaze and heart of glowing iridescent embers. How used he had become to a little pile of smouldering ashes of sage! The extreme piercing wind made this mountain fire feel pleasant. Old Taquitch had begun to swoop down from the heights and roar his clarion voice of storm through the pines. What a wild music, yet stately, with measured roar and lull! From the spruces came a low constant moaning. It was lonely up here, but far removed from the loneliness of the desert. Adam, wrapped in his blankets and leaning back against a log, watched the fire and listened to the wind.

Next morning the sky was overcast with broken scudding clouds, and a shrill wind tossed the tips of the pines. Genie crawled out of her blankets to her first experience of winter. When she dipped her hands into the water she squealed, and jerked them out.

"I — I've g-g-gone b-b-back on T-taquitch!" she sputtered, and running to the fire, she nearly burned her hands in her eagerness to get them warm. Her brown glinting curls danced with the frost upon their tips, and her face glowed like a rose.

"Pitch into breakfast, Genie," Adam said. "It's going to storm. We've got to hurry over the divide and get down lower. I don't want to be caught in the snow."

"Snow! I've never seen snow, except just white slopes like clouds, high up on the mountains."

Before the morning was much older, Genie learned more about snow. As they crossed the ridge a snow-squall bore down upon them, and shrieking through the straggly stunted trees, it enveloped all in a whirling feathery pall of white.

Adam did not have any particular objective point in mind. He felt strangely content to let circumstances of travel or chance or his old wandering instinct guide him. After he had purchased a burro for Genie, which she rode across the Coahuila Valley, it certainly seemed to be chance that directed them southward. The third day out, at noon, while they were resting at the meeting of two trails, Genie's burro ran off down the one that turned south. And so they followed. When Adam caught the burro he found no reason to turn back.

They traveled leisurely through the foothills on the western side of the Sierra Madre, finding easy trails and good camp-sites, and meeting Indians by the way. Six days out from the desert they reached a wagon-road, and that led down to a beautiful country of soft velvety-green hills and a narrow pleasant valley where clumps of live oaks grew, and here and there nestled a ranch.

Adam sometimes left the road to chat a few moments with Indians and Mexicans, and an occasional white man, for the purpose of inquiring about the country. He had to conquer his old reluctance. Habit of desert loneliness and separation from civilization now showed its real hold. Yet for Genie he conquered it. After the first day he found his old dread of recognition fading from his mind. It was a morbid fancy, he knew, because he had changed so during the long desert years that even his own parents, had they been alive, would have failed to recognize him.

Apparently Genie had forgotten her distress over the boy's garb she wore and its ragged condition. She was full of curiosity about people, and asked Adam endless questions. Still she had not had a real test. No one they met ever gave her more than a casual glance. Adam did not say so, but he expected some fun at Genie's expense.

So they traveled on. The country grew less rugged and some of it appeared to belong to great ranches, once the homes of the Spanish grandees. Adam veered back into the low hill country. Late one afternoon travel brought them within sight of Santa Ysabel. That village was not far from San Diego. Adam turned off the main road, in search of a place to camp, and passing between two beautiful hills came upon a little valley, all green with live oaks and brown with tilled ground. He saw horses, cattle, and finally a farmhouse, low and picturesque of the vine-covered adobe style peculiar to a country first inhabited by the Spanish.

Going on a little farther, Adam found a brook running between grassy banks and through a clump of live oaks. Then he called to Genie to come on with the burros while he asked permission to camp there.

To this end he proceeded toward the house, which was mostly concealed by vines and oaks, and presently happened upon a scene that seldom gladdened the eyes of a desert wanderer. The sun was still high enough to make the shade of oaks look pleasant, but it was hard to decide whether that shade was more inviting than the old rambling rose-covered house. On a green plot under the trees several children stopped their play to stare at Adam and one ran to the open door. There were white pigeons flying about the roof, and gray rabbits in the grass, and ducks on the banks of the brook.

Before Adam got to the door a woman appeared there, with a child at her skirts. She was middle-aged and stout, evidently a hard-working rancher's wife. She had a brown face, rather serious, but kind.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said. "Will you let me camp out there by the oaks?"

"How d'ye do, stranger?" she replied. "Yes, you're welcome. But you're only a mile or so from Santa Ysabel. There's a good inn."

"Time enough to go there to-morrow or next day," replied Adam. "You see, ma'am, I'm not alone. I've a young girl with me. We're from the desert. And I want her to have some — some decent clothes before I take her where there are people."

The woman laughed pleasantly.

"Your daughter?" she asked.

"No relation," replied Adam. "I was a friend of her mother who died on the desert."

"Stranger, you're welcome to my house over night."

"Thank you, but I'd rather not trouble you. We'll be very comfortable."

"Come far?" asked the woman.

"Yes, far for Genie. We've been about ten days coming over the mountains."

"Reckon you'd like some milk and eggs for supper?"

"Well, now, ma'am, if you only knew how I would like some! And poor Genie, who has fared so long on desert grub — she'd surely appreciate your kindness."

"I'll fetch some over, or send it by my boy," she said.

Adam returned thoughtfully to the little grove. This woman's kindness, the glint of sympathy in her eyes, brought him up short with the certitude that they were the very virtues he was looking for in the person to whom he intended to trust Genie. It behooved him from now on to go keenly at the task of finding that person. It would not be easy. For the present he meant to hide any hint of Genie's small fortune.

GENIE appeared tired and glad to sit on the green grassy bank. "I'll help — in a little while," she said. "Isn't this a pretty place? Oh, the grass feels so cool and smells so sweet! . . . Wanny, who'd you see?"

"Some youngsters, and a nice woman," replied Adam.

Sunset had passed when Adam got the packs spread, the fire built and supper under way. More than once he paused a moment in his busy tasks to look at the hills. They were beautiful. How different from dry, naked, red or gray or yellow desert hills! These were luxuriant, round and smooth and velvety, soft light green and dark rich green.

The supper appeared to be about ready, except for the milk and eggs that had been promised. Adam set a pot and pan aside, at the edge of the fire, so it would neither burn nor cool, and went off in search of some wood. He packed a big log of dead oak back to camp, bending under its weight.

When he looked up he saw a handsome stalwart lad bare-headed and in shirt sleeves standing just beyond the fire, holding out with brown muscular arms a big pan of milk and on one of his fingers hung a small bucketful of eggs.

"Hey, Johnnie, where'll I put the milk?" he called, cheerily.

Adam was astounded, and suddenly tickled to see Genie trying to hide behind one of the packs. She succeeded in hiding all but her head, which, at the moment, wore an old cap that made her look more than ever like a boy.

"My name's not Johnnie," she flashed.

The lad appeared nonplused, probably more at the tone of voice than the speech. Then he laughed.

"Sammy, then . . . Come get this milk!"

Genie maintained silence, but she glared over the top of the pack.

"Look here, Bub," the lad went on, plaintively, "I can't stand this way all night. Mother wants the pan. . . . Boy, are you deaf? . . . Say, Bub, I won't eat you."

"How dare you call me Bub!" cried Genie.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the young fellow. "I'll call you worse than Bub in a minute. Hurry, Bubbie!"

Genie whirled around with her cap flying off, and then she got to her knees. Thus, with face disclosed and blazing eyes, and curls no boy ever had, she presented a vastly different aspect.

"I'm no boy! I — I'm a — a lady!" she declared with angry trembling voice.

"What!" gasped the lad. Then, in his amaze he dropped the pan of milk.

"Hello, what's the trouble?" asked Adam, genially, appearing from the oaks.

"I — I — spilled the milk — mother sent," the boy replied, in confusion.

"That's too bad. No wonder, such a lot of milk. . . . What's your name?"

"It's Eugene — sir — Eugene Blair."

"WELL, that's queer — Eugene Blair. . . . My name's Wansfell, and I'm glad to meet you," said Adam, offering his hand. "Now let me introduce Miss Eugenie Linwood."

The only acknowledgment Genie gave to her first introduction was a slow sinking-down behind the pack. Her expression delighted Adam. As for the young man, he was overcome with embarrassment.

"Glad to — to know you, Miss — Miss Linwood," he gulped. "Please ex — excuse me. Mother never said — there was a — a girl. . . . And I took you for a boy."

"That's all right, son," put in Adam, kindly. "Genie did look like a boy. So I've been telling her."

"Now — if you'll excuse me I'll run back after more milk," said the lad, hurriedly, and grasping up the pan he ran away.

"Well, Miss Know-it-all," said Adam, "*what* did I tell you? Didn't I tell you we'd meet some nice young fellow?"

"He — he didn't see me — *all* of me," replied Genie, tragically.

"What? Why a fellow with eyes like his could see right through that pack."

"He called me Bub!" suddenly exclaimed Genie, her tone changing from one of tragic woe to one of tragic resentment. "*Bub!* . . . The — first boy I ever met in my life!"

"Why shouldn't he call you Bub?" queried Adam. "There's no harm in that. And when he discovered his mistake he apologized."

"I *hate* him!" flashed Genie. "I'd starve to death before I'd eat his eggs and milk." With that she flounced off.

Adam was seeing Genie in a new light. It amused him greatly, yet he could not help but look ruefully after her, somewhat uncertain.

Presently young Blair returned with more milk. Not seeing Genie he evidently took the hint, and quickly left.

"Come over after supper," called Adam after him.

"All right," he replied, and departed.

Very shortly then Adam had supper prepared, to which he cheerfully invited Genie. She came reluctantly, with furtive eyes on the green beyond camp, and sat down to fold her feet under her. Adam served her supper, not omitting a generous quantity of fragrant fried eggs, and a brimming cupful of creamy milk. Wherewith Genie utterly forgot, or magnificently disdained, any recollection of what she had said. She even asked for more. But she was vastly removed from the gay and lightsome Genie.

"What'd you ask him back here for?"

"I want to talk to him. Don't you?" replied Adam, innocently.

"Me! . . . When he called me Bub?"

"Genie, be sensible. They're nice people. I think I'll camp here a day or so. We'll rest up, and that'll give me time to look around."

"Look around! . . . What'll become of *me?*" wailed Genie, miserably.

"You can watch camp. I daresay young Blair will forget your rudeness and be nice to you."

Then Genie glared at Adam, and she seemed between tears and rage.

"I — I never — never knew — you could be like this."

"Like what? Genie, I'm half ashamed of you. Any one would think the world had come to an end. All because you woke up and found out you had on boy's clothes. You *would* wear them. You never minded *me.* You didn't care *how* I saw you!"

"I don't care how *he* saw me or sees me, either, so there," declared Genie.

"Oh! — Well, what's wrong then?"

"I — he — it — it was what he called me," replied Genie, confusedly.

"Genie, I've been mostly in fun. Now I'm serious. . . . I want you to be perfectly natural and nice with these Blairs."

Manifestly she took that seriously enough. Without another word she dragged her blankets and canvas away from the firelight, made her bed and crawled into it.

A little while after dark, young Blair presented himself at Adam's fire.

"I suppose you folks are ranching it?" asked Adam.

"It's hardly a ranch, though we have hopes," replied Blair. "Mother and I run the farm. My father's not — he's away."

"Looks like good soil. Plenty of water and fine grass," observed Adam.

"Best farming country all around — these valleys," declared the lad, warming to enthusiasm. "Ranchers taking it all up. Only a few valleys left. There's one just below this — about a hundred acres — if I could only get that! . . . But no such luck for me."

"You can never tell," replied Adam. "You say ranchers are coming in?"

"Yes. San Diego is growing fast. In a few years any rancher with one of these valleys will be rich. My mother bought this little farm here — ten acres — and the valley, which was about ninety. But my father — we lost the valley. And we manage to live here."

Adam's quick sympathy divined that something pertaining to the lad's father was bitter and unhappy. He questioned further about the farm, what they raised, where they marketed it. In half an hour Adam knew the boy and liked him.

"You're pretty well educated for a farmer boy," remarked Adam.

"I went to school till I was sixteen. We're from Indiana. Vincennes. Father got the gold fever. We came west. Mother and I took to a surer way of living."

"You like ranching, then?"

"Gee! but I'd love to be a real rancher! There's not only money in cattle and horses, on a big scale, but it's such a fine life. Outdoors all the time! . . . And mother and the kids — I'd like to do better by them."

"I saw the youngsters and I'd like to get acquainted. Tell me about them."

"Nothing much to tell. Tommy's three, Betty's four, Hal's five. He was a baby when we came west. He's been delicate. But he's slowly getting stronger."

"WELL! You've a fine family. How are you going to educate them?"

"That's our problem. Mother and I must do our best — until — maybe we can send them to school at San Diego."

"When your ship comes in?"

"Yes, I'm always hoping for that. But first I'd like my ship to start out, so it can come back loaded."

"Yes, if a man *waits* for his ship to come in — sometimes it never comes."

"I suppose you'll be on your way to town early?" asked Blair, as he rose.

"Guess I'll not break camp to-morrow. Genie is tired. And I won't mind a little rest. Hope we'll see you again."

"Thank you. Good night."

When he was gone, Adam saw the gleam of Genie's wide-open eyes. She had heard his conversation with young Blair. He felt a great sympathy for Genie. She was face to face with new life, new sensations, poignant and bewildering. How might he best help her?

Next morning, when Adam returned from a look around, he discovered Genie up, puttering at the camp-fire. She was making a heroic effort to show that this situation was perfectly natural.

After breakfast Adam asked Genie to accompany him to the farmhouse. She went, but the free lithe step wanted something of its old grace. Adam espied the children in the yard. Tommy was a ragged tousle-headed chubby little rascal, ruddy-cheeked and blue-eyed. Betty resembled the lad Eugene, having his fine dark eyes, and open countenance. Hal was the largest, a freckle-faced imp if Adam ever saw one. Genie approached them, and offered to swing Betty, who was sitting in a clumsy little hammocklike affair. And Adam, seeing the children's mother at the door, went that way.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blair," he said. "We've come over to chat a bit."

She greeted him smilingly. "Goodness knows we're glad to have you. Gene has gone to work. Won't you sit down?"

Then she espied Genie. "For Land's sake! That your girl in the boy's clothes? Gene told me what a dunce he'd been. . . . Oh, she's pretty! What shiny hair!"

"That's Genie. I want you to meet her — and then, Mrs. Blair, perhaps you can give an old desert codger a little advice."

He called Genie, and she came readily, though not without shyness. Despite her garb and its rents Adam could not but feel proud of her. After a little talk, Adam bade her play with the children.

"No wonder Gene spilled the milk!" ejaculated Mrs. Blair.

"Why?" queried Adam.

"The girl's more than pretty. Never saw such hair. And her eyes! They're not the color of hair and eyes I know."

"THAT'S the desert's work, Mrs. Blair. On the desert nature makes color, as well as life, more vivid, more intense."

"And this Genie — isn't it odd — her name is like my boy Gene's — she's no relation of yours?"

Briefly then Adam related Genie's story.

"Laws a-me! Poor child! . . . and now she has no people — no home — not a friend in the world but you?"

"Not one. It's pretty sad, Mrs. Blair."

"Sad? It's worse than that. . . . Mr. Wansfell, you must be family and friends, and all to that girl. . . . And let a mother tell you what a noble thing you've done — to give three years of your life to an orphan!"

"What I did was good for me. Better than anything I ever did before," replied Adam, earnestly. "I'd go on if it were possible. But Genie needs a home, young people, work, to live her life. And I — I must go back to the desert."

"Ah! so that's it," exclaimed the woman, nodding. "My husband took to the desert — sold my farm to get money to work his gold claims. Always he had to go back to the desert. . . . And now he'll never come home again."

"Yes, the desert claims many men. But I would sacrifice whatever the desert means to me, for Genie's sake, if it — if there was not a reason which makes that impossible."

"And now you're hunting a home for her?"

"Yes."

"She's well educated, you said?"

"Her mother was a school-teacher."

"Then she could teach children. . . . Things work out strangely in life, don't they? Any girl may become an orphan."

"Now, Mrs. Blair, will you be so kind as to take Genie, or go with us into town, and help us get some clothes for her? A few simple dresses, and things she needs. I'd be helpless. And Genie knows so little. She ought to have a woman go with her."

"Indeed she shall have," declared Mrs. Blair. "I'll be only too glad to go. I need some things —— I've a better idea. My neighbor up the valley — his name is Hunt — he has a granddaughter. They're city folks. This granddaughter is older than Genie and I heard her say only the other day that she brought a lot of outgrown dresses with her — and didn't know what to do with them. All her clothes are fine — not like you buy out here. . . . I'll take Genie over there right this minute!"

Mrs. Blair got up and began to untie her apron. Kindliness beamed upon her countenance.

"You're good indeed," said Adam, gratefully. "I thank you. Genie dreaded this matter of clothes. You can tell Miss Hunt I'd be glad to pay ——"

"Shucks! She wouldn't take your money. She's quality. And her name's not Hunt. That's her grandfather's name. I don't know what hers is — except he calls her Ruth."

Ruth! The sudden mention of that name seemed to Adam like a stab. What a queer, inexplicable sensation followed it!

"I'll be right out," declared Mrs. Blair, bustling into the house.

Adam called Genie to him and explained what was to happen. She grew radiant.

"Oh! Wanny, then I won't have to go into a town — to be laughed at — and I can get — get dressed like — like a lady — before he sees me again!" she exclaimed.

"He? Who's that, Genie?" inquired Adam dryly, though he knew very well.

Genie might have lived on the desert, but

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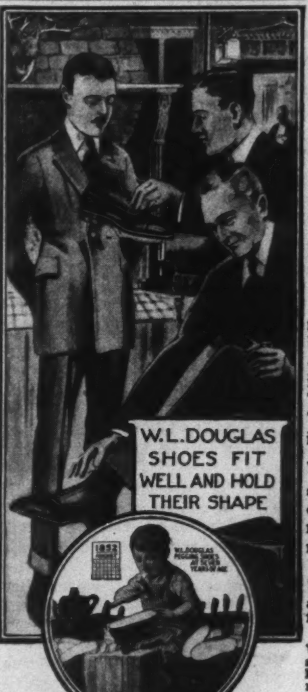
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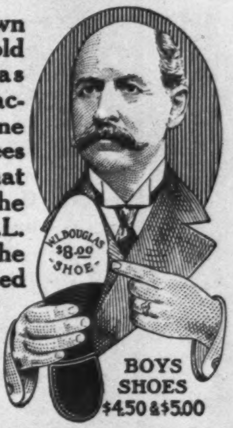

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